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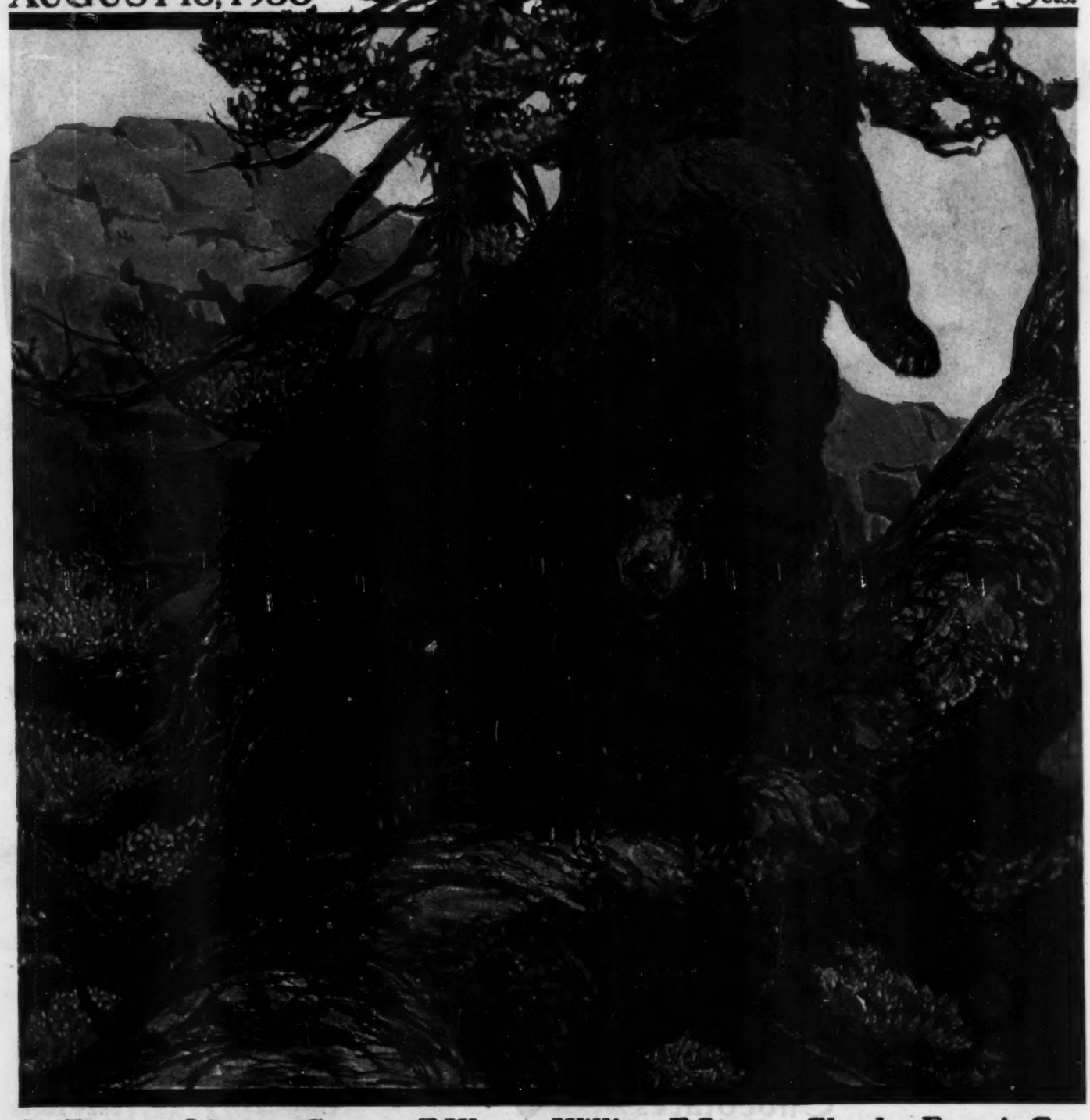

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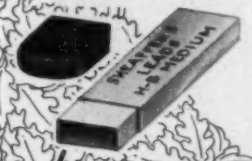

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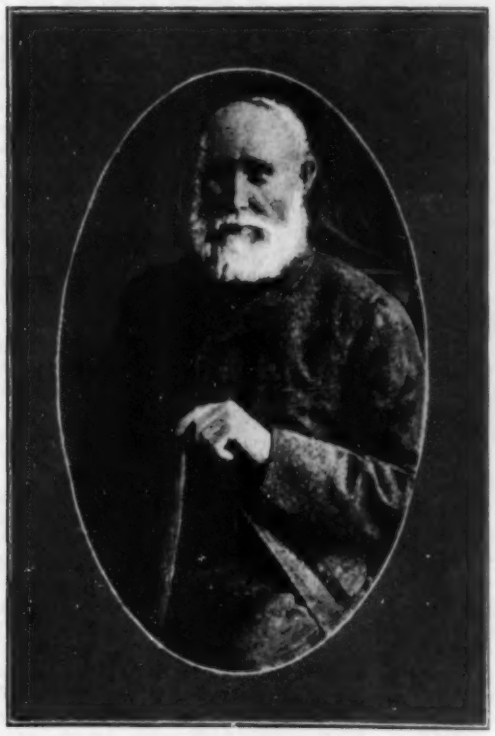
Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON, BART.

In Association With William Blackwood



Sir Thomas Lipton's Father, a Native of Shannock Green Mills, County Monaghan, Ireland

His Mother, of Whom He Writes, "She Was My Guiding Star in All That I Ever Accomplished"

A GOOD start is half the battle. I don't know who originated the phrase, but I do know that nothing more trite or true has been coined in words. I had a good start. For I had a good mother. The best, the bravest-hearted, the noblest mother God ever sent straight from heaven to be one of His angels on earth. I loved my mother dearly in life, and although she has long gone back to the place she came from, I can honestly say that no single day elapses without some fragrant memory of my mother coming to me and sweetening the hour of its coming. Her photograph is never far from my hand, whether I am on land or on sea; I commune with that dear face many times in every twenty-four hours. Whatever I am, whatever I possess, whatever I have done—all, all is due to the little Irish lady from Clones, in Ulster. She was my guiding star. And by the light of that star I shall steer for the time that yet remains to me.

Those who know me intimately will realize that it would have been impossible for me to begin these articles reminiscent of a long and amazingly active life without some such reference as I have just made to the memory of my mother. They know, for I have told them over and over again, that she was the most powerful influence in my life as a boy, as a young man, and as a successful merchant springing rather suddenly into what the world calls fame and fortune. I did nothing unless I first consulted her. I relied implicitly on her wisdom and in her unfailing vision. Sooner would I have cut off my right hand than do anything to give her the slightest heart pang. For me, she represented everything that was true, honest and good. I adored her. Well do I remember, as a wee fellow of six or seven, putting my arms around her neck and telling her that some day she would ride in a carriage and pair of my providing. For many years before she died she could have had a dozen carriages and pairs, had she expressed the very slightest wish for them!

I am invited by the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to look back. As a rule, I don't like to look back. Tomorrow has always been for me a more fascinating day than yesterday or the day before that. The yesterdays have gone; the tomorrows remain. Why, here am I, with still another birthday looming invitingly ahead, joyfully looking forward to a certain sporting event in American waters with a relish keener and more enthusiastic than any sensation I have experienced since I opened my first shop in Glasgow. It is occupying all my thoughts and energies, and I am keyed up with the hope that the fifth time will, as they say, pay for all. And if not the fifth—well, what about the sixth?

I am often told that I am the world's greatest optimist. Some of the folks who tell me that do so with the suspicion of a sneer. I reply stoutly that I am proud of the distinction. There's something buoyant and healthy in being an optimist. It is because of my optimism that I have gone through life smiling; that I am always in good humor and high fettle; that I refuse to be gloomy about a lot of trouble that will never happen next week or next year. Believe me, Doctor Optimist is the finest chap in the names directory of any city or country. He and I have been lifelong friends and boon companions. Just try a course of his treatment. It will work wonders. And this doctor charges no fees.

Though what I have said about my reluctance to look backward is perfectly true in the abstract, I am afraid I shall have to indulge in a good deal of retrospection in the

course of these articles. Only thus shall I be able to fulfill the request of the editor, who assures me that his millions of readers "enjoy an occasional dip into the past, if, in the telling of the tale, there is a smack of combat, a suggestion of difficulties overcome and barriers beaten down, a modest admission of purposes achieved and ambitions accomplished."

Well, writing in all humility, I think that I can provide a fairly assorted blend of these reminiscent requirements.

My only troubles will be what to tell and what to leave out, where to be frank and where to be guarded, how to keep down the use of the personal pronoun in a narrative which is bound to be almost wholly personal. However, let the proof of the pudding lie in the "preein' o't," as the old Scottish phrase has it!

There has always, I am told, been an air of mystery about my nationality. Both Scotland and Ireland have at different times claimed me as a son. Here are the facts of the matter. I was born on the top story of a humble but eminently respectable tenement house standing in Crown Street, Rutherglen Road, Glasgow. My birth qualifications, therefore, are entirely Scottish. But both my parents came from Ireland, hailing from the little village of Shannock Green Mills, in the county of Monaghan. The nearest township was Clones, and if you cannot see Shannock Green Mills on your map of Ireland, you will certainly see Clones, tucked away in the southwest corner of Monaghan, on the border of Fermanagh, almost halfway between Castleblayney on the east and Enniskillen on the northwest.

So when there is any argument as to my real nationality, I come right into the open with the declaration that I am a Scottish-Irishman, or an Irish-Scotsman, according to the leanings of the company I happen to be in at the moment! This pleases the disputants and does me no harm.

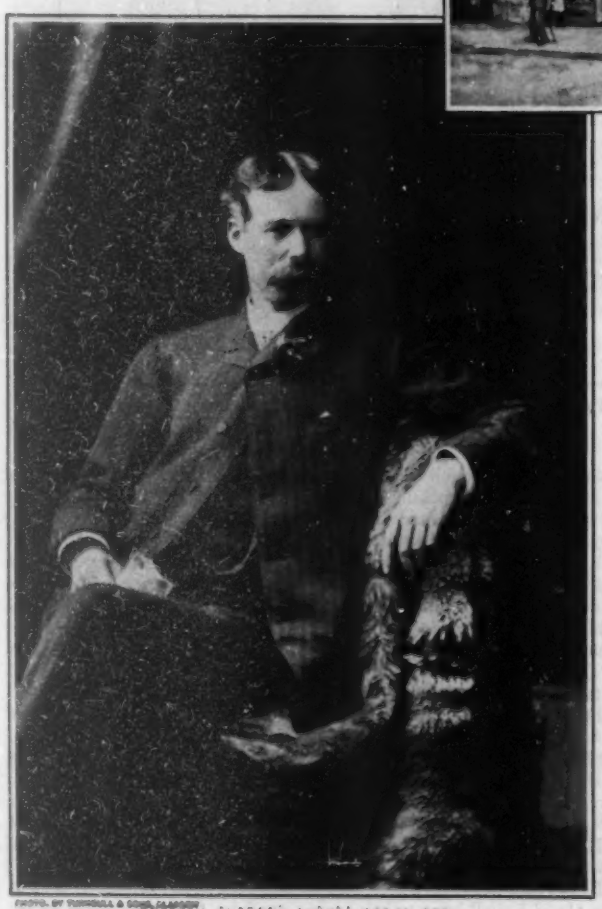
Talking the Customer's Language

MENTION of this matter reminds me of the days when I used to serve behind the counters of my first stores. I made it my business to study the dialects of both Scotland and Ireland—heaven alone knows how many there are!—so that immediately I detected where a customer was born I could reply in his or her own tongue and thus cement a far closer contact than that merely between shopkeeper and client. I am not exaggerating when I say that in this way I made thousands of customers. Each thought that Thomas Lipton came from his or her own home town and spread the news among their friends. I admitted nothing and denied nothing.

My parents decided to leave Ireland at the time of the great potato famine. The agricultural districts of Ulster—indeed, the whole of Ireland—passed through a very bad time round about this period, and those emigrants who did not make up their minds to cross the western ocean to the spacious and promising lands of America cast their eyes over a much smaller stretch of water—namely, in the direction of the west of Scotland. The industrial cities and towns of this area were then growing by leaps and bounds, and offering chances of labor and wages to all who were willing to work. So my father and mother decided to go to Glasgow. They sold up their little home, as thousands of Irish families did at that time, and made their way to Belfast, crossing over from there to the famous Broomielaw Quay, right in the heart of the great Scottish city in which I was destined to be born a few years later.

One of the Early Lipton Cartoons Which Were

Lipton's Birthplace in Glasgow



Sir Thomas at 27

My father, Thomas Lipton, was a big, broad-shouldered man, clean of heart, clear-eyed, with a homely, whiskered face. Among strangers he was inclined to be shy and backward, but with his own kith and kin he was genial and boisterous enough, and he had a keen sense of humor which made him a popular character with all who got to know him intimately. His ruling passion was his love and admiration for my mother. If my parents both regretted the circumstances which severed them forever from the Green Isle they loved so deeply, this fact did not prevent their settling down into good citizens of the land of their adoption. In a very short time after landing in Glasgow my father got a job in a cardboard-box-making warehouse. Later he became a timekeeper in a paper mill in McNeill Street, and this post he held for several years.

I have often heard him say that the highest pay he ever received as a workingman in Glasgow was from a pound to twenty-five shillings a week. But in these days, of course, this sum stood for much more than the same amount would represent today. Tens of thousands of families were reared in Scotland forty, fifty and sixty years ago—and respectably reared, moreover—on weekly incomes which today would mean absolute poverty and privation. At the time of which I write, and for many years afterward, there were good men in the towns and villages of Scotland who brought up large families on wages which never exceeded those of my father and who contrived to send one, at least, of their sons to the university. And there were no Carnegie scholarships in these days either!

Though my parents took very kindly to the new life in the great city of Glasgow, their thoughts often wandered back to Ireland, and some of my earliest recollections are of them sitting of an evening over the fireside in our house in Crown Street and recalling the scenes and incidents of their childhood and young married days at Shannock Green Mills. I loved to hear them speak of the folks at home and to listen to stories of the Liptons and the other warm-hearted, jovial people of Shannock Green Mills and the surrounding district. These Liptons, according to my father and mother, were a well-known family, and much respected in Monaghan. They never seem to have achieved individual fame or prominence, but they were a lively, happy, rollicking lot, always ready for a joke, or a "barney," or even a fight—a typical Irish family.

The Lipton Ones of Clones

SOME people, I have noticed, spend half their lives boasting of their illustrious ancestors. They forget that these ancestors are like the potato—the best part of them is underground. I often wonder what some of these ancestors would think if they could come back and see some of their descendants today. I am afraid the ghosts would take one quick look at them, draw a long breath, and hurry back to the shades immediately. It is not what a man's grandfather was that counts today, or even what his father was. The only thing that matters is what a man has made of his own life. In America they don't worry overmuch about ancestors; they are all too busy making their own ancestry, and I like them for it. But while saying all this, and most thoroughly believing it, I was rather interested recently to come across a most fascinating book entitled Monaghan in the Eighteenth Century.

The author of this volume, Dr. Denis Carolin Rushe, has been at some pains to find out all that he can about the Lipton family. His investigations carry him back as far as two hundred years ago, and even in these days, he says, the Liptons were not unknown in the annals of the county to which they belonged. They were, in fact, "broths of boys," full of fun and frivolity, laughter and jollity, and took an active part in the politics and pranks of that interesting

Used as Displays in the Windows of His Shops

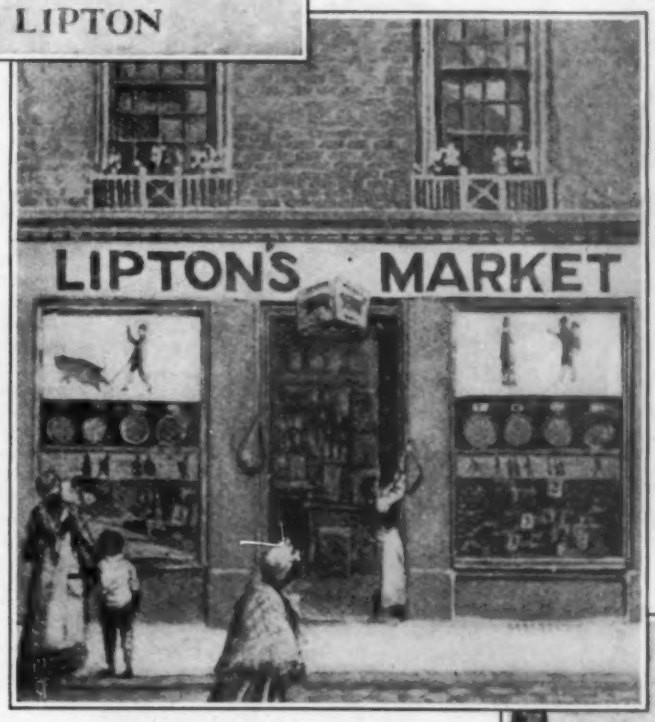
period. The "Lipton Ones"—as they were called in the local parlance of the times—were usually mixed up in all the high jinks that took place in and around Clones. Doctor Rushe tells many amusing stories of their spirited adventures and escapades, and his book makes delightful reading.

Crown Street, Glasgow, where I was born and spent my early years, still stands where it did, and is pretty well the same thoroughfare as it was when it was my home. Not a very long street, it partakes of the character of thousands of other Scottish city thoroughfares in which the respectable working classes have their tenement dwelling places. A tenement, perhaps I should explain, is a building of three or four or more stories, subdivided into different small houses. The latter may consist of two or three or four rooms, seldom more, although in the better-class districts of Glasgow I have known tenements which provide flats of six and seven rooms.

Crown Street Near the Blazes

THE Lipton family occupied four rooms on the top story, and the rent, if I recollect rightly, was twelve pounds, ten shillings a year, with the municipal taxes in addition. By no stretch of the imagination could our house be termed elegant or artistic, but scrupulously clean and comfortable it was. My mother saw to it that it was kept, as the saying has it, like a new pin; you could have eaten your food off the floor, and certainly you could have seen your face reflected in the highly polished kitchen grate, or fireplace. Like the majority of Glasgow wives, my mother took a tremendous interest in her humble home, and no effort was too much to keep it spick-and-span. I well remember the scoldings I used to receive if ever I dared to come over the outside door without wiping my feet on the mat. Even as a very small boy I was proud of my home and proud of Crown Street—particularly as it was "near the Blazes." Glasgow folks all over the world will know at once what the phrase means. Dixon's Blazes has been the name universally bestowed for the past hundred years on the great blast furnaces which still stand at the top of Crown Street and remain to this day an object of constant attraction and fascination to thousands of Glasgow children.

Although I did not know it at the time, Crown Street had other claims to fame in addition to being near the Blazes, for, many years before my advent there, it had been the temporary home of Robert Pollok, the brilliant young Scottish poet, author of The Course of Time, during his studies at Glasgow University. About the same time, too, I believe that James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, often walked up and down its grimy pavements while serving part of his apprenticeship at Dixon's Blast Furnaces. These facts I learned in after years, and they added to my love and veneration for the old street which was my first home and in which I spent so many happy days. Up till the time I left Glasgow to make my headquarters in London, I often used to visit Crown Street merely to glance up at the old windows and to recall—on the spot, so to speak—the scenes and haunts of my boyhood.



Lipton's First Shop in Stobcross Street

Pondering on these early days, I sometimes find myself wondering how my mother succeeded in keeping a comfortable roof above our heads, feeding us and clothing us, on the scanty wages earned by my father. Even allowing that money went further in those days than it does now, it has always been a mystery to me. We had an abundance of good food, in which porridge and Scotch broth, potato soup, home-baked scones and oatcakes played an important part. My mother was clever with her needle and she made practically all my clothes. She was never idle from morning till night. And I cannot recall her without a smile on her face and a cheery word on her tongue.

She taught me to hold my head high and to have ideals in life. Honesty, courage and truthfulness were the chief tenets in her philosophy of life; she never tired of impressing these essentials on my young mind. Religion, too, played a strong part in the Lipton household. My mother had the ingrained conviction that no matter what might befall her and her dear ones, she and they need fear nothing so long as they feared God. And it was in this fine home atmosphere that I was brought up.

It was an eventful day in our family history when my father and mother decided to embark upon a new method of gaining a livelihood. There was a tiny wee shop, with three steps down from the street level, to let at 13 Crown Street, and this they decided to lease and start business in the retail provision trade. They had no experience of shopkeeping, but, they argued, people had to eat to live and why shouldn't they start a small shop from which they could sell to their neighbors the wherewithal of their daily meals? The decision to open this shop was not come to suddenly; many anxious and prayerful hours were spent by my father and mother discussing ways and means, difficulties and prospects. They had only a few pounds saved up, and failure would have meant disaster. But they had faith and energy and determination; all they desired was a bare living, and the thought of success and money-making never entered into their calculations.

So the little shop was taken. It was so small that half a dozen people would have had to jostle to get inside it at the same time. But the place itself was spotlessly clean and the stock in trade was the same. Ham, butter and eggs were the main items of the latter. My mother had arranged with an old friend in Clones, one James McAviney, a peasant farmer, to send over every week a supply of hams, butter and eggs. It was my duty to take a wheelbarrow every Monday to the Irish steamer and bring back to the shop the total week's supplies. For this my mother paid me twopence—my first weekly earnings in commerce.

Making the Eggs Look Larger

I TOOK an intense interest in my parents' new venture. It was moderately successful from the first. The customers could be sure of sound food at a reasonable price, but what was even more important, they were served by transparently honest people whom they had known for years in the district in which the shop was situated. In addition to acting as very youthful porter and bringing the weekly supplies to Crown Street from the Irish steamer shed at the Broomielaw, I helped my father in keeping the shop tidy, in polishing the counter and the window—there was but one, and a small one at that—and running messages for my mother and delivering goods to customers. That there must have been some latent ideas in my head about shopkeeping even in those days seems to be proved by a remark made to my father one morning after I had seen him serve a customer with half a dozen eggs. I asked him, "Why don't you let mother serve the eggs, dad? You see, mother's hands are much smaller and the eggs would look much bigger in her hands than they do in yours?" For many years afterward I was often chaffed regarding this suggestion, which was held to be a wise and precocious notion for so small a boy.

Of my school days I have little to say. My mother gave very anxious thought to the problem of my education. She could not afford to send me to any expensive school. But there was no need to, for there was in Glasgow in those

(Continued on Page 134)

One of the Lipton Shops in Glasgow

Preventable Bank Failures

He Made Some Other Profitable Trades, With the Result That He Owned Two Lots Salable at $75,000

I HAVE been through a bank failure. One thing I got out of it is a conviction that I know why two-thirds of the bank failures come to pass, and that they are a preventable disease. I read recently that 5600 banks had failed in the United States in the last nine years. They had $1,700,000,000 in deposits and several million depositors. All but half a dozen of them were small institutions in country towns or small cities; more than 90 per cent in towns of less than 10,000 population.

Every day or two, like everybody else, I read some such bunch of figures about something or other in this big-figure country, and they don't mean very much to me. It is a good deal like reading that 350,000 Chinamen have been killed in their wars. But if a man has been an officer or director of a bank that failed in a country town or small city, where he knows a great many of the depositors in a neighborly way, unless he has the hide of a rhinoceros, it means about the same as losing a leg. He doesn't want to go through it again, and if there is a chance of his doing anything that will make it less likely to happen again, he will want to take that chance.

I knew the man who mortgaged his home to raise money to move North, and left the money on deposit three days before the bank went under, and the widow whose life-insurance money was still in the bank when it closed. I knew savings depositors whose small backlogs were swept away. Without doubt, there are a great many such cases in every bank failure. Almost every bank nowadays has a savings department. Naturally, a majority of depositors in a country town or small city bank are people of small means. The bank failure means privation that they did not deserve.

No one can blame depositors in a failed bank for resenting the loss, and probably there would be more resentment than we find now, except that there is not much this side the grave that Americans can't get a laugh out of somehow or other. That helps through the pinch, but bank failures are no laughing matter.

Nobody who has gone through a bank failure will be satisfied to have it looked upon solely as a matter of business. These 5600 failures were a human calamity. I am not a Bolshevist, but a big corporation's money never did seem real human, sweat-of-your-brow money to me. I can't imagine a woman shedding tears over the Steel Corporation's cash on hand. If the corporation lost it all some day, I suppose there would be no family sitting around the supper table with scared faces. So that $1,700,000,000 of deposits in failed banks, almost all small banks, looks different to me from the same amount of exports or automobile output. We have got to emphasize the means by which bank failures may be prevented. I will say, to begin with, that this was a bad failure. It is doubtful that depositors will get more than forty cents on the dollar. But at the time of the failure the bank had been in existence twenty-one years, under substantially the same management, and for the first thirteen years it could claim to be a well-managed concern.

In that time there was never a year without some losses, but the losses were small. At the end of the first period it had built up a surplus equal to its capital and was paying 10 per cent dividends. There was never enough bad or doubtful paper to make the bank's solvency a questionable matter.

Fair-Weather Sailing

DURING this first period, in spite of the usual ups and downs, the town grew pretty steadily, but with no big jump from one year to the next. On the whole, it was prosperous, although there were plenty of individual exceptions and plenty of opportunities to make bad loans. But taking the situation all around, there was a fairly steady current in one direction and a fairly dependable measure of values. If a business concern had made such-and-such a profit last year and the year before, it would probably make such-and-such a profit this year. If a man's paper had been good last year and the year before, it would probably be good this year. Or if his situation was changing, you could see it and make allowances.

This being in Florida, country business meant mostly citrus fruits and early vegetables. That fluctuated from year to year, but there was always the land itself, with a fairly stable value. Also, there was the special business of providing lodging, food and amusements for the winter tourists, but that crop was the steadiest and most dependable of all. A man with a tolerably well-managed and well-located hotel, apartment house or restaurant could count his chickens before they were hatched. If too many rooming houses or cafeterias were opened one year, the next year's increase in tourists would generally take up the slack.

For a bank it was fair-weather sailing, because the chart of values was one that any man of some experience and reasonably good judgment could read. What principally remained for the bankers was to avoid bad individual risks. Of course, even under these conditions banks can fail. In fact, five banks did fail in Florida in 1921, and five in 1922. But in order to fail under those conditions a bank had, as you might say, to go out of its way.

(Continued on Page 129)

A Good Apartment House Looked Like a Bonanza

MAID MOST DEAR

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ON THE second day out, Eddie Early rode from the ferry up and up across the yellow staircase mesas, over the high foothill range of Cuchillo Negro and down into Fairview for the night. On the third day, he turned to the northeast by the Yaples ranch, to follow up through the pines in a valley, steep, narrow and winding, on a dim road which crossed at every turn the onset of a little brawling river; through the ghost towns which were once Robinson and Grafton. Beyond Grafton he came to a deserted sawmill where a mossy water wheel turned forever, and his voice rang hollow on the great empty floor. Round about were ruin and decay, thickets of tangled greenery where merry life had been, staunch high stone of old fireplaces above fallen roofs and rotted timbers and crumbled walls.

But here the rippling water still was gay to chuckle and sing, cool and clear, brimming down the gray flume, to plunge, splashing, into the swaying and misty buckets of the old wheel, turning, turning always, steadily, slowly, creaking, half in shadow and half in sun. Above flume end and circling buckets, sunlit and spray-drenched, a rainbow fragment flashed and dazzled and danced, a miracle of confused and whirling senses; color, form and motion blended indistinguishably with the sound of falling water. Eddie blinked and shook his head; he almost thought that mill wheel was a dream.

He turned to the left here, up and up again, to the Continental Divide, the Black Range. This pass, Fairview had told him, was nine thousand feet above the sea, and from its crest Eddie looked down upon a tossing, limitless green sea, aspen and spruce and fir and pine, wave after wave of twisting and knuckled ridges, troughs of intertwined and looping valleys; so twisting, vague and tangled, so endless and vast, that those green waves seemed dizzily to ripple and flow, to rise and fall; where island peaks thrust up above the welter, the wearied eye clung gladly, grateful for something fixed and certain in this reeling and rushing chaos.

He turned down the Pacific slope. A plunging league of greenwood, a league of broken glades; strange and unreal, as if he had traveled in time as well as in space, he came into a dim and dreary world—a world of narrow farms, curved with the plunging valleys; of rail fences, ox teams and log houses with clapboard roofs.

Women wore sunbonnets and the men, youngsters excepted, were bearded. Those youngsters were few. Youth had passed on beyond those high horizons to the rumored, fantastic, far-off world. Here was a country of old men and boys. They wore hickory shirts, they had ropes of plaited rawhide, home-forged bits, and such saddles as were made ten years before, twenty, thirty; even, once or twice, the old-time saddles with dinner-plate horns, brass-studded, and a leather overskirt laced above all the saddle rig, with heavy wooden stirrups, five inches wide. They used black-powder rifles, clean and well kept, .44 repeaters and the long .45-90, and he saw double-barreled muzzle-loading shotguns in passing wagons.

Eddie found lodging for the night with a friendly farmer named Akers. The house was in a great yard where hollyhocks grew, and marigolds—a long log house with covered galleries between alternate rooms. In these galleries hung scythes, guns, saddles, two-handled crosscut saws, bright double-bitted axes, augers of all sizes, a hundred things besides. Old-time ways held unchanged here; a well sweep by the kitchen door, bearskin rugs in the living room, water in cedar buckets, a drinking gourd. Barefooted towheads whisked around corners or peered shyly through doors; grown daughters, smooth-haired and buxom, helped their mother at a vast stick-and-clay fireplace with a great crane and a row of Dutch ovens. A long table with a gay oilcloth cover, where Eddie ate supper with his host and the two oldest boys—the women and children to eat later—fried chicken, corn bread, corn on the cob, white butter, honey, apple pie and buttermilk; barley hay and corn for the Cry Baby horse; dusk and moonlight, the crickets calling in the dew, a corn-husk mattress to his bed, a Rising Sun quilt, and deep dreams of a splashing mill wheel, turning, steady and slow.

On the morrow, in the cool freshness between dawn and day, the Akers family stood before the log house to wave farewell to him. He took a ridge trail, according to directions, leaving the settlements. At nine, Eddie was thankful for his slicker, a weight hitherto begrudged. A slow rain came, with mist and fog; the sun was lost, the landmark hills were blotted out. Noon came and passed, and the traveler came to have grave doubts as to where his travels were tending. He found a hundred ridges and twenty trails, each ridge the same, each trail washed clean and trackless; little wandering rivers—so the dry country names them—three feet wide, ten, twenty, singing mirthfully and cheerfully running uphill, contrary to regulations and experience. It had been hours since Eddie's last guess at north or south, and now, in the dripping mist, he did not know up from down. Reason assured him, at each foot-high Niagara, that this water flow was downward, but his eyes refused to confirm these findings. So far as his eyes could influence him, every way was up.

"Cry Baby," said Eddie Early, "'"We are lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered up the stairs.' You and me, we thought we was old hands, down in the desert, with mountain ranges every which-a-way to show us what was what and a sky right overhead to tell us which way was up. Every way is up, here. We're in a hole under the cellar under the bottomless pit."

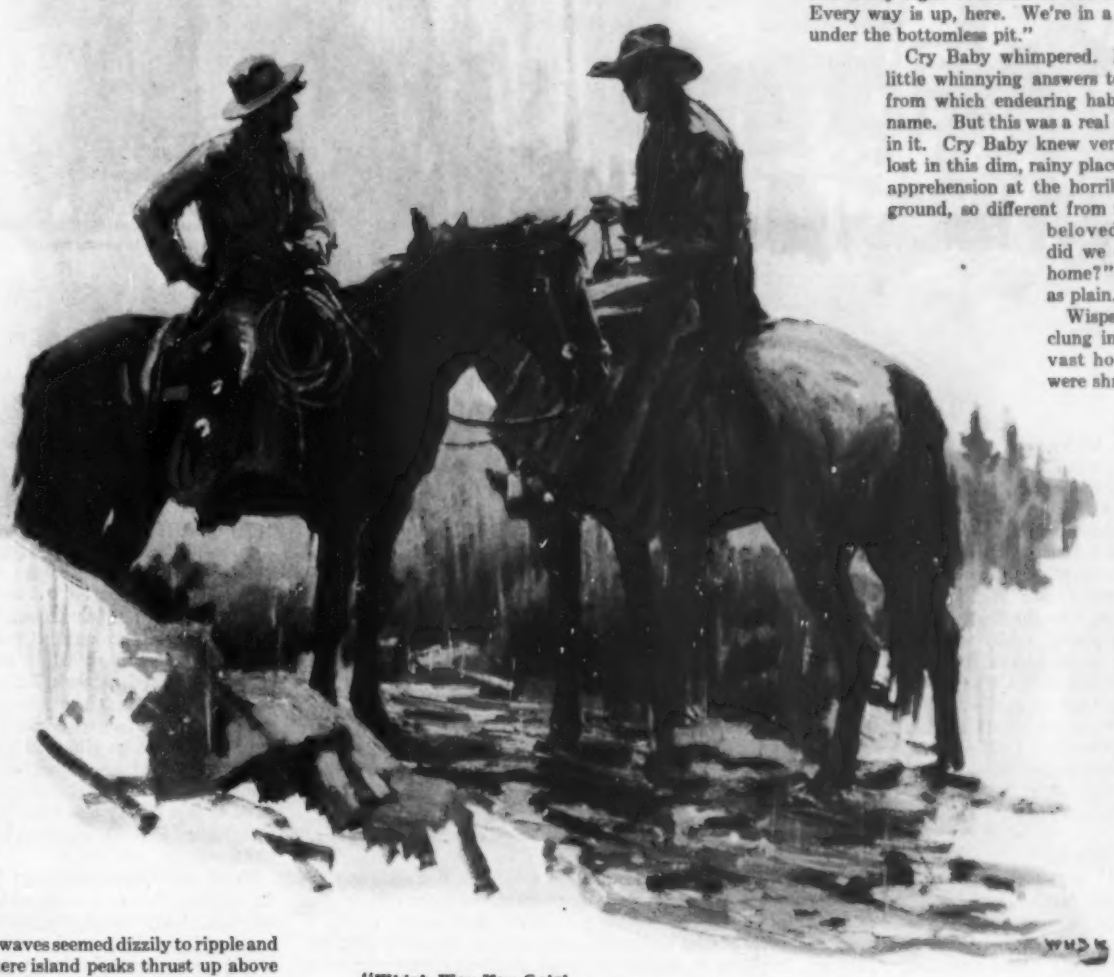
Cry Baby whimpered. He had always made little whinnying answers to his rider's remarks; from which endearing habit he had earned his name. But this was a real whimper, with feeling in it. Cry Baby knew very well that they were lost in this dim, rainy place, and he looked with apprehension at the horrible green stuff on the ground, so different from the gray grama of his beloved desert. "Oh, why did we ever leave our happy home?" said Cry Baby, plain as plain.

Wisps and streamers of fog clung in the pine tops. The vast horizons of the desert were shrunken to a wavering, mist-walled circle, moving with them through the thin forest, veiling all contours to sameness.

Eddie scouted to left, to right, prospecting new ridges and valleys, finding only the unbroken greenwood, the same dim, aimless trails, no trace of use or habitation. With the first rains, evidently, the cattle had deserted the pine-wood country for the high, grassy plains, where now they could find precarious water at tank and *tinaja*. Eddie's watch said twelve, it said one, and Cry Baby pricked sharp ears to the right and paused unbidden, midstep, one front foot absurdly checked in air.

"Hey, what do you think you are—a statue of Stop, Look and Listen?" said Eddie, chiding, but turning his eyes where those brown ears pointed. Small sounds came from that quarter of the universe, uncertain at first, then clearer, nearer, steadier; a shadowy bulk moved vaguely through the mist, darkened and took shape; another horseman broke through from outer space into the dim circle of the dwindled day. Cry Baby expressed his relief by a deep and vigorous sigh. Unbidden once again, he stepped out briskly to meet the rescuers.

The new horse was a black horse, mud bespattered and something weary, who bore himself aloof and haughtily incurious as to outsiders. The new man was dark, slender, young. A leather chin strap held a battered shapeless hat aslant; in lieu of a slicker, he wore bat-winged chaps, old



"Which Way You Goin', Stranger?" The Black Eyes Were a-Dance. "With You," Said Eddie Firmly

The Girl Walked Beside Him, Unembarrassed and Frank. "I Am Scarcely a Judge," She Said, Smiling. "You See, Mr. Public, I've Lived Here All My Life"

and scratched and torn, with a short and sadly worn canvas jacket; the turned-up collar buttoned high at the neck, with an effect weirdly Elizabethan. Above that collar rose a face like a flame, bold, reckless and exultant, sparkling with eager life, a scratched and mud-spotted face, with a quizzical mouth, shrewd black eyes and a black foretop damply askew beneath the tilted and curving brim of that work-worn hat. This was a hand. A gallant face, a strong face; about twenty-five, thought Eddie, from the rueful vantage of ten added years. Eddie noted with private amusement that this mud-splashed face was smoothly shaven beneath the mud—freshly shaved, here, back of beyond! This fact might be useful. For it is not permitted to the cowman to be mastered by events, and Eddie felt himself placed on the defensive. Lost, a grown man—here was occasion for ill-timed levity! His bronze face became guardedly expressionless.

"Which way you goin', stranger?" The black eyes were a-dance.

"With you," said Eddie firmly.

"Not lost, I hope?"

"Oh, no. Just stealing cattle."

The black eyes swept slowly up and down the folds of Eddie's slicker and the black brows arched in surprise.

"Not working at it today," Eddie explained. "Had an accident. Broke my bottle of bay rum. Too bad! So I quit everything and pulled out for a fresh supply."

The stranger rubbed a finger delicately over a smooth cheek. Then he twisted the silken wisp of mustache above a mirthful mouth. The eyes crinkled.

"Come with me and you will find everything required by your blond loveliness. You're sure in luck. I'm the only man in this place that keeps it in stock. In fact, I'm the only man in the place."

"Nice place," said Eddie. "Roomy and everything."

"This place," said its inhabitant, "is called Salsipuedes. Do that into English and it means ——"

"Yeah, I know. It means: 'Get out if you can.' Not what I called it, exactly. No. But it's a good name. Fits fine. Anyway, I never crossed my own trails—not once. Of course I knew all along that the bark is thickest on the north side of a dog, but I didn't know which way was north."

The Salsipuedan laughed. He had accurately sized up the older and larger man. This was a hand. An old hand, not further to be deviled. "No call to feel hacked, old-timer. In this fog, the oldest man in the world couldn't find his way without a bell. I'm letting my horse take me home, and I've been here four months. Every hill and hollow just like every other one."

"I noticed a certain similarity," said Eddie, "but I thought it was the same hill. Speaking of names, mine's Early."

"I'm Jackson. T Tumble T hand, working odd corners for calves the wagon missed. Skid Jackson, more favorably known by my own fireside as Beefsteak John. Let's ride."

"In that case, call me Eddie. And yet, tarry a bit, as Uncle Jerry used to say. Your camp, now—is it on my way to Shard, Alma, Springerville and parts west? I'm looked for."

"So am I," said Skid. "They'll never find you. Best place in the world."

"Expected, I mean. Agreed to be in Holbrook on a set day. Good man depends on me to be there. So, if your camp leads me in that general direction ——"

He pushed his hat back as he spoke. An amber crest rose inquiringly, baring a broad forehead, strangely white between sun-bronzed cheek and honey-colored hair.

"It doesn't. It lies to the south, and you want to head northwest. But there's a wagon road from my camp on, and in all this fog —— Where did you start from this morning, anyhow?"

"The Jeff Akers place on Cress Creek."

Skid whistled. "Man, you're nigh back where you started and way to the south. No wonder you didn't cross your own tracks. Two o'clock, nearly, and the fog getting thicker. You figure it out. Come on to camp, let your horse rest and fill up on corn and good barley hay. Start soon in the mornin' and you can make up a lot of it. Ranch every few mile after you pass Shard; so you can push on as far as you like and find a place to petrify when you're ready."

"Beefsteak, you said?"

"The finest. Mr. Early, did you ever notice how much better other people's beef tastes than your own?"

"Why, no," said Eddie, hesitating, "no, I never noticed that." He paused, reflecting. "I never ate any of my own beef."

II

NO CLOUDS were in the clean-swept sky, none on the far-off mountains. For eight hours Eddie had ridden through the windless, golden day, slowly, as befits a horseman. Leaving the T Tumble T line camp, he had dropped below the pines to oak, walnut, cedar and piñon, to rolling hills, turning up the deep, winding canyon of Willow Creek, branch of the many-branched Gila. The canyon narrowed between cliffs, widened to little valley farms, narrowed again to a box canyon curving between great red hills. The road climbed over a stony promontory. Far in the west he glimpsed the prodigious bulk of the Mogollon Mountains, beyond which lay his road through Alma, the outlaw capital, and on to Holbrook. He dropped down to join Willow Creek again, twisting through a maze of cedared hills. At a sudden bend he came upon Shard unawares.

Shard was unprepossessing; Eddie's nose wrinkled in displeasure. Tatterdemalion cabins with crazy fences clung to the hill foot; a small, dingy, weather-beaten store neighbored a large, dingy and weather-beaten saloon. Faded letters on the two false fronts announced the one as THE GILA MERCHANDISE COMPANY and the saloon as THE FIRST CHANCE. A huge mulberry tree threw a black shade over the plank platform before the saloon and over a wide circle of the road, and there a dozen horses stood with dropped reins, patiently waiting the leisure of their lords. Loud talk jostled through the open door. Eddie went in.

Card players at a rear table glanced up. Booted and spurred, gun-belted, boisterous, a noisy line elbowed the bar, turning, some of them, as Eddie came in; their faces were sodden, puffy, stupid. Eddie stood at the bar end, waiting. The men raised their glasses; the biggest bawled out a drunken toast:

"Here's to us, and to hell with the rest!"

Eddie beckoned. "A small whisky, please."

The barkeeper was bald-headed, with a cast in one eye and a furtive, sneering face.

"Any place here where they serve meals?" asked Eddie as he took change for a dollar bill.

The bull-necked toast-giver hammered on the bar and broke into a maudlin roar:

"A little service here, Ben!"

Eddie took a step aside till he stood with the end of the bar before him. "Mr. Ben is engaged at present," he said. His voice was cheerful, but his quiet eye held steadily on the one that wanted service, who glared truculently, opened his mouth to roar again, but thought better of it.

"Speak up, Mr. Ben. We don't want to keep the gentlemen waiting." Eddie did not turn his head as he spoke.

"There's a sort of hotel around the bend a ways," mumbled the bartender.

A pleasant voice rose from the card table: "They only serve dinner between twelve and one. Home folks, home cooking. Doubt if you can get a meal there this time of day. Neighboring now, likely. Still, you might try."

"Thanks," said Eddie, but his eye did not wander. "I won't bother them. Get me some truck from the store. That will do me." He took three sidewise steps to the door and disappeared.

"Seems like the hungry guy had it on you, McCabe," said his next neighbor, laughing discordantly. "What's the matter? Buffaloed?"

"Just that. You're a fool, Slagle, but I'm not. Both my hands was on the bar and his wasn't. And he had a mean gray eye. Not good enough! Come on. Drinks is on me."

"Well, if you want to let him get off with that line of stuff, it's your lookout," said Slagle. "I wouldn't if it was me, that's all."

"Anyway, I butted in on him," said the big man.

"Yes, and you butted right out again." Slagle shrugged his shoulders. "If you're satisfied, I am. But you're some easy pleased."

Eddie bought a feed of corn from a graybeard in the store. With his knife he shaped a gunny sack to an improvised nose bag. He led Cry Baby to an open shed behind the store, unsaddled, tied him, and hung the nose bag on a whinnying nose. Then he bought crackers, cheese and a tin of sardines. He opened the sardines at the counter; as an afterthought, he handed belt and gun to the graybeard.

"Keep this for me till I'm ready to start," he said.

Carrying these purchases, he went back into the saloon. A vacant table, littered with old newspapers, stood near a tall and rusty stove, which doubled as a wastebasket in warm weather.

Eddie drew up a chair, sat sidewise by this table and called for a bottle of beer. "And a glass, please," he added. "All right if I eat here, if I spread an old newspaper on the table?"

"Sure," said the barkeep. "Help yourself. I'll open the beer, and pour you out a glassful so it won't slop. Tray here somewheres. I'll bring that."

Eddie took a deep pull at his beer. "Cold," he murmured, with satisfaction. He sliced cheese and built a little pile of sandwiches; he speared a sardine and began on his first sandwich. The noisy crew at the bar huddled together, with a busy gabble of undertones. The huddle broke and one man stepped out into the open space before Eddie, ten feet away. He planted his feet well apart for steadiness.

"Hey, you! Come have a drink," he said. It was the man called Slagle. His face was mottled, sweating, drink-inflamed.

Eddie glanced up and jerked a thumb toward his beer glass. "No, thanks. This beer will be all I can manage." He spoke with a mouthful of cracker crumbs.

Slagle jerked his gun. "Damn your impydent soul, you'll drink or die! I'll show you!"

"Uncle Jerry always said I'd be killed in a barroom," said Eddie sadly. He bit into another sandwich.

"Aw, Slagle, cut it out. He ain't got no gun." This was the burly, loud-mouthed man who had desired service; he twisted his shaggy beard. Eddie turned gray eyes his way.

"Right, old buffalo! Left my gun at the store, seein' you boys was pretty well lit up. Thought that would leave me out of it." He drained his glass of beer and picked up a sardine between finger and thumb.

"Come on, Slagle. Put your gun up," said the big man.

"Shet your fool head, McCabe! I'm doing this! When I tell a man to drink, he drinks."

Eddie shook his head regretfully. "Can't do it—not after I declared myself. Bad example. Can't back down."

Slagle

"Then I'll shoot you down like a dog."

"Do that," said Eddie.

An angry voice rose from the card table, "Slagle, you drunken fool ——"

Slagle snarled without turning his head, "Your guns is all behind the bar. Try to get 'em!" The barrel of his cocked .45 dropped until it pointed directly at Eddie's waistband.

"Now, you!" Slagle broke into a murderous frenzy of obscenity.

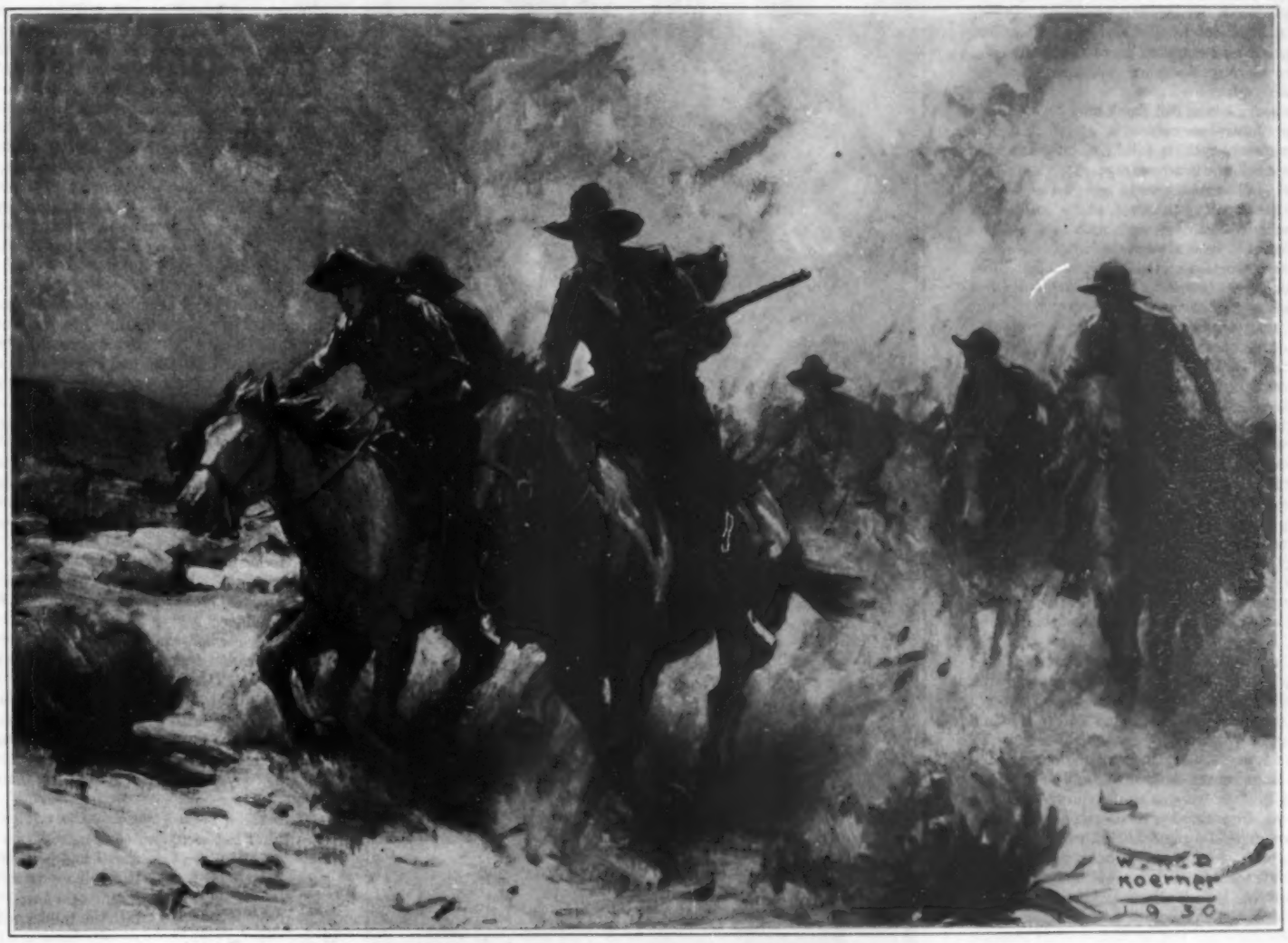
A cracked and horrified falsetto shrilled from the card table: "You fool, thath Eddie Early from Thalamanca, and if you thoot him that way, and him with no gun, them fellowth will come up here and kill every thon of a gun in your outfit! If you wath thober ——"

"Why, it's Lithpin' Tham!" cried Eddie. "Sam, what are you doing way up here?"

"I'm counting five!" said Slagle. "One! . . . Two!" From the corner of his eye, Eddie saw two men rise from the card table, saw a chair whirl up. "Three!"

"Look out, Slagle!" screamed the bartender. A chair crashed into Slagle's neck; his gun jerked, roaring; a second chair whirled through the air; he ducked. The engine jumped the track and struck Slagle squarely; he clutched it; they plunged together down the canyon wall, striking fire from cliff and bowlder; Slagle on top, the engine on top,

(Continued on Page 87)



The Posse Rode Fast. Eight Miles Out Trail and Road Met—Twenty by the Wagon Road

NO MORE TOMATOES

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

"It Isn't That I Can't Moo," I Flared Up, "It's That I Won't Moo. I Won't Cheapen Myself by Mooing"

GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, May 24, 1930.

DEAR BOZO: You will be surprised to hear from me from the middle of the Great American Desert, and to hear I am no longer connected with Ye Olde Radio Shoppe, but there is nothing to get hot or bothered about. I am not a fugitive from justice and nobody's brother made up as Daniel Boone is looking for me with a shotgun, and there is nothing you can do for me unless you want to wander past Ye Olde Radio Shoppe some night and heave a brick through the window. If it should happen to connect with Bill Runk's pan and separate him from his teeth, I would try to bear it.

Even if you don't feel like heaving the brick for old time's sake, I guess Runk and I would be about square, although the brick would make up for the time he forced me to pay for the grand-piano top he ruined when he left a stogy burning on it.

You may think I am jealous at Bill Runk because of the sneaking, underhanded way he acted about Bessie Triphaver, but that is where you and everybody else are wrong. I was so fed up with that tomato, I could hardly stand the sight of her. Long before the Radio Workers' Annual Ball she was nothing but one continuous pain, and when she acted the way she did, it was just the proof I wanted. I do not need any tomatoes in my life, because there is not a one of them you can trust farther than you can throw this train by the cowcatcher, and I am washed up with them, one and all.

A lot of people may think I left Hoboken with a broken heart and because my pride was hurt, but that is a lot of boloney. I left because Hoboken is too small for a double-dealing crook like Bill Runk and me, and because I had simply got worn out from everybody I knew constantly saying I ought to go to Hollywood and do my novelty barnyard imitations for the talkies.

Toward the last, Bill Runk and I were like a couple of strange cats in a garret. He was sneering at everything I did. At the least trifle he flared into a murderous rage. It is a mystery to me how he manages to escape the electric chair, but it will get him yet, and when it does, maybe he will know something about electricity I don't, as he is always claiming.

We were working on that apartment-hotel job, installing a set in each of sixty apartments, but it would be foolish to say that everything went along okay until we were on the forty-fourth job, because nothing I ever did was okay with Bill Runk. If Thomas A. Edison was his helper and had five hands, Bill Runk would still find something to beef about. He had been more peevish than usual all day and was flaring up over every little trifle. For instance, I dropped a modulating tube and smashed it, and you would have thought I smashed the Koh-i-nur. He kept riding me about that tomato and referring to how she gave me the air in preference to him, when the truth is, no tomato alive has ever given me the air or ever will, and one thing led to another, until we were like a couple of strange bull-dogs; only he has got a reach on him like a gorilla, and I was just biding my time.

He was under the table on his hands and knees, muttering about all the tomatoes who have given me the air, and trying to get my goat, and clamping the ground lead to a steam pipe, and I was soldering the aerial lead with an electric iron. I was not expecting him to back out from under the table or to come down on my toe like a horse. It was so unexpected that the soldering iron skidded off the connection and went zooming down and buried itself in the hair on the back of his neck. It took me so by surprise that for a minute I could not collect myself, but left the iron bearing down on the back of his neck, but as soon as I had collected myself I yanked it away; but not before I had branded him for life and smoke was curling out of his hair in a kind of a smudge.

As you know, I am a fairly fast thinker and I realized in a flash he would never believe it was purely accidental, but would think I had branded him on purpose; so I just gave him a hard shove with my foot and sent him back under the table. And before he could get unwound from the table legs, the chair and the coil of aerial wire I had the presence of mind to throw on him, I was out the door.

As I had been wanting to go West for a long time, anyway, I just took a taxi to my boarding house, packed my suitcases, stopped at the bank and then caught the first train West; thinking he might catch up with me any minute and do a few of the horrible things he was threatening, because I would not put any of them above him and I have no intention of being the one who results in his going to the electric chair.

The whole incident handed me quite a laugh, because, though it was purely accidental, he certainly got what was coming to him; and I am glad to be out of the radio installation and repair business, because I am convinced there is no future in it.

They tell me this flat red desert scenery gets into your blood and after you have spent a few years here you can't settle anywhere else. A big Los Angeles real-estate man in the club car was telling me you can make five dollars a day panning gold anywhere along here, only there isn't any water. I said, "You mean, thar's gold in them hills." He came right back at me, "Yes, but it all belongs to our little Nell, and you hain't done right by our Nell."

That sort of broke the ice, and one thing led to another, and he asked would I like to play some bridge. I told him I never played the game. "You better learn," he said. "When you go into a house in California they don't even ask. They just set up the tables and deal out the cards."

I asked him if all you heard about the California climate is true, and he said, no, the truth has to be toned down because California has made all the other places jealous. He told me about the view from his bathroom window, of orange groves and snow-capped mountains, while he shaves, and it was like poetry. Then he got going on the beauties of California scenery and he was going good when a sour-looking little guy who had been listening horned in and said, "Do either of you gents happen to know the name of the biggest animal extant?"

I remembered that sulphur-bottom whale we saw that time at the natural-history museum, with the placard on it saying it was the biggest animal on earth or that had ever lived on earth. So I said, "The sulphur-bottom whale is the name of the biggest animal extant."

"You're wrong," said the sour-looking guy.

The Los Angeles man said, "Well, we'll bite. What is the name of the biggest animal extant?"

"The Los Angeles bull," the sour-looking guy said, and walked away. The Los Angeles man told me he knew all along the sour-looking guy was a Floridian.

"He has that depraved look," he said. "You have to watch out for them. They come to California to steal ideas. They coil up in your bosom like an adder."

Then he asked me was I going to settle in California, and I said yes, I was going into the talkies.

"You ought to photograph like a house on fire," he said, "with those dark eyes, that curly hair and that profile. But maybe I ought to warn you that Hollywood is knee-deep in good-looking boys with dark eyes, curly hair and profiles."

I told him I was going into the talkies to be heard but not seen, and he dragged it out of me that I had got worn out from all my friends' insisting that I ought to go into the talkies with my novelty barnyard imitations and had finally given in.

He asked how much my range of imitations covered, and I told him that, as I had grown up on a farm and always spent my vacations on a farm, so that I could keep the imitations polished up and not let them grow stale, I could imitate all the barnyard noises there were, including five species of crickets.

So nothing would do but my having to give him some of my imitations. He would not take no for an answer. So I finally gave in and gave him the first group, including the imitations of the pump that needs oiling; the baby pig; the hungry hog; sheep and goats of all ages and both sexes; pigeons; the dinner horn; roosters, domestic and wild; cats, including cats in love; then the second group, including mules, colts and horses of all ages and both sexes, hungry and angry; and finally the medley of horses, pigs, goats, chickens, ducks and common barnyard birds, including the sparrow, the crow and three species of quail.

He went into one convulsion after another over the life-like quality of the imitations, and when he wanted to know why I had not imitated a cow I told him just what I have told everybody else for years—that I absolutely will starve before I will imitate a cow. Quite a large crowd had gathered, and for at least an hour they begged me to give the cow imitations. I gave them my third group—frogs, flies, bees, mosquitoes and five species of crickets—but I positively would not give them the cow.

Several people in the crowd were connected with the talkies and told me frankly there were wonderful opportunities for a man with my kind of talent; and I told them that everybody who heard the novelty barnyard imitations said the same thing, and that if I had not had the money to go to Hollywood, my friends would have raised the money, they were so confident of the future ahead of me.

Of course, you are burning up for a first-hand report on the famous Hollywood tomatoes, at least a dozen of whom are right here on board this train. Anybody who wants them can have them. They stay in their drawing-rooms and hardly ever come up for air, which is jake with me.

There is one who is not traveling in a drawing-room but has Lower 6 in the car where I have Upper 12. You would say she is a dream, with a figure like Helen of Troy's, but as far as I am concerned I am unconscious of her existence.

She is sitting down the line a few seats, pretending to read, but when I turn my head she is staring at me with a come-on-and-let's-make-mud-pies look. It is certainly embarrassing. You would think a tomato would have enough sense to know when a guy doesn't want to make her.

Later. It turns out her name is Laramie Dodge and she hails originally from Newark. Can you beat that? She knows quite a few of our bunch—Don Silz, Mary Yokum, and she used to go to school with Eddie Rumdorf. She is a little different than I expected. She said she has walked past Ye Olde Radio Shoppe any number of times and is certain she has heard of me and the novelty barnyard imitations. She is in the talkies as second assistant private secretary of Barney Lumberg, the production manager of Exclusive Features, Inc., is twenty-one, and has one of these low, husky voices that makes everything she says sound as if she was telling you secrets, but there is no tomato extant who can get confidential with me.

I Did a Few Imitations That I Had Left Out—Twelve Different Examples of Barking Dogs, Native and Wild Ducks, Geese, Day-Old Chicks, and the Wagon With a Dry Axle

She has dark reddish hair, dark blue eyes and she uses a shade of lipstick that makes her mouth look like a hot coal. She is one of these delicate-looking tomatoes with very transparent skin. She is wearing a pale green sweater suit today and no stockings, but green-and-white sockies, and I suppose you would say she has a pair of legs that would send about ten million volts through you; but as far as I am concerned she missed the train.

Ever since we all woke up yesterday in the great American prairies she has been giving me the eye with the smile, and maybe she thinks it is getting her somewhere! Every sheik on board has been trying to make her, which is a mystery to me, and all any of them have got so far for their trouble is a load of air. I would not give her a rise if she was Helen of Troy, and the sooner she learns it the better. Once you lower your guard with any of these tomatoes you are buying them three meals a day to the end of the line.

We were out on the observation platform for about four hours, and she must have spent the first hour apologizing for mistaking me for somebody in the talkies. She said I was a cross between Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper; only, once in a while I had a look in my eyes like George Bancroft when he gets mad. It handed me quite a laugh.

When she found out I wasn't an actor at all she said she wanted to hug me, because she is sick and tired of actors and their conceited ways. I told her that if she wanted to wake up unconscious fifteen miles back on the roadbed, just to start hugging me; and she said she was glad to meet one man, for a change, who didn't start necking the first five minutes; and I told her she needn't worry, as I was the kind who got along without necking the first five hundred years.

She said she had heard my novelty barnyard imitations in the club car, and she begged me to do them again; so I did a few that I had left out—twelve different examples of barking dogs, native and wild ducks, geese, day-old chicks, and the wagon with a dry axle. She begged me to imitate a cow, and I told her I would not give a cow imitation for Helen of Troy. She asked me why I would not do the cow imitations, and I told her frankly that anybody can imitate a cow and that there is nothing artistic or subtle in the cow imitations. She said she likes the kind of a man who is as frank as I am. She said she is perfectly frank about wanting to get married. She said all girls want to get married, whether they admitted it or not.

Personally, I think she is a terrible washout, but I kidded her along and said that a tomato with her looks, figure and brains ought to have plenty of customers, and she sort of laughed and said, "What a girl wants is quality, not quantity." And I said I didn't want either. She said I sound like a woman hater, and I said I did not hate women, but was merely absolutely indifferent to them. She said she was delighted to find a man at last that she could know on a purely mental basis, because every man she met was always starting something, and I was a real relief; and I told her that even if she knew me for a thousand years she would keep on having that relieved feeling.

For some reason, she is different than Bessie Triphaver or any tomato I met before, and inside of a half an hour we were calling each other Laramie and Lester. She said she thought Laramie and Lester made a pretty combination. Maybe they do, but not for mine.

She is a character reader, and I will have to say that the way she analyzed my character wasn't even funny. She said I was modest, humorous, sensitive and very ambitious. She said that when anything gets in my way I am ruthless. So I had to tell her about how Bill Runk's neck got in the way of the soldering iron, and it handed her quite a laugh. She told me that when she is traveling she spends all her time analyzing people, and she said I interested her more than any man she had seen on the train and wanted to meet me, only I seemed so aloof and stern.

So I kidded along and said, "I suppose I'm a terrible disappointment."

"You make me furious," she said. "I was positive you were the most interesting man on board to talk to, and now I know it."

She begged me for more imitations, so I gave her the trotting, galloping and runaway horses, five examples of hounds on the trail, the fight between the Airedale and the Irish terrier, and I ended up with the comedy number of the mosquito that lights first on a lump of sugar, then on a limburger cheese, and I thought she would have convulsions.

She said she was positive that I would be signing a fat contract with some of the talkie people inside of a week, and she said she noticed I was traveling in an upper, and had been curious to meet me because most people who go to Hollywood to make good travel in a drawing-room and usually go home on the extra ticket the railroad makes you buy when you ship a corpse.

Then we went into the diner and had dinner, and you can believe it or not, she insisted on paying her own check. She said she believes that when a girl goes out with a man and has a good salary, she ought to pay her share of the expenses. She said she is modern and believes in proving it.

(Continued on Page 52)

Business Fights Crime in Chicago

By Robert Isham Randolph

President of the Chicago Association of Commerce

As Told to Forrest Crissey

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

BUSINESS leaders, not politicians, not preachers, not reformers, have taken on the Augean job of giving Chicago a thorough housecleaning. Their determined, organized, long-time program of local crime fighting is radically different from the ordinary political reform movement. It is utterly nonpolitical in its background. These men upon whom the responsibilities for this heavy job of civic sanitation have been thrust do not believe that sweeping the dirt under the bed is entitled to be rated a real housecleaning job and that to remove crime from the front pages of the newspapers except by removing the occasion for the big black headlines would be merely putting salve on an ulcer that requires drastic surgery; they are not actuated by the familiar political motive of making a showing in order to secure popular acclaim and ballot-box support.

They have simply undertaken to reduce crime in Chicago and to provide the means for making that reduction progressive, cumulative and continuous. The basic unit of this crime-fighting machine is a committee of six members of the Chicago Association of Commerce whose names are unknown to the public and even to the executive committee which receives and disburses the funds needed to prosecute this work.

As president of the Chicago Association of Commerce and the one who selected these men for this responsible and dangerous work, I am virtually the only person who knows the membership of this unique organization which the newspapers have named The Secret Six. Much—probably too much—has been printed already, in the daily press about the mysterious Secret Six. Most of this publicity has been inaccurate and much of it absurd and harmful. I am induced to add to its volume by a desire to have Chicago, its problems and the character and purposes of its decent citizens better understood by the people of the entire country.

Giving Chicago News Preferred Position

SUCH an understanding is of vital and acute importance to Chicago under any circumstances, but particularly so in view of the fact that in 1933 it is to celebrate its century of progress and keep open house to the entire civilized world. Incidentally, other cities might derive something more than pharisaical satisfaction from an intimate knowledge of this unique adventure in crime control on the part of a business organization forced into action by the futility of traditional civil and political agencies established for that purpose. Millions of people living in cities having a higher homicidal rate than ours regard Chicago with holy terror, because the editors of their papers bury their own crime news in their back pages while giving the latest reports from Chicago gangland front-page position. There is a difference, it seems to me, between decently removing our dirt from under the bed and industriously throwing it into the eyes of the entire world outside of Chicago.

The main factor essential to understanding this peculiar task to which Chicago's business leaders have set their hands is a clear recognition that this experiment in crime correction is, like most movements of genuine force and vitality, the product of an evolution instead of something created out of hand. The Chicago Association of Commerce was forced into this undertaking by pressure of circumstances to meet an immediate emergency; this without any definite realization that it was taking a step which would dedicate it to years of intensive warfare to break the hold of criminal gangs upon the throat of Chicago. Let me, then, sketch in brief the story of the genesis of Chicago's Secret Six.

Last December I was selected to head this Association having fourteen well-organized departments, 91 employes, 6948 members carrying the responsibility of guardianship over Chicago's business prosperity and development. Although I had served as chairman of the Association's Harbor and Waterways Committee and as vice president in charge of its Industrial Department, the idea of aspiring to the presidency of the Chicago Association of Commerce had not occurred to me. I stress this in order to emphasize the fact that all connection on my part with this job of crime fighting was circumstantial and involuntary.

No element of personal ambition has been involved in it on the part of myself or any associate. Recently the suggestion has been made that I am in line to become a candidate for mayor of Chicago. The absurdity of this supposition should be evident when I say that I am not a citizen of Chicago and have no intention of becoming one. My home is in Riverside, an independent suburban municipality. There I shall remain. Besides, the mayoralty of Chicago has no temptation for me.

Just as the presidency of the Association began to look to me like a position of greater honor than labor—for I found it well organized and manned by capable department heads—this complaisant illusion was suddenly shattered and the crime situation was dropped, like a bomb, upon the directors' table of our peaceful business organization.

On February fifth two men stopped their automobile alongside the Lying-In Hospital, on the Midway, to which an addition was then under construction. Quite casually they inquired of a workman if Meagher, superintendent for the contractor, was on the job. He was pointed out. The strangers walked over and fired two bullets into his back, reëntered their car and drove away. Before the workmen realized what had happened the hired assassins were gone.

The next morning the contractor for the hospital job and the president of the Landis Award Employers Association came to my office, related the outrage, remarked that three-quarters of the contractors belonging to that association were members of the Association of Commerce and asked very pointedly what we were going to do about it.

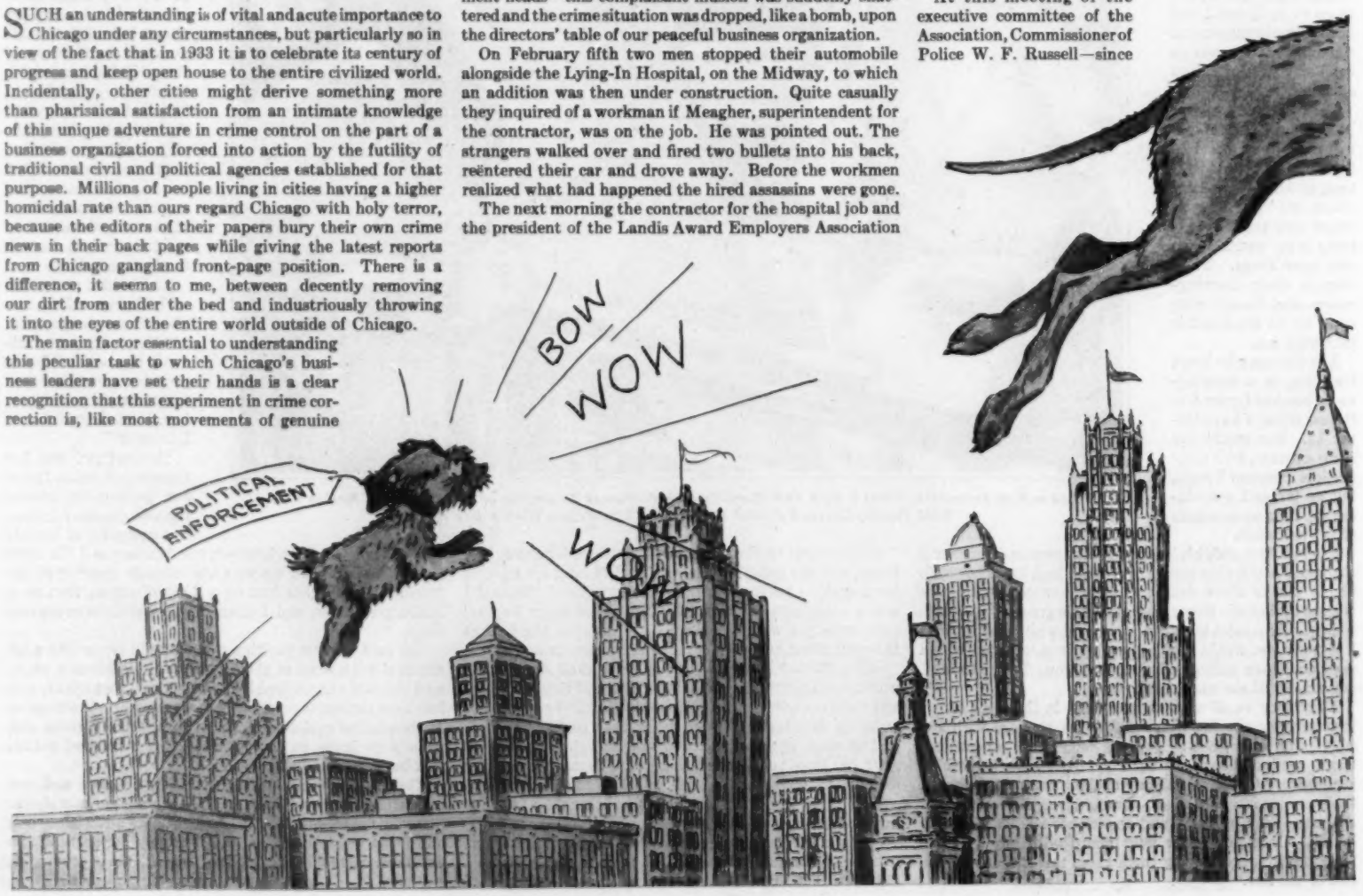
The Landis Award Employers Association is an offshoot of the Association of Commerce and was organized in 1921, after Judge Landis had sat as an arbitrator in a building-trades dispute and had approved a wage scale for all the building trades and the general contractors, to which they all agreed except the carpenters; they kicked it over. Then the Association of Commerce stepped in and attempted to organize the general contractors so as to enforce the agreements on the wage scale set out in the Landis arbitration finding. Under these auspices some $3,000,000 were raised and expended in carrying out the terms of the Landis arbitration.

Appointment of The Secret Six

THESE contractors interpreted the shooting of Meagher as the beginning of an organized and desperate attempt to break up the Landis Award Employers Association and to reëstablish the closed shop in Chicago. While the Landis group had been working on the open-shop basis and employing nonunion laborers, they had employed union men in most of the skilled trades. Seventy-five per cent of the men employed on the job at the Midway were union men. Evidently it was my move!

Immediately I brought the matter before the executive committee of the Association of Commerce, which authorized the posting of a reward of $5000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the men who had shot Meagher. Also I was instructed to appoint a subcommittee to investigate the general lawlessness in Chicago and report what might be done to correct the appalling conditions. I appointed a committee of six, and because I refused to give their names to the newspapermen, they dubbed them The Secret Six.

At this meeting of the executive committee of the Association, Commissioner of Police W. F. Russell—since



resigned—and State's Attorney John A. Swanson were present by invitation. The commissioner of police merely promised his coöperation and support in anything we undertook. State's Attorney Swanson, however, assured us that we could be of the greatest assistance to his office if we would set up a secret-service organization which would be secret in fact as well as name; that in the employment of undercover investigators he was forced to put them on the pay roll and their names immediately became known to the criminal element, and this became a serious handicap in collecting evidence. This seemed a most practical suggestion.

Another meeting was held almost immediately, attended by members of the Commercial Club, the Industrial Club, the Union League Club and the Association of Commerce—five from each group. The discussion as to what might be done was general and cautious. Little enthusiasm for tackling the job was apparent.

Uniting New and Old Forces Against Crime

FINALLY one member remarked: "I don't think the situation is so bad. These gunmen kill each other, and every time one of them is bumped off we have the benefit of losing an undesirable citizen. Why not wait until they get one of us?"

This cold-blooded attitude didn't appeal to me, and I responded: "Fine, but you've stuck me out in front. How about yourself?"

"Well," he rejoined, "I can't blame you for not being enthusiastic. I'm not offering myself as a sacrifice."

Then one of the leading industrialists of Chicago arose and lifted the lid with a few hot remarks to the effect that the crime situation was bad. And he demonstrated that he knew what he was talking about. He was followed by another leading Chicagoan, who verified his remarks, and added:

"The regular agencies for cleaning up our crime situation are not equal to the job. They're either compromised or handicapped to an extent which makes them almost useless. The people distrust them as either hooked up with the crime world or utterly ineffective. This job calls for new hands; also for plenty of money! I'll give 10 per cent of any sum you decide should be raised." These two men put courage and punch into all of us and set The Secret Six going.

Raising a fund adequate to financing so big an undertaking had its peculiar difficulties. It was not a brass-band job. For once, at least, donors insisted upon complete secrecy. This precaution was well justified. Men of wealth and public spirit had to be seen personally. Unfortunately, most of them were then in Florida or California. But we did not fail with one of them. Most of them gave $25,000; a few gave much more than that. The generous response to this private appeal was a stimulating proof of the existence of a strong Chicago spirit. We now know where we can put our hands on all the money required by The Secret Six in prosecuting its ambitious campaign against crime in Chicago.

Having adequate funds is a great source of strength; little could be accomplished if we were hampered for money. It takes plenty of money to make a fight against all the criminal groups in a great city; and it must be hard cash, available on the instant, and unhampered by red tape. Vouchers and requisitions have no place in a crime-fighting arsenal.

Of course, any intelligent person will realize that I cannot reveal all that is to be told about the operations of The Secret Six; to do so would be highly destructive to the usefulness of this unique group of public-spirited men. However, there are plenty of interesting facts which may be told to the help rather than the harm of this undertaking. For example, the background of our working structure is pertinent and important.

Our first step, after organizing a committee to receive and disburse the funds subscribed by our secret donors, was to tie into our service a number of existing agencies which had already done work of various kinds on Chicago's crime problem.

The Employers' Association had been organized to fight labor rackets and the criminal element which makes a business of preying upon union labor organizations and employers of union labor. It had done valiant and effective work in its special field and had one outstanding asset—Walter Walker, a young man who had been an assistant state's attorney and possesses positive genius for detective work, plus an insatiable appetite for it. Walker had built up a small but effective force of investigators. This group is being steadily enlarged. Its workers know that their tenure of service is absolutely independent of political pull. Also they have the comfortable assurance that their identity is not exposed by spreading their names on a public pay roll.

Inevitably, the prohibition unit for the Chicago Federal district is an important element in our conference. Chicago's Secret Six also has the hearty coöperation of the United States Secret Service and of the United States district attorney of Chicago.

The recent conviction of Ralph Capone for frauds in connection with his income-tax returns is an excellent illustration of what coöperation on the part of Federal law-enforcement authorities can accomplish. The job is to put the criminals behind the bars and remove them from active participation in crime. The count on which a conviction is secured is relatively unimportant; the conviction is the big thing. Therefore, the charge on which it is easiest to get a conviction and a sentence is the best. Apparently it is far easier to convict a powerful gangster of fraud in accounting for his income from his criminal activities than to convict him of violating the Volstead Act. Anything which will put a gangster behind the bars looks good to us. With a working consolidation of virtually all crime-fighting agencies, it is far easier to figure out a successful line of procedure like that which secured a sentence of five years and a $10,000 fine for Ralph Capone than it would be if each law-enforcement body operated independently.

These various forms of Federal coöperation are immensely important to us. Also we are useful to them, for we have ready money which we can use at any instant, at our own discretion, without the unwinding of red tape with which governmental funds are protected.

Who's Who in Gangland

OF COURSE, booze is the big racket, the backlog of gang crime. Its huge profits make those of other criminal lines look petty. The specific objective of The Secret Six is not the enforcement of the prohibition laws but the reduction of crime in Chicago; particularly homicides and other crimes of violence. However, it happens that the big booty attached to the booze racket inspires a constant feudal warfare between rival gangs and greatly raises Chicago's homicide rate. The largest armies of killers being enlisted in the booze forces, it follows that convictions under the prohibition laws seem to offer the readiest means of reducing the murder score in Chicago. Hence the close coöperation between The Secret Six and the Federal prohibition-law-enforcement agencies.

Another existing agency which has contributed immensely to usefulness of our efforts is the Chicago Crime Commission, organized eleven years ago, under the auspices of the Association of Commerce. Its greatest work has been that of compiling a remarkably extensive Who's Who in Chicago Crime. The criminal whose career is not recorded in detail in this continuous annal of Chicago's underworld is a violet of self-effacement. Every important criminal tried in any Chicago court in the past eleven years is catalogued in this admirable record and the details of his career are described with meticulous care and explicitness.

It is the only existing source of continuous criminal record available in Chicago or the state of Illinois. When Col. Henry Barrett Chamberlin began this invaluable work, there was many a slip between the conviction of a criminal and his payment of the full penalty assessed by the court in

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MEET THE DUKE

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

MR. S. BULLFINCH, president of Wet Smacks, Incorporated, manufacturers of the fastest-selling five-cent candy bar in the world, leaned back in his big yellow chair and acted as though he had just swallowed a bar of his delicious product—teeming with the zippy goodness of the purest milk chocolate, glowing with the radiant vitamins supplied by fresh yeast and invigorated by the peppy freshness of newly toasted almonds. William Alexander Brodie, vice president and account executive of The Atlas Advertising Agency, noted with inward panic his client's beaming countenance. He accepted the large cigar tendered, with nervous reluctance. As a rule, Mr. Bullfinch only pressed his highly prized perfectos upon those from whom he wanted something, and from long experience Mr. Brodie knew that when his bulbous client wanted something, trouble gibbered in the offing. Nor were his client's opening remarks calculated to erase his concern.

"The thing I like about you, Brodie," Mr. Bullfinch confided with a winning smile, "is the personal interest you take in Wet Smacks. It ain't just as if you were in the advertising business an' we was in the candy business. Know what I mean, Brodie? You are mutual, so to speak. What is your gravy is our gravy, an' what gives you a pain in the neck gives us a pain in the neck. Not just business associates, but friends. A common interest, y' understand."

Mr. Brodie nodded gingerly. "We believe in doing anything within reason for our clients."

"Just what I said to Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch." His client smote his desk and nodded vigorously. "Just what I said: 'Some advertising men would think that this has nothing to do with business, but not Brodie. Brodie,' I said, 'is a reasonable man, an' anything reasonable he can do to help a client with a little matter, he will do. And as far as that goes,' I told her, 'it is, lookin' at it one way, a advertising proposition; because the way Brodie would do it, it would be sure to get in the papers, an' in that case they couldn't help but mention that Mr. Bullfinch was the president of the Wet Smack Corporation, manufacturers of Wet Smacks, the most delicious as well as the largest-selling five-cent confection in the world.' Could they, Brodie?"

Mr. Brodie touched his forehead with his tan silk pocket handkerchief and smiled wanly.

"Perhaps, if you would tell me just exactly what you have in mind, Mr. Bullfinch," he suggested, "I might—that is ——"

Instead of the desk, Mr. Bullfinch smacked his bulging knee. "Ha-ha! How a man gets running on, eh, Brodie? Like the hole in a pair of stockings I paid seventeen dollars for last winter. A present for Bir—Mrs. Bullfinch, Brodie. You would think for seventeen dollars even a foreigner wouldn't bilk you, wouldn't you, Brodie? You would think that they would be grateful you took the biggest size they had off their hands—a size they wouldn't sell in a thousand years, y' understand. But no! It's in some folks' nature, Brodie. They must bilk you."

Mr. Brodie nodded. "But ——"

"Get to the point, eh, Brodie?" Mr. Bullfinch chuckled. "Well, here it is: Maybe you heard it or not, that I was building a new house, Brodie? . . . You did? I guess maybe I told you. Out in Millhaven, Brodie, on the shore road." The president of the Wet Smack Corporation leaned back and puffed complacently. "A wonderful place, Brodie, if I do say it myself. Bird—Mrs. Bullfinch designed every inch of it herself. Even the architect admitted he never saw anything like it when we took the idea to him. Pink stucco, Brodie, with blue ironwork around the windows instead of blinds."

Mr. Brodie blinked.

"'Among Those Present Were the Duke So-and-So, Lord an' Lady So-and-So, Mrs. So-and-So, the Well-Known Fox Chaser, and the Celebrated Moving-Picture Star, Miss So-and-So.' Get the Idea, Brodie?"

"Green tiles on the roof, Brodie," his client went on proudly, "an' two towers, one on each end of the house, y' understand; so, on a hot day, if you don't want to sit on the porch, you could sit up there under a purple-an'-yellow awning an' get all the breeze there is."

"It sounds Spanish," murmured his listener, and gulped.

"It is Spanish in a manner of speaking," Mr. Bullfinch agreed, "and yet it ain't Spanish. Why is it, Brodie, that when people build houses they get tired of them in a few years? It's because they get tired of the Spanish part of it. Herring in wine sauce might make your mouth water, y' understand, Brodie, if it was a dollar sixty-five on a menu once in a while, but if you had it for dinner every night of the week you wouldn't even want to go near the ocean. Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch—didn't make that mistake. She put in variety, Brodie. If we get tired of sitting on a Spanish porch, we can go into an Italian living room; if I should want to read sometime—an' what man don't, Brodie?—I go into my Jake—Jaco—my early-English library."

"Very, very interesting."

Mr. Bullfinch beamed. "Ain't it? An' take the bedrooms, Brodie. Eight of them, all with different-colored mats in the different bathrooms. Each one of them named after a different president of the United States. For instance, B—Mrs. Bullfinch and me have the George Washington room. Tops over the beds, y' understand, so that you might think you was sleeping in a Pullman. When we have guests, instead of saying, 'Put Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So in the room next to the stairs,' or something like that, we say, 'Put Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So in the Adams Quincy room.' Get the idea, Brodie?"

William Alexander Brodie resorted again to his tan handkerchief and nodded.

His client leaned forward. "We have also named it," he announced. "Gilt letters on the front gate with little Christmas-tree lights around the letters, in case people come when it gets dark."

"Named—named it, eh?" stammered his advertising counsel. William Alexander Brodie's hobby was architecture of the distinctly better sort. He had written slightly on the subject under the title, Building Character as Well as Beauty Into the Hearth Beautiful, for the house organ, Home Fires, published by the Happy Cedar Portable House Company. As an advertising counsel he tried to nod again and smile, even as his architectural soul writhed over pink stucco, purple-and-yellow awnings, Italian living rooms, Jacobean libraries, presidential chambers.

"Named—it, eh?" he managed to repeat.

"Sure. Have another cigar? No? Okay. . . . Mrs. Bullfinch thought of it. Y' see, Brodie, we wanted something dignified an' simple to match the place, at the same time it should have something to do with us, y' understand. Nothing silly or hifalutin'. We are going to call it The Nest. See, Brodie? It fits my wife's little nickname—Birdie—an' at the same time it also fits my name—Bullfinch. Also it stands for home." Mr. Bullfinch sighed sentimentally. "I'll bet even an advertising man couldn't have beat that name, could he, Brodie?"

"Never," admitted Mr. Brodie with fervor. "But I still don't understand what assistance I can—I mean, you have worked everything out so—so ——"

"All in good time," said Mr. Bullfinch kindly. "You can't plant an acorn an' expect to get walnuts the first year. Before I told you what we wanted you to do, I thought I would give you an idea of what you would have to work with. The scenery, y' understand. Naturally, with a new house, people always have a housewarming. A party, Brodie. Now, with an ordinary house you might have people come over an' play bridge an' maybe win a coupla book ends or something, but where you have a woman as unusual as my wife, Brodie"—Mr. Bullfinch smiled proudly—"and a garden that is pure Japanese, with eight stone bird baths, you want something bigger an' better."

"You—you want me to arrange a party?"

"Exactly."

William Alexander Brodie smiled. A load lifted itself from his brown tweed shoulders.

"I shall be very glad to give you my ideas," he agreed.

Mr. Bullfinch reached over and pumped his advertising counsel's hand vigorously. "Just what I said to Bird—Mrs. Bullfinch," he proclaimed. "I said, 'Depend upon it, Brodie will arrange a party that will be a positive knockout—a positive wow.'"

"Thank you," murmured Mr. Brodie modestly.

"An' furthermore, I told her," his client rushed on, "that when it came to getting people whose names would read big in the newspapers, you would be able to put it over with a bang."

The cold, clammy fingers of apprehension clos[ed] slowly around Mr. Brodie's heart. He ceased to smile [even] faintly.

"You—you mean you also wish me to arrange [the] list of—er-r—guests—big people?"

Mr. Bullfinch turned his palms upward in h[is] "With me it makes no particular difference," "but with an unusual woman like Bir—Mrs. Bu[ll]finch. You know how it is, Brodie. A few people like [the] your La Belle Cliquette advertising, an' may[be] those ladies who ride to—to—you know—ch[ase] an' maybe a movie star or two would make [a] ence in the world when it appeared in the pr[ess]

I said before, it would be good advertising for Wet Smacks. Like this: 'Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch—Mr. Bullfinch being president of the Wet Smack Corporation, manufacturers of the most delicious as well as the fastest-selling five-cent candy bar in the world—opened their new house to their friends last evening. Among those present were the Duke So-and-So, Lord an' Lady So-and-So, Mrs. So-and-So, the well-known fox chaser, and the celebrated moving-picture star, Miss So-and-So.' Get the idea, Brodie?"

William Alexander Brodie suppressed a groan behind a twitching fist. "Testimonials for advertising purposes are—are really different," he began.

Mr. Bullfinch stared at him coldly.

"Not—not that we—I wouldn't be glad to try," his advertising counsel went on desperately as he noted the sudden chill. "I mean, I am sure we will be able to arrange something to your satisfaction."

The sun crept back into Mr. Bullfinch's eyes, warming and engulfing.

"Of course you will," he assured the young man smiling wanly and sweating gently in the chair before his desk. "Already I have the thing started for you. You know that we keep an average balance of over a half a million with Forster, over to the Second Avenue National? I thought it would be good to have the president of a big bank. It adds class, Brodie. Even before I knew what kind of a party you would fix up, I asked him."

Mr. Brodie lit a cigarette. "Did—did he accept?" he asked, and coughed.

"After I talked with him for a few minutes," Mr. Bullfinch told him grimly, "not only he accepted but also he will bring with him Stevens, the senior vice president, an' his wife."

Mr. Brodie nodded. "Splendid," he said.

"Also I called up Wilton," his client went on. "You know we buy over ten million pounds of sugar every year from the United Sugar Corporation? Well, we do. Besides being the president of United, Wilton is a big polo player, with his picture in the Sunday papers all the time. He's coming."

Mr. Brodie wondered about Mrs. John Deverd Wilton. "She was the daughter of the Earl of Cheyne," he explained. "Will she come?"

"Whether her father's first name was Earl or John or Henry, it makes no difference," his client assured him pleasantly. "Ten million pounds of sugar is a lot of sugar. Of course she will be there."

A mental picture of the fourteenth Cheyne, glaring at the first Bullfinch over a bulwark of ten million pounds of sugar, almost overcame William Alexander Brodie. "I—I ——" he began.

"Of course we should have Mr. Byrd, president of your agency," Mr. Bullfinch went on thoughtfully. "A author is always high-class. Maybe we could have a coupla copies of his book, The Bible: The Sales Manual of the Ages, around the library, saying maybe: 'To S. Bullfinch, with sincerest best wishes from his dear friend, T. Tattersal Byrd.' Something like that."

Mr. Brodie strangled gently into his tan pocket handkerchief.

II

T. TATTERSAL BYRD, president of The Atlas Advertising Agency, jerked his head up with a sudden frown as the door of his private office was rudely thrown open and the gloomy countenance of his associate, Vice President William Alexander Brodie, appeared in the opening.

"Well?" he inquired sharply.

"Y[illegible]t happen to know whether Hoover [illegible]r the fourteenth, do you?" that [illegible]an inquired bitterly.

"[illegible]" began his superior frigidly. [illegible]e of Wales?"

"[illegible]ven't," Mr. Brodie went on [illegible] get them an invitation to the [illegible] the new Bullfinch villa, The [illegible]y will see, assembled under [illegible]idential bedrooms, each and every bathroom containing differently colored mats, an Italian living room, an early-English library, two purple-and-yellow turrets, a genuine Japanese garden and eight beautiful bird baths."

His chief's face lost much of its austerity. His fleshy jowls folded themselves into a little smile of tolerance.

"It ought to be worth seeing," he suggested.

"You won't miss it," Mr. Brodie assured him solemnly. "The whip has been cracked, as we say in the classics. Your presence, together with two copies of your book—autographed—has been commanded."

"On what theory, my dear William?"

"On the theory that an author is always high-class."

Mr. Byrd's jowls lost their softness. "Don't titter," he snapped. "Give me the facts."

"I Think You are a Fraud," She Decided Finally—"a Rather Nice American Fraud With Freckles"

He got them, with gestures. William Alexander Brodie dwelt on the cold glints which suddenly appeared in the beady Bullfinch optics when he tried to temporize. He dramatized the sudden warmth which had crept into these same optics upon his hasty assurance that female fox chasers, titled personages and moving-picture luminaries would be present without fail.

"What else could I do, chief?" he appealed. "You know Bullfinch. You can't reason with him. He wants to make a splash, and he thinks we ought to throw the stone."

T. Tattersal Byrd filled his big pipe meditatively.

"Any plan?" he inquired.

"About the party—yes," his associate admitted gloomily. "I thought of suggesting a costume party—A Night at Versailles. Colored lights strung through the garden and that sort of thing. Mrs. Bullfinch will like that."

"Bullfinch ought to look good as the Sun King."

Mr. Brodie nodded. "I hope he trips over his sword," he muttered viciously.

"Any ideas on the—er-r—important-guest angle?"

"Mudge is going to try the Bureau of Important People for me—you know, the concern we use for testimonials in our La Belle Cliquette account. He thinks he can get me Mrs. Archy Van Loosen and that Italian countess the Curtiss people have been using on their tire account."

T. Tattersal Byrd nodded. "I know. The one that tried to commit suicide over at the Hotel Inslade a few months ago."

"At least she is a countess," protested Mr. Brodie. "That will satisfy Bullfinch."

"And we have used the Van Loosen woman, haven't we?"

"Everybody has—but she used to be a fox chaser back in the days of her third husband."

"How about your moving-picture star?"

"No got," confessed his junior. "Nor a duke, not even a slightly moth-eaten one."

His chief pulled steadily at his pipe. "I might be able to help you out there—the moving-picture party, I mean. Through Blitz, you know. All these moving-picture people like to do a favor for people who review pictures for syndicates."

"That's fine, chief." For the first time since early morning Mr. Brodie smiled. "We'll show him that The Atlas Advertising Agency can't be stumped in producing a bang-up party any more than it can be surpassed in putting out bang-up advertising."

A half hour later the smile turned to a broad grin as Alvin Ashley Mudge, vice president and account executive in charge of the La Belle Cliquette toilet account, reported that the Countess Bulotti and Mrs. Archy Van Loosen were available at one hundred dollars each, as a personal favor to the Bureau of Important Persons and The Atlas Advertising Agency. "To cover taxicabs and costumes," the bureau explained.

"Take them!" shouted Mr. Brodie gleefully. "I just talked to Bullfinch over the telephone about my idea of having his housewarming A Night at Versailles. It went over big—after I explained what I meant."

Just before five o'clock the interoffice telephone buzzed and Mr. Byrd informed his now jubilant associate that Blitz had called up the Magna Film people and had been assured by the publicity department that Miss Ortrude Hedman would positively be present.

"Whoever she is," he concluded.

William Alexander Brodie informed him enthusiastically: "She's the beautiful blonde that makes all these adventure pictures. Misses trains by a hairbreadth. Lowers herself from one aeroplane to another. That sort of thing. A little honey."

"So it would seem," observed his chief dryly; "so it would seem."

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PENNIES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"But You've Got to Give Some Consideration to Jane, Even if You Do Scorn Me. She's Twenty Years Old Now. Why, it Won't be Any Time Before She'll Want to Marry"

WE HAVE been all over this before. I've finished my dinner now, and I'm going out."

"Of course we've been over it before. Time and again we've been over it. We've been over it until I'm sick of the whole thing. You know there is a breaking point. Even I might rebel!"

"Rebel and be damned. I'm just as sick of this conversation as you are. What's more, I forbid you to talk about it again. Woman's place is in the home. No one has a better home than you have right here, and I demand that you stay in it. I don't object to bridge parties and all the other folderol that tickles a dumb woman, but when you start running my business affairs I do kick. I warn you now: don't ever broach this subject again."

"But you've got to give some consideration to Jane, even if you do scorn me. She's twenty years old now. Why, it won't be any time before she'll want to marry."

"She can marry tomorrow as far as I'm concerned. This just shows what a man gets after working hard all his life. I've made you a good home, brought my daughter up on the best of everything, and slaved like a nigger to do it. Now, when I ought to be looking ahead to a quiet old age, all you can talk about is the fact that I'm working nights. Well, I'm going to keep right on working nights. I'm in the only business that I know anything about and, at my age, it's too late to start out bucking the other fellow's game."

"But you should have some consideration for Jane."

"Consideration? Haven't I fed and clothed her? Haven't I educated her? Doesn't she know the best people? Read music as well as I do bills? Didn't she go to boarding school? Don't tell me I haven't had consideration. If I listened to you, neither of you would have any of the finer things."

"But we've got plenty of money. Maybe not plenty, but even if you never worked any more, we could live comfortably."

"Sure we could. But what you don't seem to understand is that after a man's built up a business he can't pull up stakes overnight without losing a lot of money. Isn't every penny we've got in your name? Every dollar I ever got my hands on I turned over to you. We own five pieces of real estate. They're all in your name. Every share of stock I've been able to buy is registered in your name. Yet you go on nagging. That's just like a woman. All I've got to live for is my business. If I was to retire you'd drive me crazy in two weeks. It's business that keeps me going."

"Business, yes, but what business? You've never let either of us know. When young people ask Jane what her father does, what can she tell them?"

"Tell them whatever she pleases. I've said before that woman's place is in the home. I'm a successful man. I make an excellent home for my family, and you admit yourself you're independent. That's all any woman needs to know about business."

With great finality of tone and a certain pompous self-satisfaction in his manner, Jonathan Dilks delivered himself of this ultimatum. He turned away from his wife and stepped into the hall of their home. A colored servant bowed obsequiously and handed to Mr. Dilks his hat and topcoat.

"Is the light car in the driveway?" Dilks asked.

"Yes, sir. Right there, waitin', sir, an' I hope you enjoyed your dinner, sir."

"The food," Dilks grumbled, "was excellent, Manuel. Some day a system will be perfected under which a man can dine without feminine interruption."

"Yes, sir," Manuel responded, his white teeth glistening. "Good night, sir."

Dilks jammed his hat on his head and tossed the topcoat over his arm. He passed through small French doors which opened from the library onto a brick porch, and so to the driveway. He paused beside a small coupé long enough to light a cigar. Then he got into the car and, somewhat viciously, stepped on the starter. The night about him was calm, redolent of spring.

His course took him from the comfortable residential section in which he had his home, down into the business part of the community. During the ride, he puffed viciously on his cigar and agitation appeared in his manner of driving. Now and then, as he approached the amusement center, he scanned the sidewalks critically, as though he sought to identify some particular person in the throngs that crowded the thoroughfares. But he did not pause at any great length. Instead, he took the car to a garage which nestled unexpectedly among a group of warehouses in the ancient portion of the city. To the attendant there he nodded curtly. Obviously he was an accustomed visitor.

From the garage he walked about two blocks down a dark street. At a corner he paused and glanced about him. In that section of town the commercial activity confined itself to business hours and there was no social life at all. As a result he was quite alone. Assuring himself of this, he walked along the cross street until he came to an alley. At the entrance to this he peered about again, then slipped into the deep shadows and shortly came to a dilapidated door which was, however, equipped with a shiny, cylindrical lock.

Into this Dilks inserted a key and noiselessly opened the way onto a flight of stairs as dark as a pocket. He stepped through the door and closed it gently behind him. Then he went down the stairs. They were old stairs and their surface carried the indentation of millions of treading feet. Under his own soles he felt the soft grime of years.

At the foot of the stairs was another door. Dilks needed no light to tell him when this was reached. He lifted his clenched hand and, with the knuckle of a forefinger, rapped. Three times, a pause; twice, a pause; then once. He waited impatiently.

With a soft exclamation, he repeated the process. Steps sounded beyond the door. They were

shambling steps, as though worn soles might be shuffling across the floor.

The door opened and disclosed the figure of a bleareyed man of uncertain age. He wore a flannel shirt, none too clean, the neck of which was open. His hair was long and unruly, and his jowls and cheeks were bloated.

"Drinking again, eh, Soapy?" Dilks snapped. "I've warned you so many times you're beginning to laugh at me."

"Nary a bit, boss!" Soapy exclaimed. "No, sir-ree! Nary a bit! Me laugh at you? I should say not! I ain't been drinkin'. Oh, mebbe a shot of gin to settle the stomach, you see. But not drinkin'. Nary a bit!"

"I'll fire you out of here some night," Dilks avowed heatedly. "Fire you so hard you won't even want to come back. What good are you, gin-soaked all the time? These are smart guys. They make a sucker of you just when I depend on you most."

"Not out o' Soapy, they don't!" the inebriate insisted. "Nary a chance, boss. They know I got their number. What a chance they'd have slippin' their tricks over on me."

Dilks snorted in disgust. "Have you got any gin in here now?"

"Nary a drop, boss. No, sir-ree! I'm sort o' reformin'. Gettin' off the stuff."

Dilks turned away in anger. A single electric bulb offered murky illumination. The room in which they stood was spacious, but without furniture except for a rough board table in the center of the floor and benches of the same material which lined all four walls, with a break only for the door. Above these benches hung an array of artificial legs, arms and hands, several queer-appearing straitjackets and a few steel braces. Most of these were old and had seen full use.

Soapy followed Dilks as the latter approached one of the braces. It was a device consisting of two upright rods bent to conform to a human leg and equipped with straps that would fasten it securely. These uprights rose from a grotesque foot which was twisted completely around and so distorted that the leather shoe incasing it was twice normal size.

As Dilks removed his clothing Soapy took from the wall this brace and also one of the strait-jackets which boasted but a single sleeve. Dilks slipped one arm into this sleeve and Soapy strapped it behind his back. They argued as the work went on, Dilks threatening, Soapy denying. Then they set the brace on Dilks' left leg, slipping his foot into a comfortable socket in the big leather shoe. In this way he could walk comfortably from the knee.

Still quarreling, Dilks wrapped himself in tattered clothing and, as a final touch, slipped rolls of paraffin under his lips and two perforated plugs of the same material into his nostrils. His transformation was complete. Dust from the bench rubbed into his face gave him the appearance he sought: A weird derelict spawned in handicap and clutched by dire poverty. Soapy, well accustomed to the process, took it all quite matter-of-factly.

With a final warning, Dilks went again to the stairs and mounted them, his grotesque foot clumping awkwardly upward. Soapy waited to hear only the snapping of the outer door. Then, a smile of contentment twisting his face, he rummaged a small flask of flagrant gin and lifted it to his lips with a hand that showed all the grime of the factory and a complete lack of its calluses.

Dilks passed through the alley and hobbled rapidly eastward toward the amusement center of the town. As he drew within the well-lighted area passers-by looked upon him with pity. He was an object to inspire it. In the hand of his free arm he carried a tin cup. This he held before him, waving it in a gesture synchronized with his thin, wailing voice. Into it fell, with amazingly frequent tinkles, coins ranging in importance from nickels to half dollars.

"Pennies!" he pleaded as he clumped along on the grotesque foot and weaved the armless shoulder that none might fail to see its obvious condition. "Pennies!"

II

THROUGH that center of happy and carefree spenders he worked his way. His voice carried the razor edge of defeat, dereliction, soul anguish. His distorted nostrils and bulging lips lent an appearance of emaciation to his cheeks. The mental complacency of those who passed him without giving subjected itself to a prolonged perturbation. Some gave in generosity, others in fear of their conscience, others through superstition that if they passed him by they might themselves be in his condition one day. And Jonathan Dilks cared not a whit the motives that lay behind the tinklings in the cup. All these passers-by were suckers and he was taking them as infallibly as he had for twenty years.

But there was more in his wanderings than just the money he collected. That was, in fact, secondary—merely a sure-fire revenue that it would be foolhardy to ignore. What his roving eyes really sought was the presence of others of his kind as he passed block after block in his tour of the theaters.

Here was a really armless man who made a business of mendicancy, but depended upon the favor of Dilks for his fertile territory. There, a man whose art in appearing blind would have served him well in a higher calling. Another, several blocks below, had lost a leg in an industrial accident, but now he appeared with a deaf-mute sign on his breast and a little toy terrier which led him along on a leash and won the admiration of all and sundry by its outstanding devotion and service. Anything, as Dilks was wont to say, for sentiment.

All these and many others worked under Jonathan Dilks. The profession of begging must needs be a highly organized and perfected one, and Dilks it was, twenty years before, who had capitalized the right of poverty and organized the pay streaks of territory so that he might exact tribute for the protection he could offer and which the mendicants could get nowhere else.

As he walked along the crowded street, men tossed him money and ladies shuddered and turned away from that helpless foot and the ghastly, wrinkled sleeve that hung limp from his shoulder. They cringed under the whining lash of that wail: "Pennies! Pennies!"

And as they did so its perpetrator checked up on his organization; made mental notes of those who were on the job and those who were not; figured lightning-quick in his mind the amount they would get and how much of it they might attempt to steal when the time for accounting with him arrived.

Of course each of them was searched carefully before the night ended, but that was only a partial antidote for theft. A confederate along the highway to whom money could be slipped was the big source of loss. Any worker who could manage this saved himself a portion of the 33 per cent Dilks would exact. It always paid to catch one of the workers in such a trick. It had a beneficial effect upon the others—made them realize that efficiency had other scales of measurement than the mere amount turned in.

This was a sore point with Dilks. He hated to feel that anyone would or could rob him of his just share of the dividends. In establishing a definite minimum for each of the workers, which, of course, depended upon the fertility of the territory each controlled, he always made it very clear that attainment of this by no means fulfilled their obligation.

"This is just the minimum," he would explain. "This is for beginners. You got to get this much to hold the territory I give you. Unless you build it up and get more, you'll never get a good plant in the theater section, see?" This process served as a sort of lease on each territory. But Dilks was suspicious and grasping, and abhorred the thought of being tricked out of money.

So now he watched. This woman, who wore a uniform of Dilks' own creation and carried a tin into which people dropped supposed contributions to charities of the highest merit, was a little old. Men liked to give to young girls, pretty girls who could smile at them and roll their eyes. There was no getting away from that. Dilks had proved it too often to doubt. Thousands of men give lavishly for the right to exchange a smile and a word with a pretty girl. Often a pinch of the cheek would not be offensive in the interest of charity, and this always brought big returns. But there was a drawback. Young girls he had found to be romantic and apt to lose their heads and tell things. Also, after a few appearances they were dangerous. Older women, purportedly

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So They Came and Went. Over the Garments of Each of Them Soapy Ran His Dirty Hand. Pockets Were Shaken Out, Undergarments Searched

Toward Abolishing Poverty

By Henry Ford and Samuel Crowther

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE boom philosophy has so infected our business thinking that it is uncommon to find anyone discussing business affairs except in terms of prosperity and depression. It seems to be impossible to think of business except as in one or the other of these extremes. People seem to feel that business must attain increasingly high pressure, or something is wrong. It is not so when they discuss their water supply. It is a good water system that supplies the community's need for water in the quantity and at the time the water is required. We don't talk about boom and depression there. Continuous and sufficient supply is enough. And what is business but a supply of other commodities—none of them to be compared in vital importance with water? Our work of supplying the needs of the world very often does not get done, because attention is distracted by our philosophy of booms and depressions.

One of these days I hope the politicians will cease making capital out of business conditions. They will not cease doing so, however, until the leaders of business cease trying to gain what they imagine to be business advantages through the aid of politicians. It does not make much difference whether the politicians paint the picture so rosily as to induce people to believe that they can gain their living without work or whether they paint it so darkly as to induce people to believe that there is no use working. The net result is the same—the minds of the workers are taken off the real task.

When the boom spirit is on, people are led into extravagance, and then into debt, and then into gambling, in the hope of somehow getting money to release them from the economic predicament brought on by extravagance and debt. When the reaction comes the expenditures go as far below the normal line of need as they went above it during the boom. And so it comes about that the business of this country has had very little experience with anything in the nature of normal progressive consumption.

That is worth considering. It is quite clear on looking back that we have had sufficient experience with extravagance, debt and speculation. But more is clear than we like to confess—namely, that the people had to be initiated into the degrees of economic error; the doors had to be thrown open and inducements to enter had to be offered; and the whole movement took place under the auspices of American business. The people can be no more extravagant than business induces them to be; they can go no farther into debt than business permits them to go; they can gamble only when business—or something that passes under that name—provides the opportunity. Let that be candidly and seriously considered, and then let us ask if this great power of business for social education and social leadership cannot be used to build up a system of normal, continuous and progressive supply and consumption, which will replace the periodically collapsing system under which we have been working. We cannot blame the times; the times have causes. We cannot forever discuss prosperity and depression; these things are symptoms and our usual kind of prosperity is not even a good symptom.

Word-of-Mouth Prosperity

A NEED implies the supplying of a deficiency. A nation's needs are determined by the nation's civilization. The needs in America are great because America is, in a material sense, highly civilized. And as a nation ascends the ladder of material civilization its needs increase.

The matter of individual needs must be left to the individual. It is for him to determine just what constitutes a necessity for himself. His reckoning must be based on his logical ability to pay, on the use to which he will put the article, and on whether that use is a matter of the present or the future.

When people are led to buy things they do not need and cannot afford, an artificial prosperity is created. Purchasing beyond ability to pay and beyond the need to use brings about the exchange of nonessential goods in great volume and a dangerous expansion of debt. When the natural reaction arrives people become panicky. Those who have been buying beyond their limits swing far below the line of common sense and refuse to buy even ordinary essentials. This sudden withdrawal of purchasing power affects all classes of industry. There can be only one result: Business becomes stagnant, factories are closed, men are thrown out of work. And all because a certain normal and ascertainable balance was destroyed, not by the times but by misdirected and often brilliant business effort.

Just as many people need things as ever. Just as many need the work. Yet because of some miscalculation, or rather, utter lack of calculation, the connection between producing and consuming is broken and everybody suffers. The responsibility does not lie entirely with the producer—though he must as the leader bear a large share of the blame—and the purchasing public must share it with him—but the emphasis now is upon the responsibility of business.

Business in the old manner was always cowardly. It was afraid. It was even afraid to admit that the weather could be bad. Any big newspaper office will furnish stories of protests made by merchants against news items announcing that rain could be expected tomorrow or that a cold spell was coming for Saturday.

The superstition of the business man has been that if he would only call business good, business would be good. A loud booster was an optimist; a true reader of the signs of the times was a pessimist. And instead of doing anything to correct the condition of business, this kind of man just keeps on talking until there is no business left to talk about.

The statistics that pretend to show the condition of the country are often unreliable, since they cannot distinguish between sound business and unsound business. Sound business is that in which goods change hands and are paid for. Unsound business is that in which goods are forced out for the sake of keeping up the appearance of movement and are not paid for. And it is always possible so to stimulate the apparent business of any company to a point where it can be presented before the public as a successful enterprise when really it is failing.

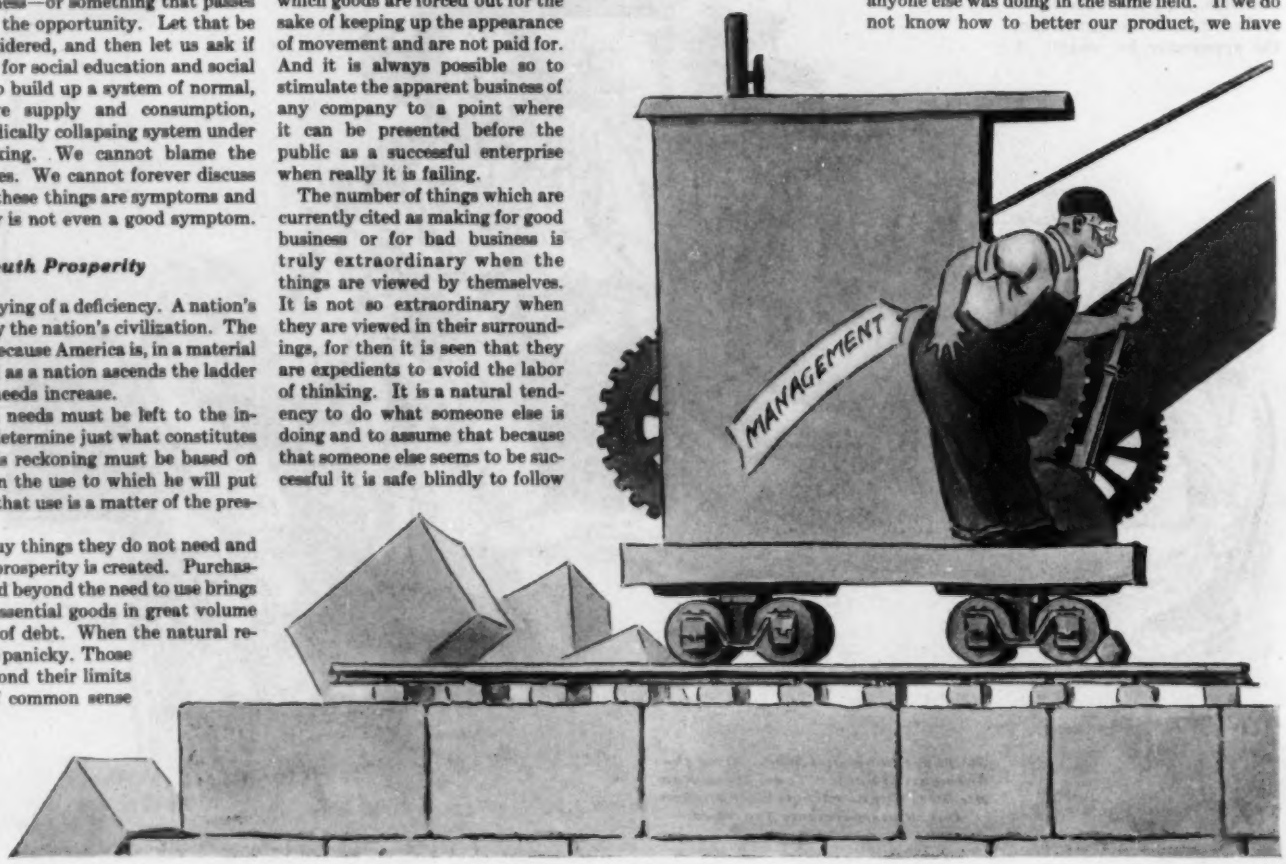
The number of things which are currently cited as making for good business or for bad business is truly extraordinary when the things are viewed by themselves. It is not so extraordinary when they are viewed in their surroundings, for then it is seen that they are expedients to avoid the labor of thinking. It is a natural tendency to do what someone else is doing and to assume that because that someone else seems to be successful it is safe blindly to follow him. That is the fallacy of all systems of management which are offered as recipes for success. No one can draw up a system of operation by which a business can be managed at all times. The best that can be done is to draw up a plan showing what is being done now. Tomorrow, having learned something, the tack may change. Modern business is sailing an uncharted sea. It needs managers instead of systems of management—managers whose authority is their knowledge, insight and clear reading of the signs of the times. Management, as a system, is merely the accumulated precedents which previous managers established in their special set of conditions; the conditions have changed; the precedents are no longer authoritative. What business calls for today is not followers of precedent, but makers of precedent; and this can never come from men whose business life comprises sales and profits; it must come from men who see business under the aspect of a social circulatory system of supply. Supply, not salesmanship, is its key word.

Salesmanship, when it has developed every scheme to get goods into everybody's hands, comes to an end. Business that exists merely to keep a sales force going at what that force wants to do, and in the way it wants to do it, may have a merry time for a period, but it comes to a sudden end.

When Competition Is the Death of Trade

A COMMON delusion in what is called salesmanship has to do with the selling against a rival instead of to the public. Whenever I hear of a business man gravely discussing what he calls his competitors, I know that he is not managing his own business, but is being subtly managed by the effect his competitors have upon his mind. If a business be devoted to service, it can have no rivals or competitors. A business which takes its ideas from other businesses, through either fear or emulation, and merely copies them has nothing which can really be called a foundation. I have often said that the time spent in studying one's competitors is time wasted. The time can be more profitably spent in studying one's own product and the needs of the public.

We have never, in settling on our own designs or prices, given the slightest attention to what anyone else was doing in the same field. If we do not know how to better our product, we have



simply demonstrated that we have no right to be in business and ought to get out of the way of progress. Any attempt to crush one's rival for the purpose of gaining his business is not only a criminal misuse of power but also a great waste of effort, for someone else is certain to come along and take away the buying public while the competitors are fighting.

The instinct to crush a rival is the pettiest expression of power. He who misuses loses more than he who is misused. It is misuse of power to impede a rival, because it is an interference by one who has no right to interfere. Every man has enough to do in his own field. The great danger of competition that has only the competitor in view is that both competitors sink to the level of an altercation while the public buys elsewhere. Competition in the sense of rivalry in service is another matter; it is competition with the good of the public in view, and under this form of competition all competitors and the public are benefited. But the crush-my-rival kind is doomed to trip itself for a hard fall.

The Larger Ends of Business

THE abolishing of poverty is, as far as I am concerned, the only end of business which is worth considering. It is from this point of view, and only from this one, that we can see the futility of selfish competition and the utter fallacy of the profit motive. Once we see the ultimate purpose of business as a factor in the life of man, we are through with all the little twiddling fancies that formerly passed for business wisdom. The abolishing of poverty is the only legitimate purpose of business, and its accomplishment is not an impossibility unless we imagine that it can be done all at once by edict. The reasons for poverty are highly individual as well as highly social—that is, there are povertyizing influences for which society as a whole is responsible, and others for which the individual is responsible. Business by its methods and purpose may have a very great effect in removing the social causes of poverty, and through its skillful manipulation of ambitions and desires may have an equally beneficial effect on individual causes of poverty.

There is no question of the power for mass suggestion which modern business possesses. But it has not yet been used for the greater ends.

Prosperity can be in a measure controlled, and so, also, can poverty. Poverty can be controlled to the vanishing point. But neither control can come from above. The control must start with the family unit itself in its buying—not in limiting its buying, but in buying wisely and insisting on values.

The foundation of prosperity is the family. Each family is, or should be, its own business manager. The material affairs of a family are as much a business as the affairs of an industrial corporation. Fortunately a sufficient number of families always know this instinctively or have figured it out for themselves, and they are enough to guarantee the economic stability of the nation. The family that does not keep itself solvent, that unduly mortgages its future for nonessential and nonproductive things, not only endangers its own solvency but decreases the margin of safety upon which the nation depends.

Any system of business in which the money lender too conspicuously thrives is not a truly prosperous system. The greater the spread between the supply and the need, the more middlemen squeezed in between production and use, the heavier is the drag on the nation's prosperity. Credit is an admirable device when it lessens the spread, but when it increases the spread it becomes an enemy to economic health.

There is all the difference in the world between investment and debt, and it should be learned. In the end the proper management of the country devolves upon every household, and it cannot be handed over to profiteering finance, for then sales and not supply become the motive; and even these sales are not properly sales, but only apparently so, for nothing has as yet been paid for. A transaction in which the purchaser does not really own his purchase because he has not paid for it, and in which the seller is not really quit of his product because he has not collected for it, is not a sale. It is a state of suspense where the buyer has not really got the goods and the seller has not really got the price.

By certain intensive methods of salesmanship, people are made to believe that they want lots of things that they do not need. This is in the end bad business for everybody, because the artificial strain put upon the purchasing power reacts upon production, and trade receives a blow. Normal buying and normal selling are needed.

It is said that we as a country cannot stand prosperity. But what is there about prosperity that has to be stood? Have we ever really had national prosperity? And should not prosperity be a natural rather than an unnatural condition? Do we worry much about a man's not being able to stand good health? It is also said that as a country we have gone so far toward the perfection of production that we are in danger of being swamped in a sea of goods. What is there to all this?

It is well to bear in mind that whether or not we have prosperity depends on the standard used for comparison. If we compare our present condition with past conditions, then we have prosperity. If, however, we compare what we now have with what we shall have in the future, then we have hardly scratched the surface of prosperity. For, much as many think we have developed this country, actually we have scarcely begun its development. We have, as yet, scarcely occupied it. We have not even learned what there is in the country to develop. Far from seeing the end of development, we can scarcely see more than a beginning here and there.

Increasing Buying Power Through Production

AND likewise with production. We have made some progress in production, but only one end of it—the shop end. The rest remains to be done. But through our present progress we gain an inkling of how much more we ought to know and eventually will know. Certainly we are as far away from perfection in production as ever we were, for production begins much farther back than we usually think and ends much farther on. Is anything really produced until it has been distributed and consumed and its essence made to serve some valuable human end? Each step takes us on our journey, but the horizon is never nearer.

If people of this country be thought of as arranged in tiers of buying power, then one can get a notion of what has been happening. Not many years ago only the topmost tiers—the wealthy and the near wealthy—had adequate buying power, and there was not really much for them to

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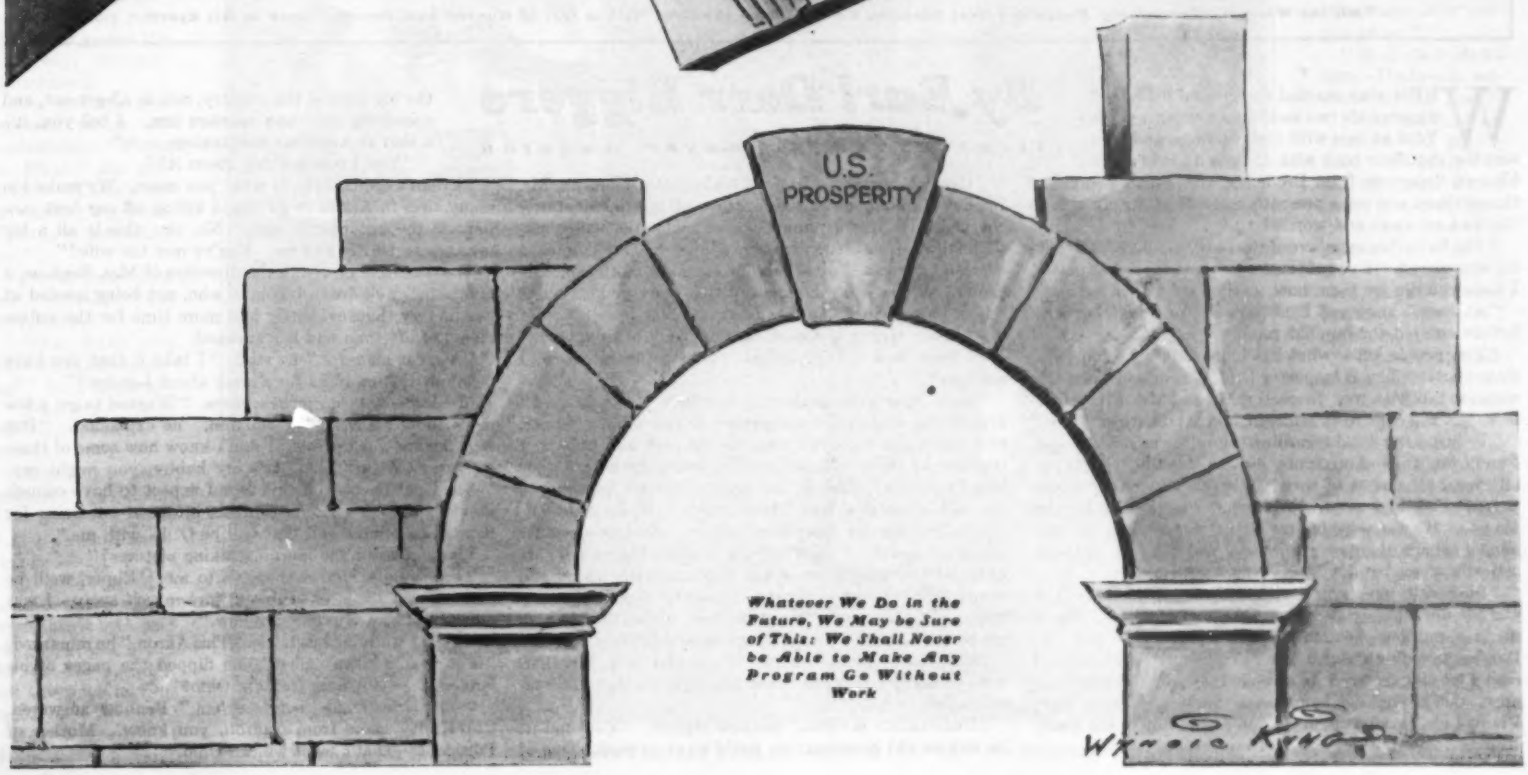

Whatever We Do in the Future, We May be Sure of This: We Shall Never be Able to Make Any Program Go Without Work

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

"All the While We Talked, Mr. Honywood Kept Glancing Up and Down the Deck With a Sort of Hunted and Terrified Look in His Eyes"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

V

WHEN they reached the ground floor Duff directed his two assistants to return to the Yard at once with their findings, and then sent the chauffeur back with the green car to await his own departure from Broome's. He began a round of the corridors and came presently upon Doctor Lofton, who still had an upset and worried air.

"The five other members of the party are here," the doctor announced. "I've got them waiting in that same parlor. I hope you can see them now, as they are rather restless."

"At once," answered Duff amiably, and together with Lofton entered the familiar room.

"You people know what has happened," the tour conductor said. "This is Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard. He wants to talk with you. Inspector, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Benbow, Mr. and Mrs. Max Minchin, and Mrs. Latimer Luce."

The inspector stood regarding this oddly assorted group. Funny lot, these Americans, he was thinking—all types, all races, all classes of society, traveling together in apparent peace and amity. Well, that was the melting pot for you. He was reaching for his notebook when the man named Elmer Benbow rushed up and pumped enthusiastically at his hand.

"Pleased to meet you, inspector!" he cried. "Say, this will be something to tell when we get back to Akron. Mixed up in a murder—Scotland Yard and all that—just like I've been reading about in your English mystery novels. I read a lot of 'em. My wife tells me they won't improve my mind, but when I get home from the factory every night I'm just about done up, and I don't want any of the heavy stuff ——"

"Really?" broke in Duff. "Now, just a moment, Mr. Benbow." Benbow waited, his flow of talk momentarily checked. He was a plump, genial soul; the naïve, unsophisticated sort the British so love to think of as a typical American. In his hand he carried a motion-picture camera. "What was the name of that place you expect to return to one day?" Duff asked.

"Akron. Heard of Akron, haven't you? Akron, Ohio."

"I have now," Duff smiled. "On a pleasure trip, I presume?"

"Sure. Been talking about it for years. Business wasn't so good this winter, and my partner, he says to me: 'Elmer, why don't you dig down into the old sock and take that trip around the world you've been boring me with for the past five years? That is,' he says, 'if there's anything in the sock after this Wall Street crash.' Well, there was plenty, for I'm no speculator. Good, safe investment—that's my motto. I wasn't afraid to spend the money, because I knew that business was fundamentally sound and would turn the corner in time. I look for a return to normalcy—Harding came from Ohio too—about the time we get back to Akron. You take the rediscount rate ——"

Duff glanced at his watch. "I got you here, Mr. Benbow, to ask if you could throw any light on that unfortunate affair in Room 28."

"Unfortunate is right," Benbow replied. "You said it. As nice an old gentleman as you'd want to meet. One of the big men of the country, rich as all-get-out, and somebody goes and murders him. I tell you, it's a slap at American institutions ——"

"You know nothing about it?"

"I didn't do it, if that's what you mean. We make too many tires in Akron to go round killing off our best customers, the automobile men. No, sir; this is all a big mystery to Nettie and me. You've met the wife?"

The detective bowed in the direction of Mrs. Benbow, a handsome, well-dressed woman who, not being needed at the factory, had evidently had more time for the refinements of life than had her husband.

"A great pleasure," he said. "I take it that you have been out this morning for a walk about London?"

Mr. Benbow held up the camera. "Wanted to get a few more shots on the good old film," he explained. "But say, the fog was terrible. I don't know how some of these pictures will turn out. It's my hobby, you might say. When I get back from this tour I expect to have enough movies to make a fool of contract bridge at our house for months to come. And that will be O. K. with me."

"So you spent the morning taking pictures?"

"I sure did. Nettie, she says to me: 'Elmer, we'll be late for that train,' so I finally tore myself away. I was out of film by that time, anyhow."

Duff sat studying his notes. "This Akron," he remarked; "is it near a town called"—he flipped the pages of his notebook—"is it near Canton, Ohio?"

"Just a few miles between 'em," Benbow answered. "McKinley came from Canton, you know. Mother of Presidents—that's what we call Ohio."

"Indeed," murmured Duff. He turned to Mrs. Latimer Luce, a keen-eyed old woman of indefinite age and cultivated bearing: "Mrs. Luce, have you anything to tell me about this murder?"

"I'm sorry, inspector," she replied, "but I can tell you nothing." Her voice was low and pleasing. "I've been traveling most of my life, but this is a new experience."

"Where is your home?"

"Well, Pasadena, California, if I have one. I keep a house there, but I'm never in it. I'm always on the go. At my age it gives one something to think about. New scenes, new faces. I'm so shocked over this Drake affair! A charming man."

"You've been out of the hotel this morning?"

"Yes; I breakfasted with an old friend in Curzon Street. An English woman I knew when I lived in Shanghai some twenty years ago."

Duff's eyes were on Mr. Max Minchin, and they lighted with interest. Mr. Minchin was a dark, stocky man with close-cropped hair and a protruding lower lip. He had shown no such enthusiasm as had Mr. Benbow at meeting a man from Scotland Yard. In fact, his manner was sullen, almost hostile.

"Where is your home, Mr. Minchin?" Duff inquired.

"What's that got to do with the case?" Minchin inquired. With one hairy hand he fingered a big diamond in his tie.

"Oh, tell him, Maxy," said his wife, who overflowed a red plush chair. "It ain't nothing to be ashamed of, I guess." She looked at Duff. "We're from Chicago," she explained.

"Well, Chicago it is," her husband remarked harshly. "And what of it, hey?"

"Have you any information about this murder?"

"I ain't no dick," said Maxy. "Do I look it? Dig up your own info. Me—I got nothing to say. My lawyers—well, they ain't here. I ain't talking. See what I mean?"

Duff glanced at Doctor Lofton. Some queer characters had certainly crept into Lofton's round-the-world tour this year. The doctor looked the other way, obviously embarrassed.

Mrs. Minchin also appeared rather uncomfortable. "Come on, Maxy," she protested. "There's no use nursing a grouch. Nobody's accusing you."

"Patrol your own beat," he said. "I'll handle this."

"What have you been doing this morning?" Duff inquired.

"Buying," answered Minchin tersely.

"Look at that sparkler." Sadie held out a fat hand. "I seen it in a window, and I says to Maxy, 'If you want me to remember London, that's what I remember it by.' And he come across, Maxy did. A free spender; ask the boys in Chicago."

Duff sighed and stood up. "I won't detain you any longer," he remarked to the little group. He explained again that no one must leave Broome's Hotel, and the five went out.

Lofton turned to him.

"What's to be the outcome of this, Mr. Duff?" he wanted to know. "My tour is on schedule, of course, and a delay is going to tangle things frightfully. Boats, you understand—boats all along the line—Naples, Port Said, Calcutta, Singapore. Have you any information that will entitle you to hold any of my party here? If so, hold them and let the rest of us go on."

A puzzled frown was on Duff's usually serene face. "I'll be honest with you," he said. "I've never encountered a situation like this before. For the moment, I'm not quite certain about my future course of action. I must consult my superiors at the Yard. There'll be a coroner's inquest in the morning, which will no doubt be adjourned for a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" cried Lofton in dismay.

"I'm sorry. I'll work as fast as I can, but I may tell you that until I've solved this thing I'll be very reluctant to see your tour resume."

Lofton shrugged. "We shall see about that," he remarked.

"No doubt," Duff answered, and they parted.

"That Night in Paris I Released the Flap and Took Out the Sheet of Paper the Envelope Contained"

Mark Kennaway was waiting in the hallway. "May I see you a moment, inspector?" he said. They sat down on a near-by bench.

"You have information?" Duff inquired rather wearily.

"Of a sort, yes. It probably means nothing. But when I left Mr. Tait last night and went down to the second floor, I saw a man lurking about in the shadows opposite the lift."

"What man?"

"Oh, don't expect any big surprise, inspector. It was no one but our old friend, Captain Keane."

"Ah, yes. Hoping to borrow a book, perhaps."

"Might have been. The night lift man is a great reader. I've caught him at it. But his library is not extensive."

Duff studied the young man's face. He rather liked Kennaway. "Tell me," he said, "how long have you known Mr. Tait?"

"Only since we started on this tour. You see, I'd just left Harvard Law School last June, and there didn't seem to be any great public clamor for my services. A friend told me about this job. I wanted to travel and it seemed like a good chance to pick up pointers on the law—from a man like Tait."

"Picking any up?"

"No. He doesn't talk much. He demands a lot of attention, and if he's going to have more attacks like that this morning, I may wish I was back in Boston."

"That was your first experience with one of Mr. Tait's attacks?"

"Yes; he's seemed perfectly all right up to now."

Duff leaned back on the hard bench and began to fill his pipe. "How about your giving me a few of your impressions about this crowd?" he suggested.

"Well, I'm not sure that I'm a particularly bright-eyed boy." Kennaway smiled. "I got to know a few of them on the boat. Variety seems to be the keynote of the expedition."

"Take Keane, for example."

"A four-flusher, and a snooper too. I can't figure out where he got the cash for this. It's an expensive tour, you know."

"Was the dead man—Drake—in evidence on the boat?"

"Very much so. A harmless old gentleman. Sociably inclined, too, which made it a little hard for the rest of us. His deafness, you understand. However, I used to be a cheer leader at college, so I didn't mind."

"What do you think of Lofton?"

"He's a rather remote sort of person. An educated man—he knows his stuff. You should have heard his little talk on the Tower of London. He's worried and distrait most of the time. No wonder, with this outfit on his hands."

"And Honywood?" Duff lighted his pipe.

"Never saw him on the boat until the last

(Continued on Page 101)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 16, 1930

The International Account in 1929

THE Balance of International Payments of the United States, issued annually by the Department of Commerce, is always an illuminating document, and this is especially true of the issue for 1929. With each year the technic of compilation is improved and, in particular, our knowledge of the invisible items extended. The excess of exports over imports of merchandise in 1929 was $841,000,000, contrasted with $1,037,000,000 in 1928, the change due largely to increased value of imports. In 1928 we had a net credit in gold and earmarked gold of $272,000,000, but in 1929, instead, a net debit of $120,000,000. Gradually we are learning to appraise the movements of goods and gold in their true light and to attach greater appreciation to the invisible items.

The invisible items for 1929 are of particular interest. The expenditures of American tourists abroad increased from $804,000,000 in 1928 to $839,000,000 in 1929. In 1928 foreign tourists spent in the United States $163,000,000, and $180,000,000 in 1929. Thus the net outgo rose from $641,000,000 to $659,000,000. Expenditures of American tourists abroad are equivalent to imports of goods and services; expenditures of foreign tourists in this country are equivalent to exports of goods and services. When the balance of merchandise trade is adjusted for tourist expenditures, it will be seen that excess of exports over imports is considerably less than given in the customs reports.

The private investments abroad of American nationals—excluding war debts and short-term capital—are judged by various commentators to lie between $13,500,000,000 and $16,500,000,000. The private investments of foreigners in the United States—excluding short-term capital—are probably close to $5,000,000,000. This latter figure suggests that the prewar investments of foreigners in the United States were not liquidated as consequence of the war; in fact, every year foreigners invest actively in the United States. The net increase in American long-term investments abroad was around $800,000,000 in 1929; that of foreign investments in this country around $400,000,000. For 1929, the income on private investment abroad is given as $976,000,000; that on foreign investment in this country as $414,000,000.

Perhaps the greatest interest lies in the item of short-term capital, which includes credits and bank balances. At the close of 1928 there was due to us from foreigners on this account $1,306,000,000; at the end of 1929 the sum due was $1,484,000,000. At the close of 1928 the sum due from us to foreigners on this account was $2,896,000,000; at the end of 1929 it was $3,087,000,000. The transactions comprised in the short-term capital account include banking, trading, investment and speculation. When one contrasts the short-term capital account with the long-term investment account, it becomes clear that the country is a short-term net debtor, but a long-term net creditor.

The net capital movement outward was only $373,000,000 in 1929. This was $561,000,000 less than in 1928, and the lowest in six years, except in 1926. The net capital movement outward rose from $181,000,000 in 1926 to $695,000,000 in 1927, then to $934,000,000 in 1928, followed by the heavy fall to $373,000,000 in 1929. The expansion during 1927 and 1928 aided commercial developments abroad and stimulated our exports; the decline in 1929 resulted in derangement in foreign exchanges, checking of commercial developments abroad, loss of foreign buying power and loss of export trade in 1930.

In the foreword of the Secretary of Commerce it is pointed out, in explanation of expanding investments of foreigners in the United States, that "foreigners can always find among American stocks and bonds a great many unexcelled for security and a great many others unexcelled in their prospects for capital appreciation." A whimsically minded critic might inquire why, since this is the case, so many Americans seek to place investments abroad. And a cynical critic might make the comment that if foreigners would keep their money at home, they would need to borrow less in this country.

American Shrines

THE celebration in 1932 of the birth of George Washington will serve to draw attention to the many historical shrines which even this comparatively young nation possesses. The long-time home of the first President is, perhaps, the most hallowed of these, and no other spot can ever hold quite the same appeal for young and old as Mount Vernon. But Washington's birthplace, known as Wakefield, so long a deserted ruin, will have been restored enough, in all probability, by year after next to provide still another historical shrine. It is only natural, also, that at such a time increasing interest should be taken in preserving and protecting the sites and structures at Jamestown and Yorktown which mark the beginning and close of the American Colonial period, and portions of Williamsburg. The people have a feeling almost of reverence toward these places, and there is well-founded opinion that they should be in government hands.

It was on Jamestown Island that the first permanent English settlement in the New World was made, in 1607, and it was at Yorktown, by the surrender of Cornwallis, that the period of Colonial history ended. Between these sites lies Williamsburg, where was erected the first legislative building in America, the first public school and one of the first colleges. The whole area, of course, is a very small one. Mr. Rockefeller is restoring many of the houses in Williamsburg, and he owns the Moore house at Yorktown, where the terms of surrender were agreed upon. Most of the battlefield itself is in private ownership and largely devoted to a golf course, while the greater part of Jamestown Island also is in private hands. It is surely not inappropriate that the island, portions of the ancient city and the battlefield, with suitable connecting forest lands and roads, should constitute a great historical monument, challenging the interest and sentiment of all patriotic Americans.

Numerous historic landmarks and structures in the West have been under the care of the National Park Service for years, carrying the title of national monuments, and it would seem logical to place the proposed Colonial National Monument under the same jurisdiction. In view of Mr. Rockefeller's generosity and the importance of the approaching bicentennial celebration of Washington's birth, Congress appears to be favorably disposed to making the necessary appropriations. Recently, the control of Wakefield, Washington's birthplace, passed by Act of Congress from the War Department to the National Park Service, and there are those who feel that Lincoln's birthplace, in Kentucky, as well as the ten battlefield or military parks now controlled by the War Department, might be similarly transferred. Informed opinion is vigorously opposed to the inclusion in the national park system of inferior areas or to its rapid expansion merely for the sake of numbers, and there might well be argument as to whether battlefields belong more properly in a war or in a park department. On the other hand, the country needs a more consistent and unified national policy in respect to the conservation of its prized historical sites and areas.

Tariff Ills

EXCEPT for those immediately concerned, the tariff and everything connected with it seem too technical to understand. The purpose and idea of the flexible provision in the new tariff law, however, are simple enough. As business moves faster and grows more complicated, it is expecting too much of Congress to keep the tariff up-to-date. Thus, the adoption, some years ago, of a Tariff Commission, with power to adjust rates to a certain extent between sessions, was quite logical. But the idea, though sound in theory, turned out none too well in practice. The plan did not work expeditiously enough, and the idea seemed to be that rates could be adjusted in only one direction—namely, upward.

Under the new law the Tariff Commission becomes more of a court and less of a mere fact-finding and research body. It is out in the daylight to a greater extent, with a court procedure, and will be as open as the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Supreme Court. Such, at least, is the purpose of the newly written flexible provision. Under the new law the Commission is given more authority and further methods of action. If it can speak and act on tariff matters with something like the authority with which the Interstate Commerce Commission has spoken and acted on railroad rates for years, a great forward step will have been taken. This does not mean that every decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on rates is necessarily flawless, but the subject of railroad rates as really controversial and debauching long ago disappeared from the public mind. It is taken care of almost automatically by what really amounts to a railroad rate court.

Perhaps this is too much to hope of any Tariff Commission. It is rather too ingenuous to expect a panacea. Besides, broad policies in respect to tariffs must be left to Congress. Yet railroad freight rates once proved just as controversial as tariffs do now. They are no longer so, and yet Congress still controls the broad policies here, no less than in respect to tariffs. Surely the only helpful attitude which can be taken by business as well as by the Government is to try to make the new tariff court work.

Oil and Water

THE whole question of selective immigration is one which the excluded races seem utterly powerless to grasp. In all sincerity, some of them protest that since their fatherlands have produced within the past thousand years sundry great poets, painters, philosophers or musicians, they too must be endowed with an inherited culture which makes them suitable and assimilable material for acceptable American citizenship. No such conclusion follows. They may, indeed, be tinctured with a vast dilution of the highest qualities, but this is no proof that their blood stream can be happily mingled with the dominant American blood stream, either in the next decade or in the next century. There is no suggestion, except when it comes from the excluded alien, that his is an inferior strain. It is no insult to oil to say that it will not mix with water. Three centuries of experience, which, until lately, we have resolutely ignored, have finally taught us which blood streams have a natural kinship with our own, and which are as alien by nature as by fact, and must be kept out if we are to preserve our racial integrity or those institutions whose seeds came down to us from our early beginnings.

SPEED—By WILLIAM F. STURM

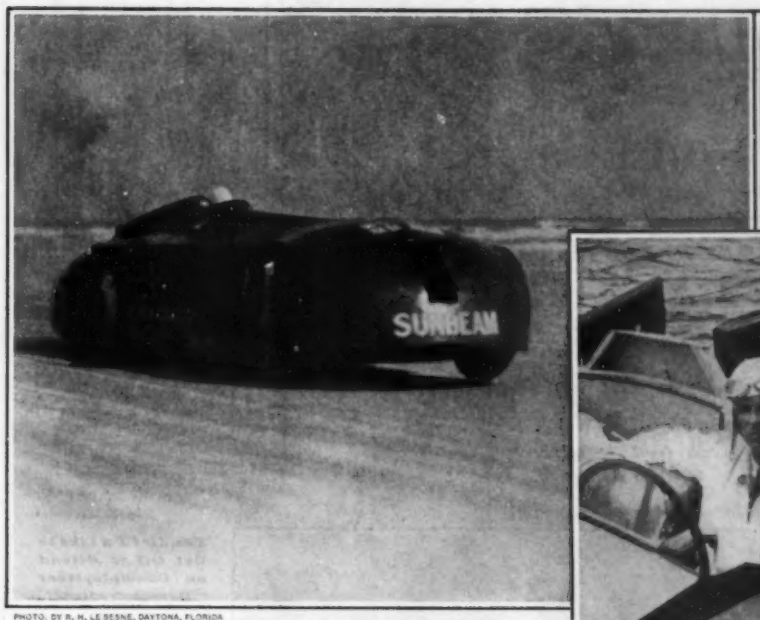


PHOTO. BY R. H. LE SESNE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA

Driving the Mystery S at Daytona Beach, March 29, 1927

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Sir Henry Segrave

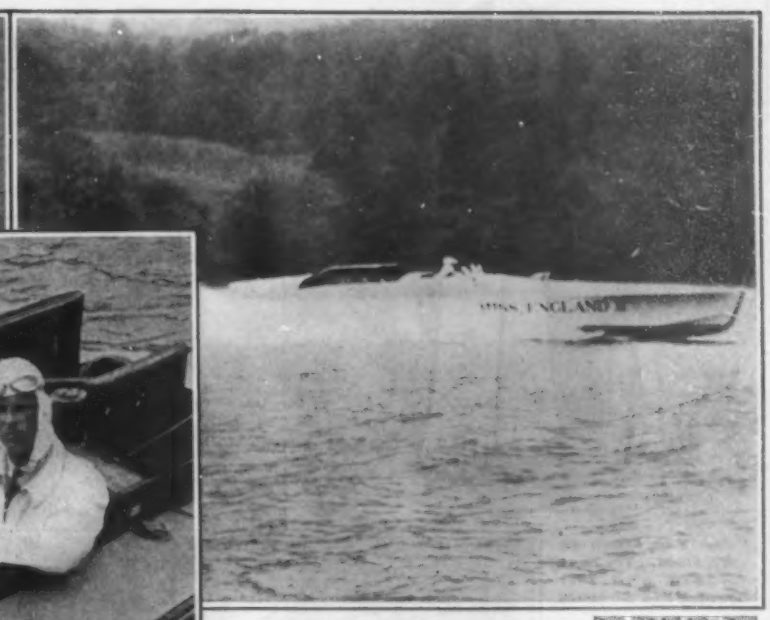


PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Racing the Miss England II to a New World's Record

IT COSTS a great deal of money to finance an attempt at the world's land or water speed record, and fully as much to finance an attempt at the air record. If one is looking for a financial return on an investment of this sort, he had better not attempt it. Building a craft of this sort is only for the person who is willing to write off the cost for the joy of doing something as a matter of national pride, personal enjoyment or to demonstrate the correctness of a theory. I am speaking now especially of the land and water records, since the air speed records now are nations' responsibility and not that of individuals.

Craft used for speed records become obsolete so quickly that it is no unusual thing to spend from nine months to a year designing and building a craft, and then use it for only three or four minutes, in the case of a land vehicle, and an hour or two in the case of a boat.

Before one considers building a superspeed automobile, he should be prepared to employ a staff of men—from five to ten—over a period of six to nine months. These will range all the way from high-priced designers and engineers down to mechanics. When he has finished building the car he will have invested a total of from $50,000 to $75,000. If he should live in any country other than America, the cost of the car will be only the beginning of his expense, for he must bring his car to America for its speed trial.

Record Holder for Land and Water Speeds

FOUR English-made speed cars have come to America in the past four years. This involves the transportation of a crew of six or seven mechanics across the ocean and down to Daytona Beach, Florida, and then back home again. This expense will average about $1000 a man. Other thousands of dollars must be spent for car transportation and handling, for personal expense, management, cables and what not, so that when the car once more reaches England there will be a total cost of nearly $100,000 charged against an attempt at the world record. If one has succeeded, things do not look so blue, but if one has failed ——

In the spring of 1927, while in Florida, I heard of a young Englishman, Major Sir Henry O'Neal Dehane Segrave, who had come to America with the calm announcement that he had a car which he would drive 200 miles an hour on the sands of Daytona Beach. It sounded absurd to me, for the recognized American Automobile Association record was 156.04 miles an hour for an American car, and the recognized English record less than 175 miles an hour. Later I was to learn that this young Englishman never made extravagant statements.

I went to see the car and its driver, and, like thousands of others, I fell under the magnetic spell of the slim young Briton, who, though only thirty-one years of age, had seen service on land and in the air in the World War, and after the war had become the greatest racing driver in Europe. At the time he was captain of the Sunbeam Motor Car Company racing team and London district manager.

I came to doubt him and stayed to help him out, and the friendship formed then lasted to his death on Lake Windermere, England, on June 13, while he was trying out his superspeed boat, Miss England II, preparatory to bringing it to America to participate in the British International Trophy race at Detroit, in September of this year.

The boat, the most powerful speed craft ever built, was thirty-eight feet six inches long, with a beam of ten feet six inches. It was powered with two huge engines, each capable of a 2000-horse-power output. These engines drove a single two-bladed propeller fifteen inches in diameter, at the unheard-of speed of 12,000 revolutions a minute. To make an official record, it was necessary to go up and down a measured mile, taking the average of the two trips as the official record. The record attempt was made under the auspices of the Marine Motoring Association of England.

Sir Henry—for he had been knighted for his exploits in the realm of speed—drove Miss England II one way of the course at 96.41 miles an hour. Turning the boat around, he came back over the course at 101.11 miles an hour. Apparently satisfied that the boat was working well, he started back over the course for the third time. Opening his throttle wide, which he had not done on the previous runs, he was seen to be fairly flying across the water. He began on the measured mile, and while going at a speed estimated at between 119 and 120 miles an hour, the boat apparently hit an obstruction—possibly a half-submerged tree limb, it was discovered afterward. The impact threw the boat off its course, broke up the bottom of the craft and overturned it, fatally injuring Segrave and killing one of his mechanics.

The International Motor Yachting Union, the official governing body of water speed events in Europe, announced that Segrave would receive credit for an official mile at 98.76 miles an hour, superseding the 93.123 miles an hour made by Gar Wood in March, 1929. Segrave lived long enough to learn that he had set a new record.

At his death, therefore, Segrave held the undisputed water-speed and land-speed records, the latter made at Daytona Beach on March 11, 1929. Besides holding these two records, he was the first man ever to drive a boat more than 100 miles an hour and the first man ever to drive an automobile 200 miles an hour.

Had Segrave lived he would undoubtedly have been of great value to the world of boats, automobiles and airplanes. He had already made his mark in the design of the first two and was beginning on the last. He had just again become interested in airplanes, after having been a pursuit pilot in the war. On the day of his death, an airplane, the Segrave Meteor, was to undergo its preliminary trials.

Segrave was born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 22, 1896, his father having spent several years in business in that city. Segrave's mother was an American, Miss Mary Harwood, before her marriage to C. W. Segrave. On her death, Segrave and his father returned to England.

Bettering 200 Miles an Hour

SEGRAVE made two land-speed records at Daytona Beach, the first one on March 29, 1927, when he raised the existing mark of 156.04 miles an hour to 203.79. The car he used for his first record was the Mystery S, the S indicating the Sunbeam Motor Car Company, which built the car. It was driven from the rear wheels only, but it had two engines, of 500 horse power each, one in the conventional place under the hood and the other above the rear axle. The drive shafts from each of these engines ran to a gear box in the center of the car and then by another shaft to the rear axle.

After Segrave's record had stood for a year, Malcolm Campbell, a fellow-countryman, raised it to 206.59 miles an hour with his single-engined Bluebird, on February 19, 1928. Two months later, on April 22, 1928, Ray Keech, an American, drove his White Triplex to a new record with 207.55 miles an hour. His car was powered with three Liberty engines.

It was in this same year that Frank Lockhart, idol of the American racing public, was killed trying to exceed Keech's record. Frank had determined that he would make the world's speed record with a small car, and he built one with a motor the size of a Ford engine, as against the huge motors others had used. He got remarkable results with his little car. Officially he is credited with a mile at 198.29 miles an hour. He must have been going nearer

(Continued on Page 56)

POST SCRIPTS

"Now You Listen to Me, Stupid. Try That Again and I'll Smack You Down!"

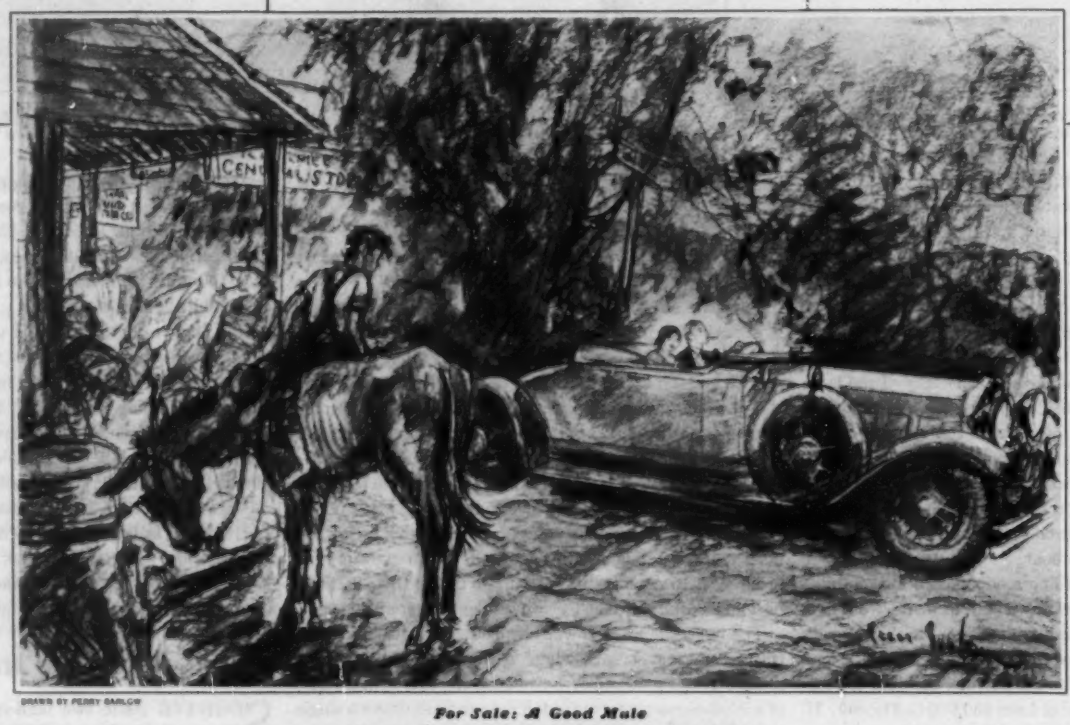
Epitaph on a Great Lawyer

IN ALL matters that were legal
He was keener than a beagle;
His opinion was the ultimate resort.
A subpœna duces tecum
Was his constant vade mecum,
And he knew a misdemeanor from a tort.

By his art in litigation
He evoked the admiration
Of his clients and the envy of his peers;
But his heirs are so inhuman
As to question his acumen,
Since his will has been in court for thirty years!

—Arthur Guiterman.

"Yes, Sir! I'd Like to Get Off to Attend an Unemployment Demonstration"



DRAWN BY PERRY BARLOW

For Sale: A Good Mule

Babes in the Woods

"HERE'S a blue one," said little Mabel as she began to wander in the woods with little Bobbie, her brother. "Isn't it scrumptious!"

"Lookit the one I got," cried Bobbie—"red an' yeller! An' here's another!"

"I saw this purple-and-green one first!" screamed Mabel. "Lemmehave it! . . . Ma, Bobbie's hurtin' me!"

Their mother, who was resting under a tree, called out: "Bobbie, leave Mabel alone, or I'll never let you go picking any more!"

The threat frightened Bobbie, and he permitted Mabel to have the purple-and-green one, contenting himself with an orange-and-violet one which he found a little farther down the road.

"Oh, goody!" cried Mabel. "Just lookit this brown one with the red circles!" And bending down, she added this one to her collection.

They wandered deeper into the woods, at every step picking up more of the beautiful colored products which were so plentiful here in the lush grass among the beautiful old trees through which the bright summer sun was glinting.

When at last they made their way back to their mother, their arms were so loaded with beautiful and unusual specimens that they could hardly walk. She looked at her children proudly.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. "You really have the nicest bunches of tin cans I've ever seen picked in this part of the picnic woods.

"Now rest a while and we'll all play another woods game. We'll walk along this pretty path and see who can find the biggest number of rusty car fenders, torn-up seats, cracked windshields and busted steering wheels."

—Crosby George.

DRAWN BY JOHN WALDIVE

"Verily—An Empire Builder!"

The Reason Why

THE family were beginning to worry about Edna. Here she was, almost out of her twenties, and there was no sign that a marriage was anywhere in prospect. Everyone was sure that she wouldn't be satisfied with a career, and yet not one of the many young men who had been attracted by her undeniable good looks and likable manner had lingered very long.

"It's one of the results of the dislocation in economic conditions that has differentiated the sexes," said Cousin Bertha, who went in strong for sociology, at the family conclave. "Girls go to college and take general cultural courses. Boys have to specialize at once if they are to get anywhere in business. As a result, Edna finds the young men who should naturally be fitted to mate with her are so inferior in general knowledge and æsthetic background that she's bored to death with them."

Edna's mother, Mrs. Willett, shook her head worriedly. "I wonder if she isn't using the wrong toothbrush, or something. According to the advertisements these days, just a little thing like a poor shade of powder or the smell of moth balls on her furs might be ruining her chances for life."

Uncle George laughed at her. "That's just selling talk for what they're advertising," he said. "Nothing scientific to it. What's wrong with Edna—I read in a book—is complexes. Her subconscious got suppressed ——"

There was a general outcry of disgust. "Old stuff!" "That's out, George. Throw away your book; it dates."

"The whole trouble is with her behavior pattern, mother," said young Isabel accusingly. "You didn't condition her reflexes properly when she first began to react to her

(Continued on Page 72)

Your choice...Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Vegetable
Consommé	Vegetable-Beef
Julienne	Vermicelli-Tomato

—and now women are serving soup right through the summer!

You learn it more surely,
The farther you roam:
There's no soup like Campbell's
And there's no place like home!

When women had to make their own soup, prolonging their time in the hot kitchen, they seldom served it in the summertime. And yet they knew their families needed the healthful bracing food value of this one-hot-dish with all of summer's cold meals.

Campbell's Soups already cooked, on the table in next to no time, changed all this. Soup is now a daily dish in hosts of homes during the warm weather also.

And just think what helps and comfort the 21 different Campbell's Soups are to you! Hearty soups. Clear soups. Meat soups. Strictly vegetable soups. Soups for the children's meals. A fascinating variety to give new charm to your table every day.

Of course any selection you make will include that favorite of them all—Campbell's Tomato Soup—the soup with the flavor you never forget. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

The Wrong Side of the Tracks

III

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE day after my marriage I discovered another enemy to my career—the newspapers. Sickbed Wedding, Millionaire's Son Weds His Nurse, Heir to Fortune Takes Penniless Bride, were some of the headlines which, to this day, I remember. Anyone who read the accounts which followed was bound to get the impression that a scheming young woman had taken advantage of the illness of a rich patient to coerce him into matrimony. Furthermore, George was described as the scion of a conservative wealthy family—I suppose to the Denver reporters two generations of money seemed a weighty tradition—and I was featured either as a pretty or beautiful young nurse "whose antecedents are shrouded in mystery."

Mrs. Lemar, when questioned about me, had said, "I know nothing about Miss Macomb's people." Of course, this statement led to exaggeration and implications which wounded me terribly.

George refused to take these notices seriously; he believed that I had been reluctant to marry him, and that he was the luckiest man in the world to have forced me to consent. But when he saw that I was distressed, he suggested that he should ask the reporters to come to his room at the hospital, where they could meet me and I could answer their questions.

This brought me up against reality. What if they were to find out that I was the daughter of a seamstress and a horse trainer, and my stepfather now owned a half interest in a saloon in Fording?

I said, "No, George; I think it's better to let it drop."

He attributed this decision to modesty, and said then, as he was to say countless other times when I avoided publicity: "Your instincts are so fine, Ruth."

"Suppose I Gave You a Hundred Thousand Dollars in Exchange for Your Written Word That You'd Give Up Seeing George?"

But Mrs. Lemar was not deceived. She knew that I was hiding something in my past, she felt that my quiet manners and my well-modulated voice were only a mask which concealed a scheming personality, up to some game she had not yet fathomed. The marriage contract, which provided that unless George were well in five years I should not share in the family wealth, only momentarily appeased her. She then felt that I had some deeper and more sinister end in view.

If her own social sense had been keener she might have guessed what my goal was. But to her there was only one line of demarcation—that was drawn between people who had money and people who hadn't. She knew no other standard of judgment. After I met some of her friends in California, I realized that in this she was not unique. To the majority of them, the possession, or nonpossession, of a million dollars furnished the one way of discriminating between congenial and uncongenial associates.

Ten days after the wedding we all left in the Lemars' private car for the coast. When I contrasted this luxurious journey with the long ride from Boston to Fording, when we had sat up all night in the day coach and eaten dry sandwiches from a cardboard box, I felt as if my early daydreams were indeed coming true.

Yet to few girls would it have seemed a satisfactory wedding trip. My mother-in-law still treated me as if I were George's paid attendant rather than his wife, and I spent most of my time in taking care of him; for he was still weak from the operation and was, naturally, depressed by the knowledge that he had tuberculosis of the bone, which would necessitate a long fight before he could be entirely well. The only time he seemed really cheerful was during the occasional hours when his mother was resting, and he would have a card table put up and his father and he taught me to play three-handed poker.

It was not until we reached Los Angeles and had been for several days in the large overfurnished house of his parents that I asserted myself. The physician had said that George must go to a ranch in a high altitude, and his mother, in discussing the subject, spoke as if she and his father would also make it their home. Fortunately, their specialist, whom I had met in Denver, was an ally of mine, and after a private consultation with him, he informed them that George needed quiet and complete seclusion as much as a favorable climate and rest.

"You aren't trying to tell me that his own mother shouldn't be with him? Why, he's depended on me for everything since the day he was born."

The doctor concealed his impatience, but was firm: "If you really desire his early recovery, you must stay away from him. Otherwise I shall have to insist upon putting him in a sanitarium."

This threat won the day, although I think it was the bitterest blow Mrs. Lemar ever had when she said good-by to us on the cool, delicious, autumn day when we started by motor for the ranch in the hills George's father had bought as a surprise wedding present. The surprise was more on his wife, for he had secretly consulted me about my wishes, just as he had given me five thousand dollars to get myself a trousseau before leaving. Mrs. Lemar had gasped when she learned the cost of our new home, which he had bought completely furnished, but he only said, with a glance at me, "You want George to be comfortable, don't you?"

Before we had reached the end of our several hours' motor trip, George had dropped to sleep, his hand in mine, and I wondered if it were not I who was asleep and dreaming. Could this automobile and the Japanese chauffeur, this fur coat I wore, and the new baggage, marked R. M. L., really be mine? But when we arrived at our new home—which bore no relation to any ranch of which I had ever heard—my exhilaration reached a climax. The low, rambling, white house had been built by an Englishman who, ten years before, had come out for his health. The gardens and lawns and the grass tennis court had been patterned after his place in England, and to me it was incredibly beautiful.

Mr. Lemar had had servants sent out from Los Angeles, and when the door was opened by a bowing Oriental butler, who ushered us into a lovely, long drawing-room with flowers everywhere and a tea table laid in front of an open wood fire, I could have cried with happiness.

But I could not sit down and enjoy my new possessions, for George was fatigued by the trip and by his mother's sentimental leave-taking, so it was necessary to install him at once in his rooms. The former owner's suite, of a bedroom, bath, dressing room and sleeping porch, was turned over to him. Next to it I found my own quarters, which included a little boudoir hung with flowered silk of blue and mauve, containing a chaise longue, a secretary desk, and on each side of the fireplace shelves filled with books.

I told George that I would have a tray supper sent into his room for myself, but he insisted that I should dine properly, and as I knew he was overcome by sleepiness, I acquiesced.

The maid had begun to unpack my baggage, and I was glad that before I left Denver I had given away all my uniforms and my old clothes. Nothing but new garments

(Continued on Page 28)

Freshness . . . fragrance of the just-opened churn

THE new-churned fragrance of this butter tells you how fresh it is. Sweet and delicate of flavor it comes to you—from the dairy lands where it's made. It is churned in immaculate creameries. Then delivered all over the country in fast refrigerator cars . . . *Creamery Fresh!* The same efficient organization protects the quality of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter *all the way* to your dealer. That's why you can buy it with such perfect confidence—*anywhere, always.* Try a package today. Your neighborhood dealer can supply you.

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Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to products of unvarying excellence.

You'll find Swift's Brookfield Eggs as dependable, as superior in quality as Swift's Brookfield Butter and Cheese. They are fine, large eggs, selected with great care.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 26)

and new toilet articles were in my trunks, except for a few photographs of girls in Fording, for which I had bought new silver frames. I bathed and dressed leisurely, choosing a tea gown of blue velvet the color of my eyes, because it had a long train, and when I went down the halls I felt as if I were a small child dressed up as a princess.

My sensation, when I sat in the paneled dining room, eating an excellent dinner, served on more splendid china than I had ever seen, cannot be described. In one sense, I felt at home. I had always had the conviction that some day I would live in the midst of luxury; yet when I realized that behind me were years of poverty and struggle and humiliation, it seemed fantastic that this person was actually I.

It was only when I had gone back to the drawing-room to have coffee that I was struck by my loneliness. Fully to enjoy my new state, I must have an audience. My first thought was to invite some of my friends at home to visit me. How amazed they would be to find me the mistress of a house like this! Then I remembered that in order to keep Mrs. Lemar away, the doctor had prohibited guests. So I had to evolve a new daydream, cast in the future. I saw myself perfectly gowned, completely poised, entertaining the most fashionable people of Los Angeles. I did not know who they were, but I pictured myself as their hostess, astonishing them by my charm and cultivation.

When I went back to the boudoir, in the hope of finding a modern novel which would lessen my restlessness, I found row after row of books of which I had never heard. Many of them were memoirs; at least half of them were in French and a few others in Spanish. There were also some handbooks on gardening, the Oxford Book of English Verse, the letters of Madame de Sévigné, a good many volumes of poetry, Pater's Greek Studies, and Gilbert Murray's translations of Greek poems and plays.

I remembered the photograph of the woman who had owned this collection, in George's dressing room—fair-haired, well-bred, in country clothes, with two dogs at her feet. She represented another world which I had never entered. A sense of my own ignorance and inadequacy almost overwhelmed me. But when I finally got into the canopied bed, with its fine linen sheets scented faintly with fresh lavender, I made a new resolve. If I had already, at twenty-one, gone this far toward realizing my ambitions, surely I could, in time, mold myself into the pattern of the unknown Englishwoman.

My desire for culture, however, had the same root as my desire for material luxury—neither was to me an end in itself; both were to serve my social ambition. I suppose social ambition means different things to different people. To me it meant association with the best people. In Fording there had been a geographical distinction between the nice girls and those who didn't count; I had labored to cross the boundary line by sheer force of personality, and up to a certain point I had succeeded. If I had stayed there and had married a man with money, I would have been admitted on terms of equality, but my horizon extended far beyond a small town in Illinois.

I have sometimes wondered what I would have accomplished in the world had I been born a man. For I have worked so single-mindedly and to such purpose all my life that the same energy which I have put into a social career would undoubtedly have made me a success in business. However, I was a woman—a woman with undoubted good looks and a determination so invincible that I marvel as I look back over all the years and see in retrospect my unswerving climb to the top. Many of the things I did, seem to have been due less to sheer reason than to intuition; so with my marriage.

The first year at the ranch my activities were twofold, but in a way they overlapped. My primary duty was to take care of George. He transferred to me all the dependence which had previously bound him to his mother, but now the bonds were stronger, for I understood him as she never did. The inevitable weakness which his illness produced was not weakness of character; his insistence upon marrying me had shown that. But due to his lack of physical vitality it had been easy for her to dominate him, and he was now in desperate need of reassurance.

Mere separation from her did a good deal; he would lie out on the porch looking over the gardens and rejoice audibly that he and I owned this land; he took an almost childish delight in giving orders to the servants. In a way we shared the same feeling that we were playing house, for neither of us had ever before had an establishment of our own. I brought out to him the books on gardening and we pored over them and over a French cookery book and Brillat-Savarin's Physiologie du Goût. We evolved delicious menus, and every evening George insisted upon dressing for dinner and being wheeled into the dining room to enjoy a meal which would have been worthy of any gourmet. The knowledge which I gained of food and wine was to prove a tremendous asset to me later on.

The first week I sent an order to the book dealer in Los Angeles which included French and Spanish dictionaries and grammars, a book called Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced, a volume on etiquette and a subscription for a number of magazines, both English and American, which were devoted to the fashionable world. The English periodicals I listed because of copies I had found in the library.

George was delighted when I suggested that, although his college French was more extensive than mine acquired at high school, we would both enjoy taking it up in a more serious way. Unknown to me, he wrote to an agency and engaged a French maid. He had stipulated that she have some education, but should never speak English in our household. The result was that a woman of perhaps forty, a widow who had come to this country as the governess of a wealthy family in Santa Barbara, was installed.

I am not sure that our experience in trying to talk to Claire did not go a long way toward effecting George's cure. For the first time since I had met him, I heard him laugh out loud. How peaceful it all seems now, in retrospect; the three of us in the sunlight every morning after breakfast, all talking at once; no one of us at first understanding a

(Continued on Page 122)

In a Way We Shared the Same Feeling That We Were Playing House, for Neither of Us Had Ever Before Had an Establishment of Our Own

No wonder motorists are puzzled!

A dozen oils of widely different quality can come from the same crude

When we ask motorists about their oil, some complain about too much carbon, some complain about excessive oil consumption, some say, "The engine is loosening up."

Those who complain are generally puzzled. They try to buy oil made from good crudes. Why, then, shouldn't they get good oil?

A motorist faced an oil chemist with this question: "Does the crude in itself *ever* actually *control* the quality of a lubricating oil?"

"No," he said, "of course not—the *control* comes from the manufacturing processes. To get the right proportion of the essential properties of an efficient lubricating oil, you have to process any crude by very careful scientific methods—very complicated methods. The manufacturing *always* changes the proportion of these properties as they appeared in the crude—often changes the properties themselves."

Then he made a statement which will surprise most motorists: "You can make a dozen oils of widely different quality from the very same crude."

WHY MOBILOIL IS A FULL-DUTY OIL

These are the essential properties of a full-duty oil. In Mobiloil, you get them *all*.

Carbon Control—keeps down carbon in your cylinders.

Heat Resistance—makes your oil last longer.

Oily Character—protects moving parts from wear and keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

Oxidation Control—prevents gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of oiling system.

If any one of these properties is missing or wrongly proportioned in the oil you buy, that oil is a deficient oil and you pay for it in excessive engine wear, excessive oil consumption, excessive carbon, or in sluggish performance.

Each grade of Mobiloil is a proportioned oil—*correctly* proportioned for a particular type of engine. Automotive engineers readily agree that the makers of Mobiloil know more about automobile engines than any other lubrication group in the world. And the process which made possible the manufacture of modern lubricating oils from mineral crudes was originated and perfected by the Vacuum Oil Company.

Both your engine and your pocket-book will be safe with Mobiloil.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

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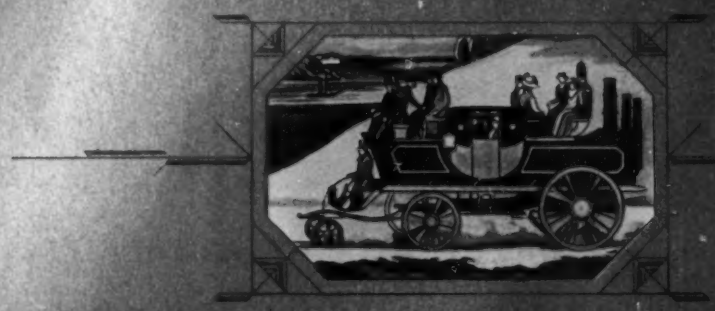
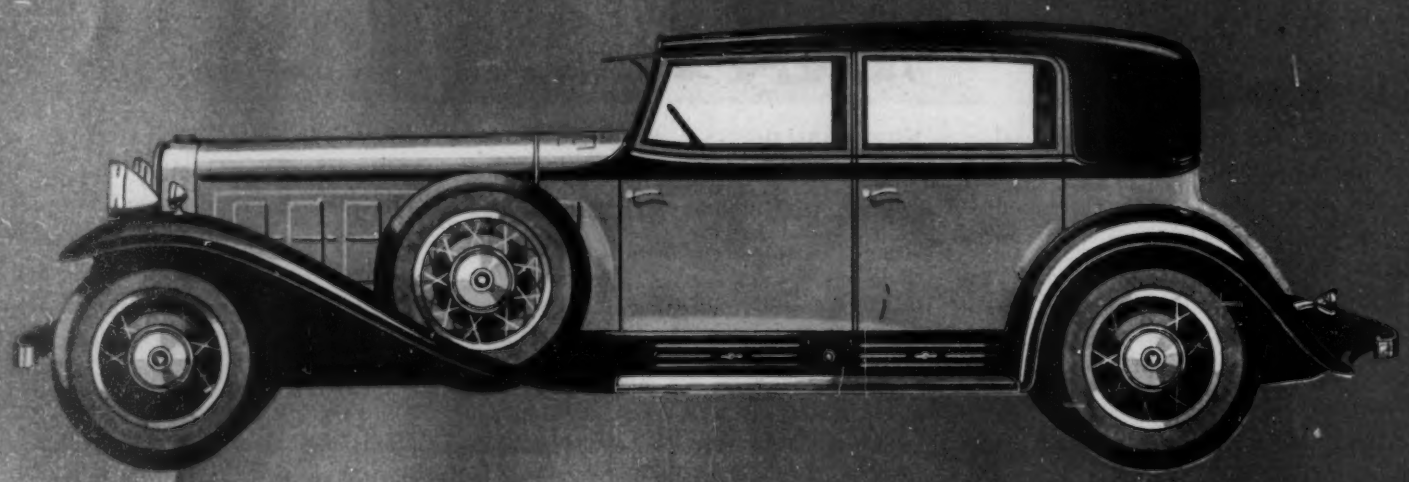
Your Mobiloil dealer cordially invites you to hear the famous Mobiloil Concerts each Wednesday evening . . . WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.





SIXTEEN CYLINDERS

In the Cadillac V-16, personal preferences, affecting even the major features of styling, may have free and distinctive expression . . . The bodies are of many types, custom-built and elaborately finished, and all highly individualized

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

THE BELL BIRD

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ELLIS STIVERS

V

HAPGOOD went below by his own companionway and brushed his fingers down Ralph's shuttered door. "Come in," Ralph said, and Hapgood entered, to find him in pajamas, lying on the sleeping mat of fine-woven, pliant grass provided for tropical cruising; for it was midsummer near the edge of the Gulf Stream, and the night was warm.

"Ralph," Hapgood said directly, "I have just asked Avis to marry me as soon as we land, and she has done me the honor to consent. I hope I have your consent also."

Ralph laid down the book and looked at him with a slight frown. "You should have come to me first, Hapgood."

"Yes, I know." Hapgood was to some extent prepared for this reception of what he had to say. "That would have been better form. Is there any reason why we should not be married?"

"Only myself. I've been a pretty hard lot at times. That doesn't matter so much, but under the pressure of necessity I have required some help from Avis that cost her dignity and position. Perhaps you already know about that?"

"Yes, from my sailing master and from Avis herself—that bell-bird stuff. What else?"

"That's all against Avis, and it's quite a lot, socially. But she was very young and naïve, and I would be the one to get the blame. I did."

"Were you ever accused of crooked play?"

"Not that I know about. I never swindled anybody at cards or any other game outside of war. That's probably why I've never got on."

"Why were you deprived of American citizenship?"

"On several counts. To start with, I was born in Greece and merely inherited my citizenship. I never went back to establish it personally. Then, toward the end of the war, I was charged with having refueled and revictualed German subs in the Mediterranean from a little vessel I was running. That was never proved, because I never did it. I was paid in German drafts on a Swiss bank for a very different service."

"What was that?"

"Arming and equipping a raiding party of Turkish *akindishis*—light cavalry—and mopping up a considerable party of Greeks that were in a way to hamper the Turkish advance."

"Did you do that?"

"I surely did. I had been waiting twenty years to do that thing."

"Why?"

"Because I had finally gathered absolute proof that toward the end of the Balkan War a raiding party of Greeks from that region had organized as *franc-tireurs* and wiped out an Albanian vilayet of which my wife's father was the feudal chief. My wife suffered the worst that can happen a woman at their hands, including death."

Hapgood reflected for a moment. "What has Captain Murray against you?"

Ralph gave his hard smile.

"Captain Murray was engaged to do a little gun running by a Levantine shipowner who passed himself for a Greek. I managed to bluff him into transshipping his cargo aboard my bark, and he never got paid for it. Quite a complicated yarn. Everything was a good deal of a mess and I managed to diddle him out of his guns and things after making a bargain with a German agent. That didn't say much to me. I was running a little war of my own—delayed reprisals."

"And after that?" Hapgood asked.

"After that I took a different name and blurred my past and joined up with the British on the Western Front. Just before the Armistice."

"Where was Avis then?"

"At a *pension* in Switzerland. After the war I took her to Constantinople and put her in college, and went to Batum on an oil proposition that looked interesting." He gave his grim smile. "That's all it proved."

"You must be *persona non grata* in Greece," Hapgood said. "How could you swing this airport scheme?"

"Through my cousin Frank. He owns the terrain, which is on the estate inherited by my mother, who was Greek. Her family managed to get the entail broken, so that it went to Frank. But they'd ask nothing better than to see it put through, by me or by the devil, if he could swing it."

Again Hapgood reflected for a moment before going on. It was dawning in upon him that while Ralph might be, as he had said, a pretty hard lot, he was still a good deal of a man.

"What other rough stuff have you pulled, Ralph?" he asked.

"Oh, quite a lot, old chap. But you've heard the worst, so the rest doesn't matter a great deal. It's nothing against Avis, except indirectly. She helped me with one or two promoting schemes on the Riviera, but legitimately enough. If people want to come up and get acquainted with her and then she presents me, that's their bad luck."

"Nothing downright crooked?"

"No. Merely unfortunate results, due invariably, I should say, to lack of working capital, and lack of confidence in me by my backers. It's happened each time that after the first go they'd hear something discreditable about me and decide that I must be a wrong 'un, and that the part of prudence dictated their hauling out and standing a limited loss."

"Were they right in that decision?"

"No, or maybe yes. They were wrong in thinking I might let them down, but they were right in hauling out, because they were always little men, and it's been my experience, Hapgood, that, whether in love or war or finance, you can't do big business with little men."

"Do you put me in that class, Ralph?" Hapgood asked.

"Not yet."

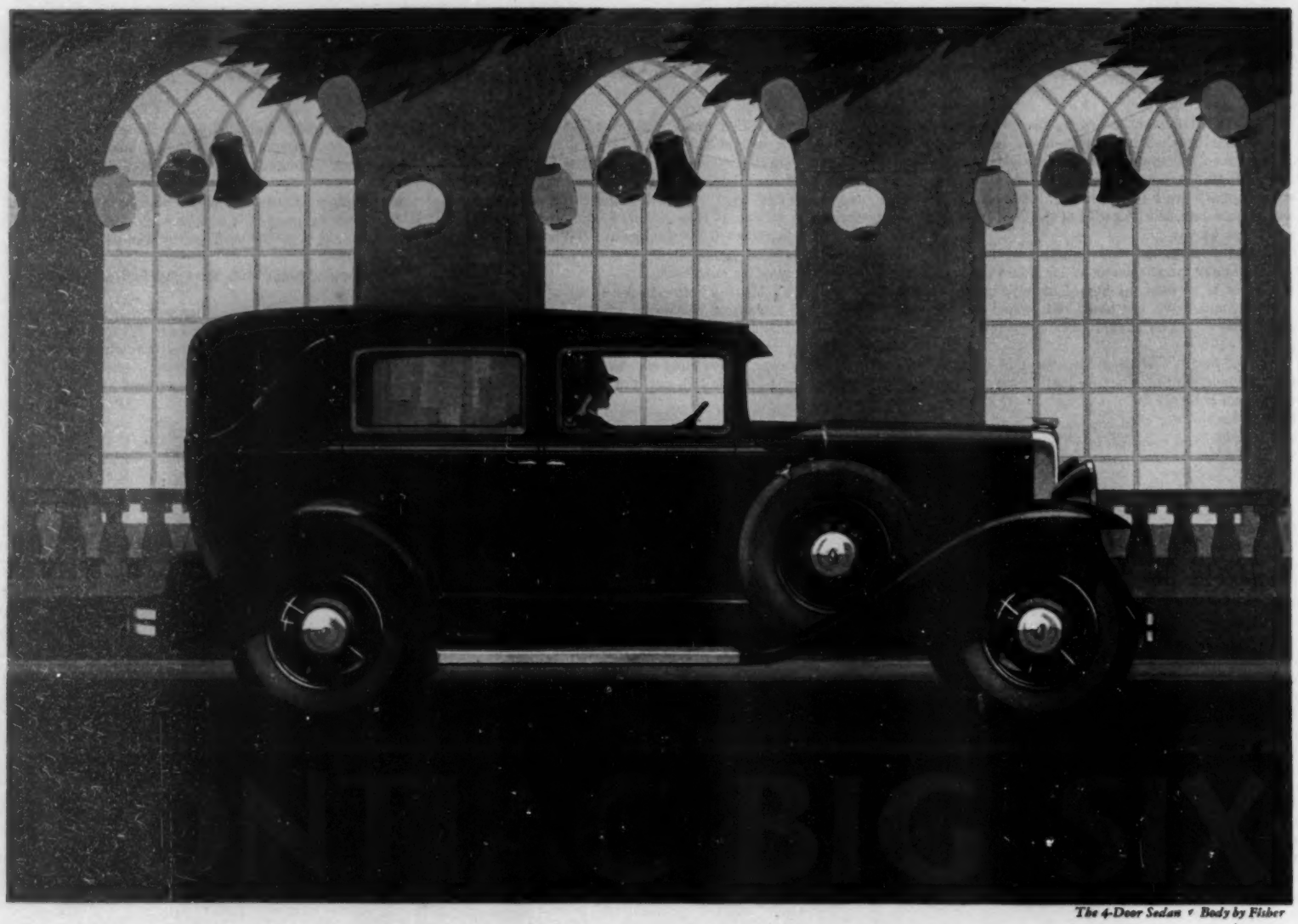
"Why 'not yet'?"

"I don't know you well enough to classify you. I can tell more about that when I know where you classify Avis and me after all this I've given you."

Hapgood said slowly: "Well, I knew quite a lot of it when I offered to take over your proposition. I knew that you had landed in America on a stolen or borrowed passport, and that you had been barred the country for war dealings with the enemy, and that you were in Billy Brown's house as his guest on another man's letter of introduction, and that you had some way gypped my sailing master and delivered a cargo of munitions to the Turks. I knew also that you had threatened to kill Captain Murray if he spilled what he had seen and heard about you and Avis out in the Far East. You took a chance doing that, Ralph. The skipper is a Maine Deer Islander, and it was

(Continued on Page 33)

This Was a Curious Song—Some Quality About it Gave Hapgood a Spinal Thrill as He Listened—It Sounded Like the Sea—A Sort of Viking Chorus



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You get an extra-liberal share of big car power, speed and alertness from Pontiac's 60-horsepower engine—the largest in any six at the price. You get an extra-liberal share of big car smoothness, due to the engine's Harmonic Balancer and new type rubber mountings. You get an extra-liberal share of big car endurance and dependability because Pontiac has full pressure lubrication, large airplane-type main bearings and an oversize, sturdy transmission and rear axle. You get an extra-liberal share of big car comfort resulting from Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and smart, spacious Fisher bodies with deep mohair cushions and adjustable driver's seats.

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Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the Pontiac Big Six

A FAMOUS NAME . . . A FINER CAR

$745 AND UP

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Finis

(Continued from Page 31)

only the fact of your being my guest that kept him from braining you then and there with a brass belaying pin."

Ralph nodded. "I've been told that one of the reasons for my failure to get on is a total lack of the natural faculty for judging men rightly. If you haven't got that, the best you can do is to take the high hand and hope to muddle through."

"You need to be several to work that. The lone hand has got to play close to his belt," Hapgood said. "What is the objection to my marrying Avis?"

"There would be no objection if you really love her. As I loved her mother, let's say. Of course, I was infatuated too. She was wild, but thoroughbred, chief's blood for centuries, a sort of mountain demigoddess. She was superb. Her family was Mohammedan; perhaps because they hated the Greeks even more than they did the Turks. Our love was like something out of grand opera, though, of course, I was never the heroic type she believed. Merely spectacular; a passable actor of romantic drama for which all the Balkan Peninsula was a perfect stage just then. But our five-year romance was destined to end in tragedy." Ralph's voice sounded as if he had forgotten about Hapgood and was talking to himself, and the abstracted look of his eyes was far focused. "The best part of me must have died then, and the rest gone on along automatically. I lost interest in things." His voice sounded tired. "Even in the past."

"You retained interest enough to go there twenty years later and build up a hecatomb," Hapgood said.

"Yes, but I think that was a sort of madness, the result of shock. I hadn't seen Avis for nearly two years, and when I went to the *pension* where I'd placed her, she had blossomed into womanhood like a young almond tree. I was worn down pretty fine, and as she came walking up the path between the rose trees I thought for a moment it was her mother. It gave me a frightful turn and brought everything back: The old love and a devastating hunger to settle my score with those swine. I think I went berserk, and stayed that way until I'd managed it."

"Who can blame you?" Hapgood muttered. "I can't."

"Avis is like her mother, physically—strong and supple, and with the mountain woman's serene upward look and long full limbs. But Avis is gentler and self-effacing; more self-disciplined, too, though she doesn't need that. Some women are constitutionally virtuous—her Christian education, perhaps. I've never had to worry about her that way."

Hapgood marveled inwardly at this parental blindness. But in a way, he reflected, Ralph was right. It was merely that Avis was a one-man woman. Hapgood was beginning to feel sorry for Ralph, and to like and understand him better. Here was one of those ultra-masculine, unimaginative natures that have courage and tremendous energy, but little fine discernment or none at all.

"It's a pity you can't tell the world that you avenged your wife, then signed up with the Allies," Hapgood said.

"The world wouldn't care a hang. My devoted cousin Frank spread the report on his island that I was leading Turks to the massacre of Greeks, and was astonished to find that the islanders were glad of it."

"Why?"

"Because they consider me the feudal lord there, not Frank. Then they remembered what had happened my wife, and understood what I was up to. Last of all, those islanders hated the northern-frontier mountain Greeks like poison, and claimed they were always starting something to get everybody in trouble. So it got Frank nowhere."

"Do they like you, Ralph?"

"Yes. I always spent vacations there as a youngster. At that time I was the heir presumptive through my mother. In the old days the estate was seignorial. I couldn't have hung on to it, anyhow, as it was mortgaged to the gills. Frank used to go there, too, and he was keen to own it, and when he came of age he had no trouble in taking up the mortgages and foreclosing. Mother's family backed his play. They were sore with me about that raid."

"Is Frank liked there?" Hapgood asked.

"No. That's why he wants my help with this scheme. Frank is brilliant in some ways, archæologist and an authority on ancient history of the Mediterranean and old religions. In Oxford they called him the Pagan, because he lugged round with him little statuettes of the old gods. They claimed he worshiped 'em. That was all tosh, pose. He wrote some hymns to the gods, like Homer, in ancient Greek, and might have collared a prize or two if they'd been fit to translate. He is musical too. Composes songs."

"Frank," said Hapgood, "doesn't sound so good."

"Oh, he's not really so bad. Just a self-indulgent lush that never did a stroke of work and loves luxury. Dope, too, I fancy. Hashish, maybe, because now and again he seems to lose all idea of elapsed time. He will crack up suddenly one of these days."

"What affect would that have on your scheme?" Hapgood asked.

"I've got it coppered so far as concerns carrying on, if I had capital enough to be independent of what his heirs might see fit to do."

"Who are his heirs?" Hapgood asked.

"The only natural ones are myself and Avis. But there's no telling what sort of will he may have made, leaving his fortune to some archæological society or a Foundation for the Perpetuation of Pantheology, or some such rot. He has stuck up little temples round the estate, to Silenus and Pan, with statuettes of hamadryads and satyrs and others of that goaty tribe. That must have made a hit with some of the old-timers there, as you'll find offerings of figs and olives and such truck."

It struck Hapgood that he was by way of marrying into a queer crowd for a modern American who was both plutocrat and democrat—his fiancée's father a hard-bitted adventurer of admittedly traitorous past behavior, and her uncle an overcultured decadent of willfully pagan propensities. Also there was something bizarre about the idea of an airport on a plateau flanked by shrines to the degenerate demideities of a still lingering and furtive faith. He commented on this last reflection to Ralph, who merely shrugged.

"There's destiny in all this. Avis makes me feel the complete man that I've never felt before."

Ralph nodded. "Her mother made me feel that way. I might have been if she'd been spared."

Hapgood leaned toward him and said intensely: "It's as if I were being subjected to a test; as if some power said: 'Here is your proper mate. Are you going to take her and pay the price or go without her; because there is no middle course?'" He ignored, even to himself, that there had been offered any middle course.

"What about love?" Ralph asked. "The real thing, I mean?"

Hapgood retorted bitterly: "You would say I loved her if you knew the sort of snob I am at heart. The cowardly sort. Afraid of somebody's saying: 'Yes, he married the bell bird. She tolled me up to her tiger of a father in Shanghai, and he trimmed me properly at poker.' Or somebody else: 'I happen to know that those children's grandfather sold out to the Turks in the Great War and led a raid that wiped out a community of Greeks.' Well, let them say it." He rose. "I take it I've got your consent, Ralph?"

"I've got to talk to Avis first. Will you kindly send her to me here?"

Hapgood nodded and went out. He returned to where he had left Avis, who looked up at him with her little smile.

"You look upset, Happy. I was afraid of that. Ralph can be brutally frank."

"It wasn't Ralph," Hapgood muttered. "It was myself. Ralph is not entirely the opportunist that a good many people may think, and he's a whole lot of a man. He wants to talk to you. I'll wait on deck."

Avis gave her little smile and went below. Hapgood stepped out into the soft murky night. While talking to Ralph he had heard, without much heeding it, the successive jar and clatter as the heavy booms swung across the decks in a jibe that was not violent, and knew that the northwester had blown out and a light breeze had struck in on the starboard hand. It was off the Gulf Stream, moist and warm. That was the worst of a summer passage to the Mediterranean.

He felt nervous and irritable. He wanted this matter of his engagement to marry Avis settled and announced and duly pledged in the best vintage of his liquid stores. This hangfire seemed an unnecessary ordeal, and as the minutes passed and Avis failed to join him, his nervous tension grew. What was it all about? He had done his part straightforwardly and manfully, and Ralph, he was bound to admit, had met it in kind. Wherefore then the delay?

(Continued on Page 61)

Avis Sped Past Him and Made a Clean Dive Over the Rail

WHENCE THE NEWS?

By Kent Cooper

ANY news reporter will support the assertion that it is far easier to tell the news itself than it is to tell how the news is obtained. Throwing aside the veil that too often covers the work of the reporter, one could begin with events in the life of most any one of the legion of news writers in one's acquaintance of this and other days.

So, to select at random: Several weeks before America went into the World War, a certainty that war would be declared was apparent. Up to the declaration of war, American news men had remained in Germany. With America in, it was a question of how to get the news out of Germany. It was decided that this probably could best be done by well-planned arrangements to utilize news obtainable through the neutral Baltic countries.

So, a few weeks before President Wilson read his war message to Congress, Ulrich Salchow, for years Associated Press correspondent in Stockholm, was ordered to New York for instructions. Salchow arrived in mid-April, 1917, and prepared to return on a Swedish ship that left from a Brooklyn dock ten days later.

On reaching the ship, Salchow found difficulty in getting aboard. A large crowd of Russians stood on the dock, listening to a fiery Bolshevik speech from a man who spoke to them in Russian from the ship's rail. Salchow, who speaks Russian, was amazed at what he heard. There were policemen about, and there may have been secret-service men. Salchow had but a moment to get aboard through the crush. He was convinced that not one of the American officers of the peace knew what the fiery orator was saying.

"I go to Russia to help the revolution," he was yelling. "Russia will make peace with Germany. We will see to that, and we will end the loss of Russian lives in a war in support of capitalism. I shall be back, my comrades, to join you in the destruction of the capitalistic system in America. England, France, Italy will fall before our cause. Communism is the call for the world revolution."

Salchow had never seen the Russian speaker before, so, after the ship left port, Salchow got acquainted with him and told him he was amazed he was permitted to talk as he did in the presence of officers of the law.

"The officers of the law are idiots. They did not know what I was saying," the Russian replied.

Off Again, On Again, Fineganski

SALCHOW bethought himself of sending back a news story. The Associated Press was not publishing speeches of that character with America definitely in the war.

Word did reach officials of the Allied cause located in New York, however, with the result that two days later, when the Swedish ship stopped at Halifax for inspection, as was then required of all neutral transatlantic ships, the fiery Russian was arrested and taken ashore. Salchow smiled.

"They must have heard of your speech," he said.

"No matter," the Russian replied. "I shall charm these fools and I will see you in Stockholm by the next passenger ship that leaves this port."

The Swedish ship sailed away, and Salchow put the Russian out of his mind, never expecting to see him again.

Two weeks after he arrived in Stockholm, however, another Swedish ship from Halifax had reached port. Salchow, in his office in Stockholm, was amazed by the unexpected visit of the Russian.

"How in the world did you make it?" he asked.

"Easy," replied the Russian. "I merely told them how I was going to Russia to end the revolution and throw the force of Russia back into the war whole-heartedly against Germany. That assurance was all they wanted. They not only released me, free to take the next ship, but they furnished me some funds as a bon voyage."

A week later the Russian had crossed Finland, from Stockholm, and was in Petrograd. The Russian revolution lacked fire. Lenin was no orator. The Russian who had come from America was. And, aided by his oratory, new life was put into the efforts of Lenin. Russia definitely got out of the war against Germany.

The Russian who had been liberated at Halifax became the fiery supporter of Lenin. He was none other than Leon Trotzky, later Bolshevik war minister, now a Russian exile.

Riots and the battles of rebellion have offered to news correspondents far greater dangers and difficulties of reporting than organized warfare between nations. For instance, without meaning to detract in the least from the effectual labors of any of the war correspondents during the Great War, their work developed little of the dramatic. They have told me that they were herded about. News was handed to them. The press liaison officer was always available. There was no difficulty in finding the authorities. They could work upon lines that had been fixed for them. They were restrained within these lines. Few of them had to take greater chances of losing life or limb than did the highest officers of the various armies. Yet there are outstanding instances of display of valor by war correspondents in that Great War which evidenced bravery equal to that of soldiers who went over the top.

A Stadium Press Stand Before a Game

PHOTOS, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC.

Reporters Interviewing Thomas Edison at His Winter Estate

Working during such revolutions as have unsettled China, Ireland, Portugal and Mexico, and the one which has transformed Russia, was altogether different, however. Frequently such affrays have broken out so suddenly that a correspondent, merely sensing trouble, has been caught in the thick of it all, with nothing but luck hovering over him as a shield of safety.

Reporters as Diplomats

FROM the beginning of the Mexican revolution that terminated the presidency of Porfirio Diaz in 1911, American newspapermen have not only had active and thrilling experiences in reporting the news of the uprisings in the neighboring republic but they have contributed much toward the peaceful solution of periods of revolt. On more than one occasion, because of acquaintances on both sides, they have brought opposition leaders together for conferences that usually ended favorably.

David Lawrence, then an Associated Press reporter in Washington, accomplished this in 1911, when he brought together in Washington Dr. Francisco Vasquez Gomez, a revolutionary leader, and Señor de la Barra, then Diaz's ambassador at Washington.

In March, 1911, the Diaz cabinet resigned, and Diaz offered De la Barra the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Relations. The next day De la Barra was to leave Washington, and Lawrence suggested to him that before he left he confer with Doctor Gomez. Lawrence made the same suggestion to Doctor Gomez, who hesitated at first, but finally agreed.

De la Barra had agreed to meet Gomez if the meeting would be secret. Lawrence took Gomez to the ambassador's residence and introduced him to De la Barra. Lawrence was asked to remain in the room while they discussed the situation, and was amazed at the many admissions made by the ambassador of the justice of certain of the insurrecto's claims. Though they were previously unknown to each other, a warm friendship sprang up between the two men, and for some time after the Washington conference, Lawrence was the intermediary for communication between the two. Peace came later. A conference between the opposing sides was held south of the sluggish Rio Grande near El Paso. Lawrence was there, and learned in advance of the text of the rebel demand for the resignation of President Diaz, who, in turn, learned it from Lawrence's dispatches appearing in Mexico City papers in advance of the receipt of the text of the communications from his own representatives at the conference.

Relying on the press dispatches, Diaz made known his intention to resign. This news was got back to the conference. Before the resignation took effect, however, the three-day attack upon Juarez, which resulted in its surrender, occurred. The provisional government was immediately established at Juarez. Peace negotiations were resumed in Lawrence's room in an El Paso hotel between Doctor Gomez and Carbajal, the federal peace envoy. President Diaz resigned, and Madero began his triumphant

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

journey to Mexico on June second, accompanied by Lawrence.

In 1917, Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit, was operating in the state of Chihuahua. He was anxious not only to defeat Carranza but to impress the Government and people of the United States as well. But it was not easy for him to do this. The newspapers of the United States were giving their front pages to the World War.

Villa planned to attack Ojinaja in October, 1917. At just that time, Norman Walker, an Associated Press man, penetrated into Villa's camp. Villa had known Walker for many years, and Villa asked Walker if it was a good time, as far as concerned the impression he would make in the United States. Walker told him that he could not have picked a worse time, in as much as the World Series of baseball games was starting and that what room the papers had for other news than baseball would be completely occupied with news of the World War.

"If you wait until after the World Series," said Walker, "you may make the first pages in all the newspapers."

The World Series of that year started October sixth, and ended October fifteenth. Villa waited. He disclosed to Walker later that waiting disrupted his plans somewhat. He finally took Ojinaja on November 14, 1917. He made the front page, which probably constitutes the only instance on record where a battle was postponed because the date of it conflicted with the World Series baseball games.

Until less than ten years ago, anonymity of the authorship of Associated Press dispatches was traditional. The rule was adhered to even through the World War. Newspapers accorded their own special writers the distinction of a signature even before the Russo-Japanese War in 1904–05. But there was one Associated Press dispatch transmitted during that war with a footnote that disclosed the authorship. The footnote was by way of a news item itself.

The battle of Liao-yang raged for ten days. In the St. Petersburg office the dispatches unfolding the military effort were being received with painful slowness. The long stretch of telegraph wire from the Far East to St. Petersburg, burdened with government messages, afforded meager facilities for the press. Suddenly the wire seemed to find a free field. As the first sheet came from the typewriter, it was seen that it was the beginning of a vivid account of a tremendous battle. It told of a terrific cannonade which for hours had swept the Russian line, of the losses and the answering fire. Suddenly the thread of the story broke. The last sentences told of a great Japanese charge on the Russian center, which was repulsed after long fighting and with great loss.

Get the News Through!

THE dispatch was recognized as coming from M. Kiriloff, one of the Associated Press men in the field. The telegraph stopped suddenly. The freely running account in good, news-writing style changed abruptly, into this:

"I am a soldier and not a writer. Kiriloff, enthusiastic in his work, had the respect and sympathy of us all. He was shot through the right lung, standing by our battery, and fell back, suffering intense agony, blood spurting from his mouth. Nevertheless, he insisted upon being put upon a horse so that he could get to Liao-yang to file his dispatch. As the fire had slackened, I was permitted to accompany him. The trip has taken five hours, although it covered only five and a half miles. He reached here, exhausted from loss of blood, but filed what he had written at the front. We have put him in the hospital against his protest, as he wanted to finish his dispatch and get back to the battle."

The message was signed by a Russian army officer. Newspapers in America printed this note at the conclusion of Kiriloff's dispatch:

Liao-yang, September 1; M. Kiriloff, one of the Associated Press correspondents who followed the operations at the Battle of Liao-yang, was shot through the lung while on the firing line.

Thus was the authorship of an Associated Press dispatch made known to newspaper readers for the first time.

It is always difficult for an active American newspaperman properly to adjust himself to news-collection methods in foreign lands. There is the language difficulty and, too, customs differ materially. But English being his mother tongue, he always expects that in England he will be perfectly at home. It doesn't turn out that way.

A new member of the London staff of the Associated Press, Moyston, fresh from the United States, was given a late night assignment. One of his duties was to check news items in the editions of morning papers. He read on one of the news tickers that a celebrated English musical director had accepted an offer to take the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After he had made a cable message of the announcement, he saw in a morning paper that the director was only considering the offer and had not made up his mind whether he would accept. He called this to the attention of the man in charge. What to do? Send it or not? The newcomer glanced at the clock. It was a few minutes after one.

"Why not call him up and get it straight?" the new arrival suggested.

The veteran across the table stared at the innocent stranger, then he leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Call up an Englishman at one o'clock in the morning!" He repeated the exclamation in amazement. How amazing it was the newcomer was soon to learn. He discovered that the telephone in London was not designed to be a first aid to news gathering at any hour. If, for example, a reporter gets a tip on a piece of news that concerns a department of the government, he does not call up an official of that department for confirmation of the report. By no means. He asks, usually by letter, for an appointment, which may be granted from two days to a week later.

Eager young Americans, trained in the swift school of reporting practiced in every city of the United States, have been known to shed tears of vexation when they faced the necessity of falling into the sedate, unhurried step of European journalism.

Superficially, the difference between a newspaperman and a journalist in Europe is a matter of speed. Americans are born reformers and, of course, the new reporter from the States gives one look around when he reaches London, and makes a quick offhand resolution:

"I guess," he says to himself, "it is up to me to stir things up a bit."

But it does not take him long to find out that he has undertaken a job which would have given even old Canute pause.

I sometimes believe, however, that American newspapermen are more cordially and democratically received by European sovereigns than are newspapermen of the countries over which they rule.

A Reportorial Full House

JAMES A. MILLS, correspondent-traveler extraordinary, for some years had the Balkans as his field of news operation, and so it was that on one trip about the Balkans his list of interviews read like a good poker hand. It included three kings and two queens.

To reach all of them, he used almost every mode of travel—train, boat, airplane, automobile, narrow-gauge railway, cogwheel, escalator, horseback, oxcart, donkey, bicycle and on foot.

Mills, now Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, believes that the present kings and queens of Europe would be much more communicative and eager for publicity were they not held in check by their cabinets, who fear attempts on the sovereigns' lives.

"In all interviews with royal personages," Mills says, "I have noticed a peculiar tendency on the part of the rulers to follow all the movements of the correspondent's hands, as if the constant dread of assassination in which they live forces them subconsciously to be on their guard even against friendly visitors. To reach into one's pocket for a handkerchief while interviewing a crowned head is to disconcert him completely and excite his suspicions. On that ground, I have always, in interviewing rulers, kept my hands on my lap, where they were quite visible to the king or queen. I have never displayed a notebook or a pencil.

"Most accessible, democratic and simple of all sovereigns in Europe is former Queen Marie of Rumania, as the Americans have discovered for themselves. She does not do all the talking, as most sovereigns do, but gives the interviewer a chance to ask questions during the conversation. This is an important concession to the correspondent, for, if he should follow strictly the usual court etiquette, he could not speak to a sovereign at all unless first spoken to.

If the correspondent hopes to ask a given number of questions within a specified time, he also is obliged all the more to interpose queries during the conversation; since it is the privilege of the sovereign to terminate the interview at his pleasure.

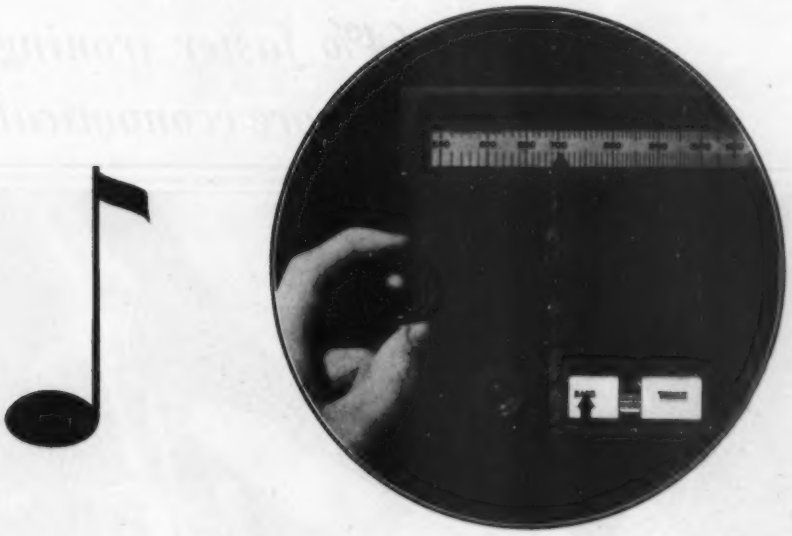
"One of the most difficult and shrewdest sovereigns to interview is young King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia. Before he tells the correspondent a single thing, he invariably subjects him to an interview of his own. But, like Marie of Rumania, who is now his mother-in-law, King Alexander has the faculty of making the correspondent at ease. That he appreciates the power of the press is shown by the fact that on the last occasion he was interviewed he got out of a sick bed, against his doctor's orders, to receive me. Although he could speak only in a whisper, he chatted pleasantly for nearly two hours.

"One of the friendliest and most modest of potentates is King Boris of Bulgaria. Boris talks in an easy, colloquial, animated style, disarming restraint and uneasiness on the part of the correspondent. A great reader and a close student of international affairs, he is

(Continued on Page 145)

Long-Absent Seafarer: "O-oh, Mary! Don't Tell Me Y-your L-love Has Grown C-cold in Only Forty Year!"

Actual choice of tone . .



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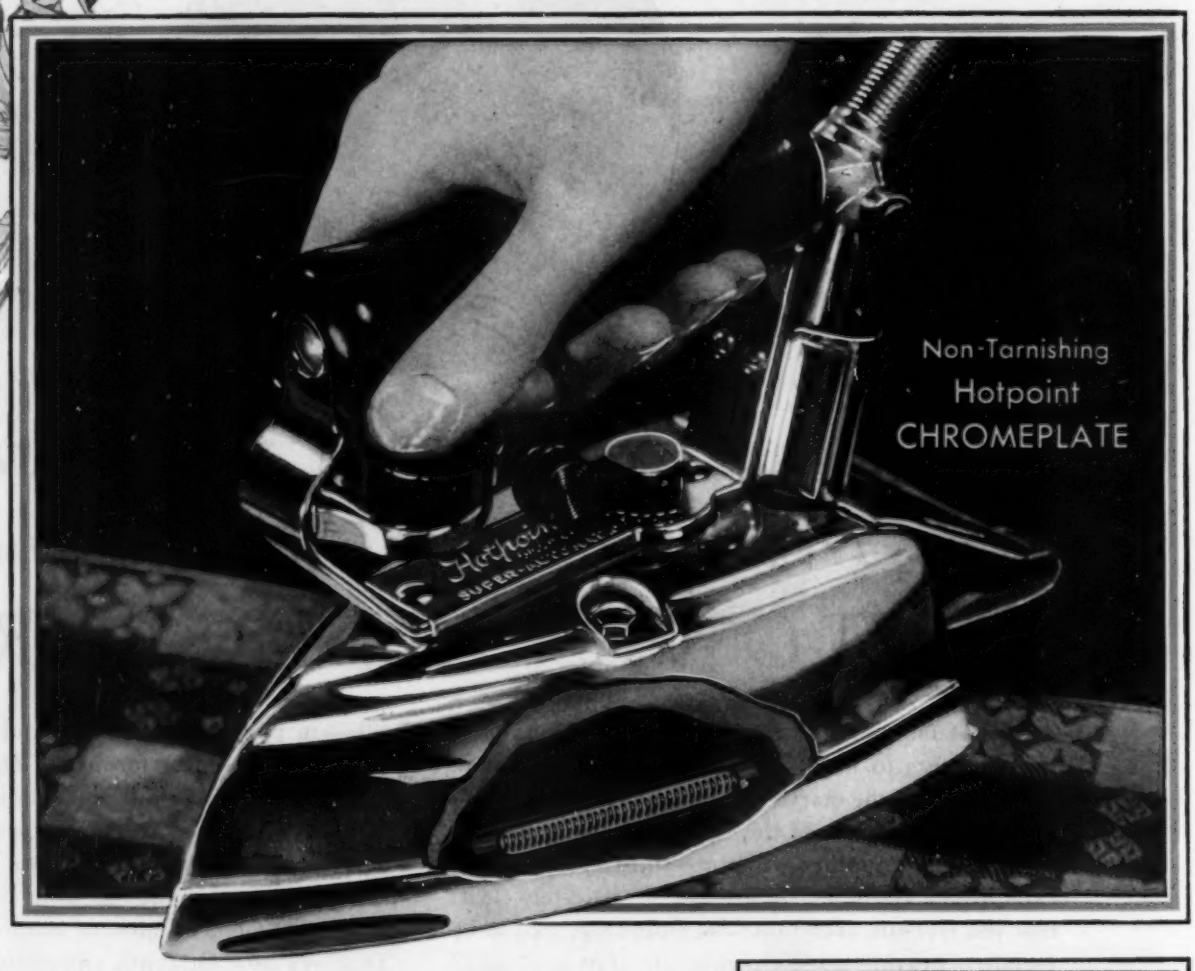

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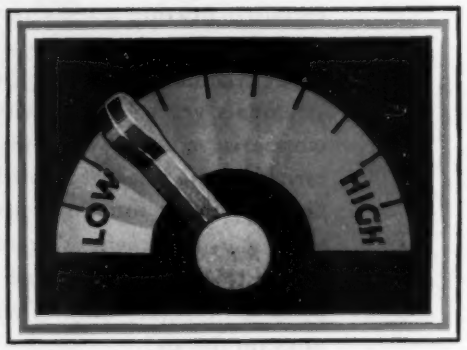

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By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

AS THE full moon rose on that Saturday evening, the fifth of May, 1860, it revealed that the southward road out of Genoa by the Porta Pila was unwontedly lined with sight-seers. They watched, tensely, silently—for the first cries of "*Viva Italia!*" had been peremptorily hushed in a universally understood necessity for secrecy—a long succession of men in civilian clothes walking, singly or in little groups, toward Quarto, five miles from the city.

Ippolito Mariotti, hastening alone in that disjointed procession, caught the whispers of those spectators as he passed. "Ah, the brave fellows! How many will return?" "Santa Maria preserve them! They are but a thousand! What can a thousand do against the great Neapolitan armies in Sicily? It is madness!" "But Garibaldi leads them! He works miracles! Surely he is a *santo* sent by God to free all Italy!" They reminded one another, awedly, almost superstitiously, of the marvels performed by this already legendary hero.

His thin, privation-worn, prematurely aged face twitched with an involuntary smile of pride as he heard them telling of Garibaldi's defense of the Roman Republic with Mazzini in 1849. He also—how long ago it seemed!—had been one of those heroic redshirts desperately battling on the Janiculum; when all was lost, had been one of that irreconcilable forlorn hope which Garibaldi had led in retreat all across Italy, baffling the four foreign armies encircling them. The very incarnation of revolutionary republicanism had Giuseppe Garibaldi been in those unforgettable days, romantically handsome, with long chestnut hair and beard, haloed with his exploits in far-off South America, his faithful Anita ever riding at his side. His last view of him had been when that remnant had dispersed on the Adriatic shore, leaving their general with his Anita dying in his arms. How he had loved him then! The memory of it came back to him with a pang.

Even now he could hardly credit that that simple-souled lion of revolutionary war was, as Mazzini said in fierce denunciation, a weak fool seduced to monarchism by a flattering word from King Vittorio Emmanuele. Yet it must be so if Mazzini asserted it—Mazzini, saintlike, ascetically incorruptible in ardently pure republicanism; the Friend who for thirty years of poverty-stricken exile had been the quasi-divine inspiration to all Italian patriots. What Mazzini said was gospel to all that little band of fanatic conspirators exiled in London, whereof he himself had for years been one. To him, also, that consumingly obsessional dream of a united Italian republic, mystically compelling all men to a perfect virtue denied by the very name of kingdom, had been sufficient compensation for threadbare misery in a foreign land, had been drink and food, had been wife and child, was still the one thing that mattered in the world. It was because Mazzini had denounced as squalidly monarchist last year's Franco-Piedmontese war against the Austrian oppressor that he and many other faithful disciples had not served in Garibaldi's glorious irregular *Cacciatori delle Alpi;* in majority, young patriots from a then unredeemed Lombardy.

But this expedition was different. Mazzini himself, sending him on in advance a few days ago, was now hurrying from London to join it. It had been organized entirely by the chief Mazzinians in Italy, who were unscrupulously planning to use the indispensable Garibaldi as a cat's-paw, as they knew their crafty enemy, Count Cavour, Prime Minister of Piedmont, scheming eventually to unite all Italy under the Piedmontese monarchy, likewise thought to use him. But they were mockingly confident of overreaching Cavour.

Italy, sundered and fettered, was indubitably only waiting the signal to rise en masse against its diverse tyrants. Sicily, stirred up by Mazzinian agents, was already in insurrection against that Bourbon despotism of Naples which "*milordo*" Gladstone had stigmatized as "the negation of God erected into system of government." They would overthrow the Neapolitans in Sicily, would march victoriously from south to north. Simultaneously another revolutionary expedition would kindle revolt in the Papal States, would sweep from north to south. United Italy would be made—by the republicans.

Explained to him by the chief Mazzinians in Genoa—Francesco Crispi, Antonio Mosto, accompanying the expedition as subordinate leaders; Bertani, its organizer from a sick bed—it had all seemed demonstrably certain. Conspirators accustomed to pit themselves against overwhelming odds, it was nothing to them that with a handful they were going to challenge twenty-five thousand first-class regular troops in Sicily, backed by another seventy-five thousand on the mainland; that the Papal States were protected by a large mercenary army assisted by a French garrison; that France and Austria were ready to hurl themselves on Piedmont at her first open infraction of neutrality. Before the magic formula of the republic, proclaimed by that handful in arms, every despotism must automatically fall.

Nevertheless, only at the last minute, after atrocious anxieties, had the audacious venture been finally decided. Originally it was to have been made with but two hundred volunteers, subsequently increased to five hundred. Then came disastrous news from Sicily—the insurrection had been crushed. The experienced Garibaldi had countermanded the expedition; if it failed, the hope of Italy was lost for a generation. But the Mazzinians were fanatically determined that it should start at all costs. Crispi had promptly produced favorable telegrams, possibly forged. Garibaldi had been reassured. That was but five days ago. The number had been raised to one thousand. Yesterday and today, trainload after trainload of volunteers had arrived from the Lombard cities, mostly young veterans from last year's *Cacciatori delle Alpi*. Nino Bixio—well did Mariotti remember that fierily formidable young lieutenant of Garibaldi in the defense of Rome—was to seize two steamers in Genoa harbor tonight. He would bring them round to Quarto. Thither the devoted band was now proceeding independently.

As the old patriot trudged along that dusty moonlit road, between the whispering spectators, he wondered what Garibaldi—secluded in a villa near Quarto from all but his intimates—would look like after all these years. He must be now nearly fifty-three. That was a stupid folly he had committed last January, marrying that eighteen-year old Marchesa Raimondi he had furiously disowned an hour after the ceremony—an anonymous letter in his hand. It was whispered that that letter was the work of Mazzinians, alarmed lest the greatest of revolutionary soldiers should forget the cause in uxorious felicity. If so, he, Mariotti, approved the trick. What was any man's private happiness compared with that cause demanding every sacrifice?

He overtook a group of his future fellow comrades, entered into talk with them as they strode on together. They were young students from Pavia.

"The republic is all very well," said one of them. "Like most of us, I should prefer it—with the *amico* Mazzini at its head. But I fight for the unity of Italy under any flag that will give it to us. If we can only be united under the King of Piedmont, then I accept the monarchy."

To Mariotti it was blasphemy. Was this young generation so careless of the true faith?

"Accept the monarchy!" His voice quivered with indignation. "Never! You cannot mean it, *giovano*. Our sacred martyrs would forbid it from their graves! They died for the republic, even as we grayheads have sacrificed everything for it!" He thought of his own dreary years, starving in alien garrets, yet sustained by the ecstasy of his faith in that ineffable republic of all the virtues which one day must come true, which now, indeed, they were going splendidly to accomplish. "If I thought Garibaldi would betray the cause, I would ——" He checked himself. Almost he had said that he would shoot him with his own hand. Deep in himself, he meant it. They were going to make the republic or die.

"Never fear!" said another. "Garibaldi is a republican to the marrow of his bones. Who but a republican would live as he does, like an ancient Spartan on his barren little island of Caprera? When we get to sea he will hoist the republican flag, proclaim the republic of united Italy—the republic of Mazzini!"

"Of course he will!" exclaimed a third. "We are all republicans; we are not going to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for that swindler Cavour!"

Mariotti loved them for that emphatic reassurance. This was authentically the patriot youth of Italy—that youth which he and Mazzini had so often evoked in yearning imagination—well-educated young men gathering from far and wide over the land to offer themselves selflessly for the cause. The sufferings of the martyrs, of the exiles, had not been in vain!

They arrived at Quarto. Their comrades were already seated in hundreds on the rocks, waiting. Just off a little cove, strings of boats were tethered on the moon-silvered sea. Close behind the rocky shore was the entrance portal to a large estate. Through that gate, someone told him, Garibaldi would come. On the high road just above the beach was a silent crowd of spectators, of friends and relatives of these only too probably doomed adventurers. No one shouted, no one cheered. Whether or not Cavour connived at their departure, it must be secret.

It was nearly ten o'clock. The hundreds seated on the beach jumped suddenly to their feet. In the moonlight, Mariotti could see several figures emerging from the gate. The one in front, casually carrying a large, scabbarded sword upon his shoulder, was a bearded, broad-chested man of medium height, in wide gray trousers, a South American poncho flung loosely about him, and a black felt hat. Garibaldi! Even in that silent approach, there was a magnetism about the man, the mysteriously compelling magnetism Mariotti so well remembered. A man held up a lantern to illumine more clearly the spur of rock which was the place of embarkation. In its light, Mariotti noticed, through a gap of the poncho, that the general wore a red shirt—the famous red shirt of those far-off republican wars of South America, of the defense of Rome. He perceived it with an immense relief. It meant that he was not leading this expedition as the servant of the Piedmontese monarchy.

A boat rowed into the little cove. Garibaldi seated himself in the stern sheets, was followed by his staff. One by one the boats came in, were filled with volunteers, were pulled out. Mariotti managed to get a place in the fifth boat, dangerously overcrowded. Yet when all were full and had left the cove, he could see still a great crowd of legionaries on the beach. There would have to be a second trip for them.

They pulled out over the moonlit sea, lay waiting half a mile from shore. Presently the ships from Genoa would come to pick them up.

They had waited one hour, two hours, four hours, five hours; the dawn was breaking. What had gone wrong? Suddenly they saw the two ships looming in the half light. A few minutes later, four or five others struggling with him on the ladder, he was climbing the steep side of the ship. Haste! Haste! Cases of arms were rapidly hoisted aboard. The boats went swiftly back for those yet to come.

The morning sun glinted upon the mountain tops around Genoa when at last they started, with a thudding splash of paddle wheels churning the sea that began to lift and fall in a heavy swell.

The ships were called the Piemonte and the Lombardo. He, Mariotti, was on board the smaller one, the Piemonte, commanded by Garibaldi himself. The Lombardo, ahead of them, was commanded by Nino Bixio. Both were so crowded that there was scarcely space to sit down. The fitfully chugging Piemonte rolled her paddle boxes under in the increasing swell. The inland volunteers began to be extremely seasick.

The magnificent panorama of the Riviera coast drifted past them, illumined in the risen sun. Garibaldi stood on the bridge between the paddle boxes of the Piemonte, the wind fluttering the longish hair, the chestnut beard of his broad-nostriled, lionlike countenance, fluttering the loose neckerchief over his red flannel shirt. He looked radiant with happiness, the old sea rover once more upon the waters, commanding a ship to desperate venture. He picked up his speaking trumpet, hailed Bixio on the Lombardo:

"How many muskets have you on board?"

"Eleven hundred."

"And ammunition?"

"None!"

"Then you did not pick up the boats from Bogliasco?" There was sharp alarm in the cry.

Bixio replied that he thought the general must have picked them up. He had not seen them. The legionaries stared at one another in consternation. Those boats, manned by volunteers, contained all their ammunition. They should have been met with off Bogliasco. They were nowhere in sight. To go back toward Genoa to look for them was impossible. It was a terrible moment. What could they do without ammunition? Garibaldi stood frowning thoughtfully on the bridge, the Hungarian chief of staff, Türr, at his side, tugging thoughtfully at the immensely long mustaches above his spadelike beard. Then Garibaldi threw up his lion head.

"*Anderemo avanti egualmente!*" We go ahead all the same!

It was the seventh of May. They were alongside the quay of the little harbor of Talamone, on the Tuscan coast. Uniformed as a Piedmontese general, Garibaldi had gone ashore to see if he could obtain ammunition.

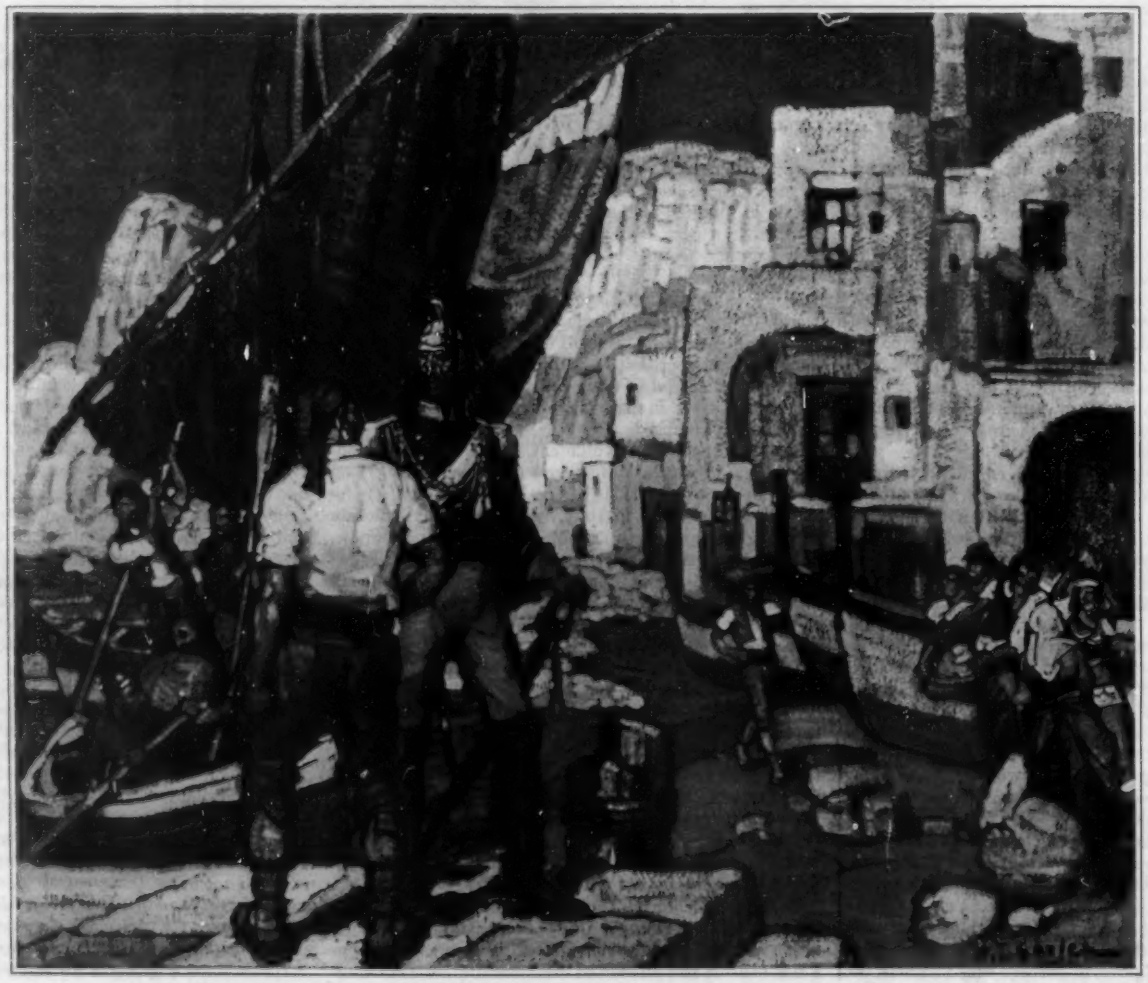
With a few of the older volunteers, Mariotti returned from the Lombardo, moored next to her consort. All were gloomy, exasperated. At noon, just after the general had gone ashore, they on the Piemonte had been assembled on deck. Garibaldi's first order of the day had been read to them. It had terminated with the war cry—startlingly not "Italy and the Republic," but "Italy and Vittorio Emmanuele." They had heard it incredulously, with furious disappointment. No one had cheered. Were they then to fight for the monarchy after all? Never! They had consulted together, had decided to wait for the arrival of the slower Lombardo, hold a council of war aboard her.

But by the time the Lombardo had arrived most of the younger men had slipped off ashore, to bathe, to buy themselves what they might of food to supplement the meager biscuit and water of their ration. Mariotti had bemoaned the scandalous indifference to first principles of these lads, had endeavored vainly to represent their importance. Little they cared so long as they fought for Italy! Few at last save the veteran republicans, old and worn in the pure faith, had remained to board the Lombardo, where a similar proclamation had been read, her republicans similarly furious.

They had held that council of war acrimoniously. Garibaldi's proclamation was treachery to the cause. They would make themselves a party to that betrayal if they continued. Let them therefore turn back. If Cavour and Vittorio Emmanuele wanted a Piedmontese Kingdom of Italy, let them fight for it themselves! For a minute or two, it had looked like wholesale desertion.

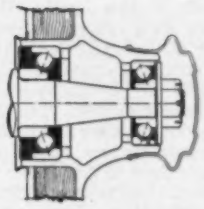
Then, one after another, the chief Mazzinians, Crispi, Mosto, Savi, had harangued the angry

(Continued on Page 42)



They Were Alongside the Quay of the Little Harbor of Talamone, on the Tuscan Coast. Uniformed as a Piedmontese General, Garibaldi Had Gone Ashore to See if He Could Obtain Ammunition

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



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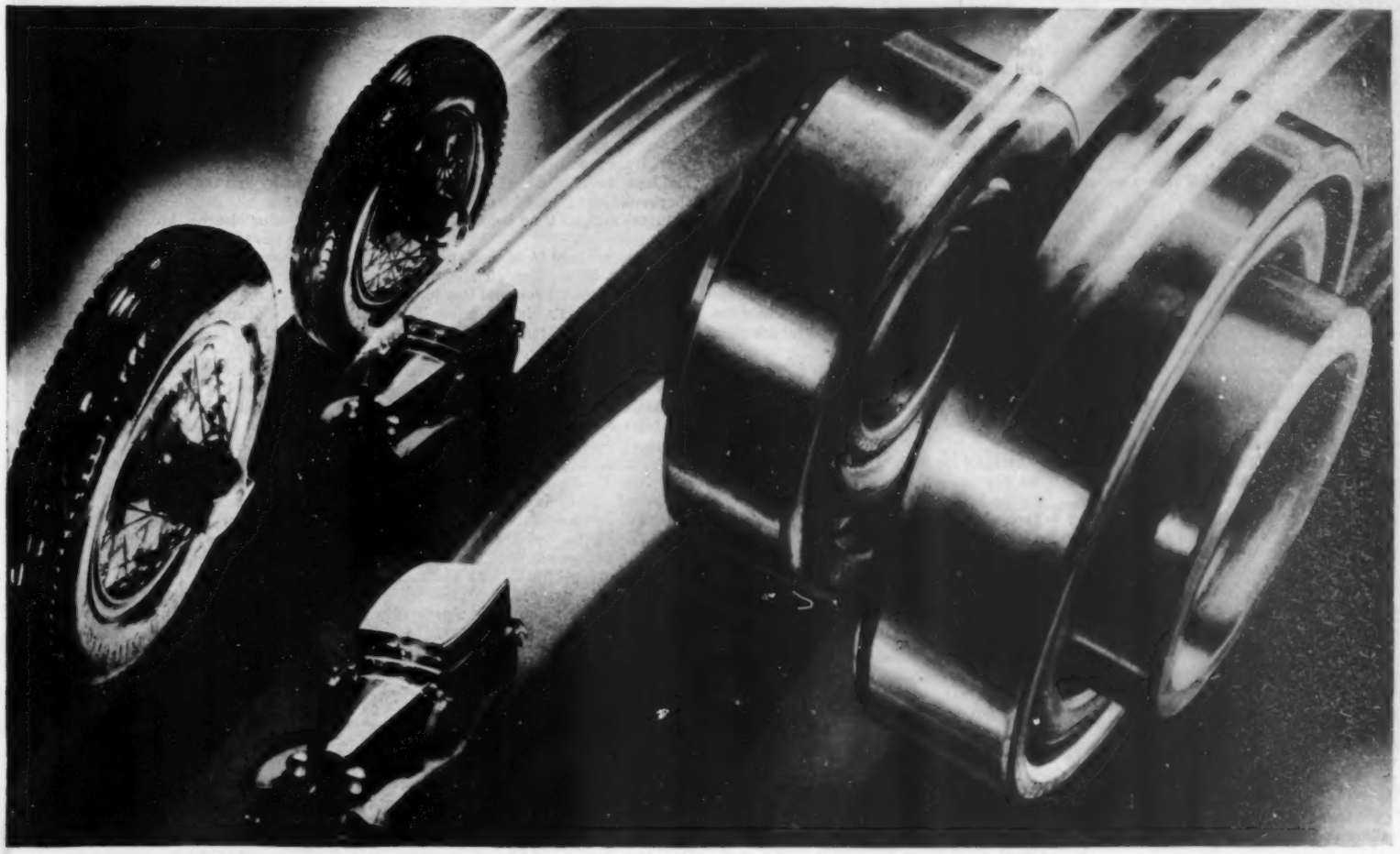

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

(Continued from Page 40)

gathering. If to continue was for the moment to postpone the republic, to go back was a betrayal of the fatherland, a betrayal of that unity of Italy to which their lives were vowed. If this expedition ended in fiasco, their country would not be freed for another generation at least. The all-important thing was to go forward, to free Sicily. Once that was done, with a great revolutionary army behind them, anything might happen. Garibaldi was himself at heart a republican. He had merely been talked over by Vittorio Emmanuele. Let them await their opportunity to win him back to the cause—an opportunity which would surely occur. In the meantime, let them follow the only leader who could carve the way to victory. Remember that Mazzini was hastening to join them. When he arrived all would be well.

A vote had been taken. Sullenly, reluctantly, all but half a dozen had decided to continue. The half-dozen irreconcilables had then and there walked off the ship.

Now, as Mariotti went up the gangplank to the Piemonte, he saw that Garibaldi had returned. The Hungarian, Türr, was telling him what had occurred. The revolutionary general blazed out in a terrifying fury—one of those rare but appalling furies Mariotti remembered from the defense of Rome. His strange blue eyes went dark with passion, yet seemed to emit flashes of light. With that flowing chestnut mane and beard, he looked indeed an angry lion. His voice came in a formidable roar:

"These accursed Mazzinians! They would ruin everything for their pestilential theories! We fight for Italy, and they dare to mutiny!"

His followers shrank from him as he stamped up and down the deck, vowing fearful penalties for indiscipline. Presently his anger subsided. He glanced to where Mariotti stood by the rail, cried in comradely recognition:

"Mariotti!"

"From the defense of Rome, general!"

"And since?"

"With Mazzini."

Garibaldi frowned. "It is lucky Mazzini is not with us. I should have to shoot the imbecile!"

He drew himself up in cold fanaticism.

"General, I would remind you that I volunteered for this expedition as a republican—such as I believed you also to be."

Garibaldi's lionlike visage softened. He put a hand on his follower's shoulder.

"*Caro Mariotti*," he said, in that quiet, deep, peculiarly thrilling voice of his. "Of course, I am a republican. But I fight first for Italy. Without Piedmont we can do nothing. What matters it what flag we carry when Italy is still divided and enslaved? Let us first liberate her."

He resisted that powerful fascination of presence he knew so well.

"General," he replied, harsh in his creed, "I follow you because I still believe that you are the one man who can make the republic. For that, and that alone, I put my life at your orders."

Garibaldi's blue eyes went hard. It was like being against granite.

"Comrade, remember this: I swore to Vittorio Emmanuele—who is not an accursed politician, but the great and honest man who alone can unite us—that I would lay the Kingdom of Italy at his feet. I shall do so."

He turned brusquely, went to his cabin, calling to Türr to follow him.

It was four days later, the morning of the eleventh of May. They were running parallel with the mountainous coast of Sicily. Talamone had been left on the ninth. There Garibaldi had bluffed the commandant of the neighboring fortress of Orbetello into supplying them with ammunition, into giving them five small, ancient cannon, which were their sole artillery. There the arms had been served out—old smooth-bore muskets of incredible badness, whose bayonets had to be tied on with string. There the volunteers, ten hundred and eighty-nine strong, had been organized in eight companies grouped in two battalions. Mariotti, as a veteran of Rome and thanks to the Mazzinians on the general's staff, had been given a half company. Save for fifty garbed in the only red shirts available, all were still in civilian clothes.

Now an intense excitement gripped those men packed on the decks of the two ships. There close on the beam was the island which held more than their individual fates, which held the destiny of Italy. Mariotti turned to see him—already they never called him anything but him—in his red shirt on the bridge, sweeping land and sea with his telescope. The tawny-bearded face was radiant with a strange ecstasy—an ecstasy which somehow communicated itself to all of them. Imminently, they were going to put their venture to the test. Where would they land? No one knew. It was rumored that even he had not made up his mind. On the port bow, Marsala gleamed whitely; a couple of steamers outside the harbor, evidently warships. Neapolitan? Two of that dozen known to be cruising to intercept them? The word spread that he, with experienced seaman's eye, had pronounced them English.

The two ships turned sharply toward Marsala, their engines chugging, the paddle wheels thudding and splashing as fast as they could go. Far away to the southward were smears of smoke. The Neapolitan cruisers! It would be a race—a race they might just win!

The minutes seemed endless. Marsala swelled large before them, the warehouses of the British wine merchants conspicuous along the quay under the old, walled town. The Neapolitan cruisers were coming up fast, visibly three of them—two steamers and a sailing ship in tow. The rigging of the English men-of-war became thick with spectators. The low mole was close alongside on their left. They sped on, turned deftly. The anchor fell with a splash. Behind them, the Lombardo dashed recklessly straight ahead, ran aground just off the mole. From both ships boats were lowered, raced to shore. Anxiously Mariotti watched those staff officers compelling the local boatmen to man their craft, come out to them. The Neapolitan ships were terribly near. Haste! Haste! The shore boats at last clustered around the Piemonte and the Lombardo. The disembarkation commenced.

Only when it was completed, when the Thousand were marching, company by company, from the mole up to the town, did the Neapolitan warships at last open a tardy fire.

At their head the splendid green-white-red flag embroidered for the hero by the Italian ladies of Valparaiso, the marching Thousand commenced the stirringly vehement strains of Garibaldi's Hymn, the war song of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* last year in Lombardy:

Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti,
I martiri nostri son tutti risorti!
Le spade nel pugno, gli allori alle chiome,
La fiamma ed il nome d'Italia sul cor!
Veniamo! Veniamo! su, O giovani schiere!
Su al vento per tutto le nostre bandiere!
Su tutti col ferro, su tutti col fuoco,
Su tutti col fuoco d'Italia nel cor!
Va fuora d'Italia, va fuora ch'e l'ora,
Va fuora d'Italia, va fuora, O stranier!

Marching with his men, most of them mere lads in workaday clothes, Mariotti sang it also—sang it with a catch in his throat, with tears irresistible in his eyes. Yes, it was indeed as though the tombs were opened—among those adolescents were graybeards who had lived through long living deaths in the dungeons of tyranny—as if their countless martyrs were resuscitated, leading them on, sword in grasp, the flame and the name of Italy in their hearts. They came! They came at last—the embattled youth of Italy, bidding the foreigner depart, for the hour of his going had struck!

It was noon of the fifteenth of May, the fifth day of their landing. The sun blazed with a furnace heat. Mariotti lay with his half company in the two battalions of the Thousand, facing down a slope to a little valley. Ahead of them, on a plateau of this bare mountainous country, were brilliantly uniformed masses of Neapolitan troops, barring the road to the hilltop town of Calatafimi, commanding the further road to Palermo. Away on the surrounding heights stood *squadre* of undisciplined Sicilian insurgents, prudently spectators rather than participants in this event. Down the farther side of the valley, to a cheerful tra-la-la of bugles, the Neapolitan light infantry advanced in skirmishing order, agile between the blue-gray cacti hedging the little fields on the terraced hillside. The Thousand were going to fight their first battle.

They remained prone, silent. Strict orders forbade them to fire. Their wretched muskets would be hopelessly outranged by the rifles of the Neapolitans, and ammunition was limited to ten cartridges a man. They must rely on their bayonets.

The dark-clad Neapolitan *Cacciatori* descended loosely into the valley, climbed a little way. There they halted, commenced to fire in reëchoing reports, in little puffs of white smoke. They had perceived, just above them, the skirmishing line of the Genoese carabineers, thirty-seven in all, amateur marksmen armed with rifled carbines that were their personal property. Presently the Genoese began to answer, in careful well-aimed shots.

Mariotti turned to glance at Garibaldi on the hilltop above them. He stood perfectly calm, his staff officers about him, waiting for the battle to develop itself. Peculiarly impressive was that confidence he always inspired. Mariotti felt more tolerant toward him since, at Marsala, he had proclaimed himself dictator of Sicily. That was a big step in the right direction. The Mazzinian Crispi, appointed Garibaldi's political secretary, had inspired the move, reassuring to all good republicans, though indeed the name of Vittorio Emmanuele had been coupled with it. It at least gave the revolutionary leader a potential freedom of future action. And before the end, who knew ——

He was aroused from that thought by a wild shout below him. The two leading companies of the Thousand had jumped to their feet, were rushing in a line downhill upon the Neapolitans. Those *Cacciatori* fled across the valley, scrambled uphill toward their main body, the volunteers at their heels. Then they turned, defending themselves furiously among the cacti, on the terraces of the slope. The battle had begun.

A moment or two later a staff officer galloped up to them. There was a sharp command. They jumped erect. He saw Garibaldi walking sedately down the hillside, his scabbarded sword over his shoulder, toward the fight now savagely in progress. Then a bugle sounded. He shouted the order to his half company. With strained, tense faces in line, his lads also marched steadily down toward the battle.

It was a battle where the Thousand, collected in little groups in the shelter of the terraces, dashed with the bayonet at the serried ranks of Neapolitans firing volleys down the slope, captured a terrace and recommenced ——

Nearly two hours that desperate deadly business had lasted, in a heat that parched the throat, that drained one of strength. The air was stifling with burnt gunpowder. He lay under a terrace, panting, exhausted. Only two or three of his own men now remained with him in the general disorganization. From the yet-unwon terraces above, the Neapolitan volleys came in violent crashes, in a murderous close whistling. The thunderous roar of the enemy cannon swallowed the puny banging of their own ancient artillery. It seemed impossible that they could win, a handful utterly spent as they were. He saw Garibaldi moving along the terrace, calm, reassuring, paternal, bidding these adolescents rest themselves for yet another of those fierce rushes he led indefatigably. Yet could they make another rush? Mariotti despaired of it, in a dreadful hopelessness. Nino Bixio, bravest of the brave, came scrambling up through the cacti on his white horse. His face was smoke-blackened, his kepi torn.

"General, I fear we ought to retreat!"

Garibaldi looked at him, smiled through his tawny beard, spoke with serene simplicity, audible amid the uproar, "Here we make Italy or die."

They had performed the impossible, had stormed yet other terraces, now lay exhausted under the topmost. Above them the Neapolitan fire was fiercer than ever, came in thunderclaps incessantly repeated. To peer over the terrace was death. The volunteers huddled in that protection, strengthless to move, gasping, desperate, their tongues swollen, their hands and clothes stained with blood. Garibaldi went still among them like a god majestically unperturbed.

"Rest awhile, my sons. Then one last effort, and we win!" What a leader he was! It was only his superhuman will which had brought them so far, only his calm fortitude which kept them where they were.

A stone came bounding over the top of the terrace, struck Garibaldi on the back. He turned, cried instantly, in an inspiration: "*Avanti*, lads! *Avanti!* They are throwing stones! Their ammunition is spent! *Avanti!*" He scrambled up the terrace, sword in hand. They followed him with croaking shouts, their bayonets flashing—to receive a volley from a level rank in front. But now—lifted into a strange fierce ecstasy by his clarion voice: "*Avanti! Avanti! Italia! Italia!*"—they could not, would not, stop.

As they rushed at the enemy, Mariotti saw a man fall in that devoted little band which moved always like a living shield around their general. He sprang to fill his place. The next instant the fight was hand to hand, a blur of murderously struggling men. He lunged and stabbed, his one obsession ever to keep his own body between the enemy and that hero without whom all was lost.

The blur cleared, he hardly knew how. He perceived suddenly that the Neapolitans were streaming away in panic, that they stood with only dead and wounded enemies around.

Garibaldi mopped his face with his big handkerchief. He looked at Mariotti, smiled.

"Thanks, comrade. But for you, that big fellow would have bayoneted me."

He saluted.

"General, we must preserve you for the republic!" He must know that his fidelity to the cause was still uncompromising, that he was not to be seduced into any lesser loyalty.

Garibaldi shrugged his shoulders, turned to give orders for the care of the wounded. They were too exhausted to pursue.

It was twelve days later, just before dawn of the twenty-seventh of May. All night they had scrambled down the precipitous path from the Pass of Gibilrossa, in the mountains to the east of Palermo. Now, in column of route, they marched along a dust road. Despite their fatigue, they were joyous. In those twelve days, Garibaldi had completely outmaneuvered the imbecile Neapolitans. At this moment the best of their commanders was pursuing what he believed to be a routed Garibaldi far away among the mountains to the south. Actually, by the last of a brilliant series of encircling marches, they were now approaching the capital, utterly ignorant of their proximity, from the side it least expected attack. If they could but get into the city by surprise, their seven hundred and fifty volunteers and three thousand Sicilian insurgents, aided by the inhabitants breathlessly expecting them, had—so it was alleged—a fighting chance against the twenty-thousand-odd regular troops which garrisoned it.

Mariotti's company marched just behind the Genoese carabineers, who again were

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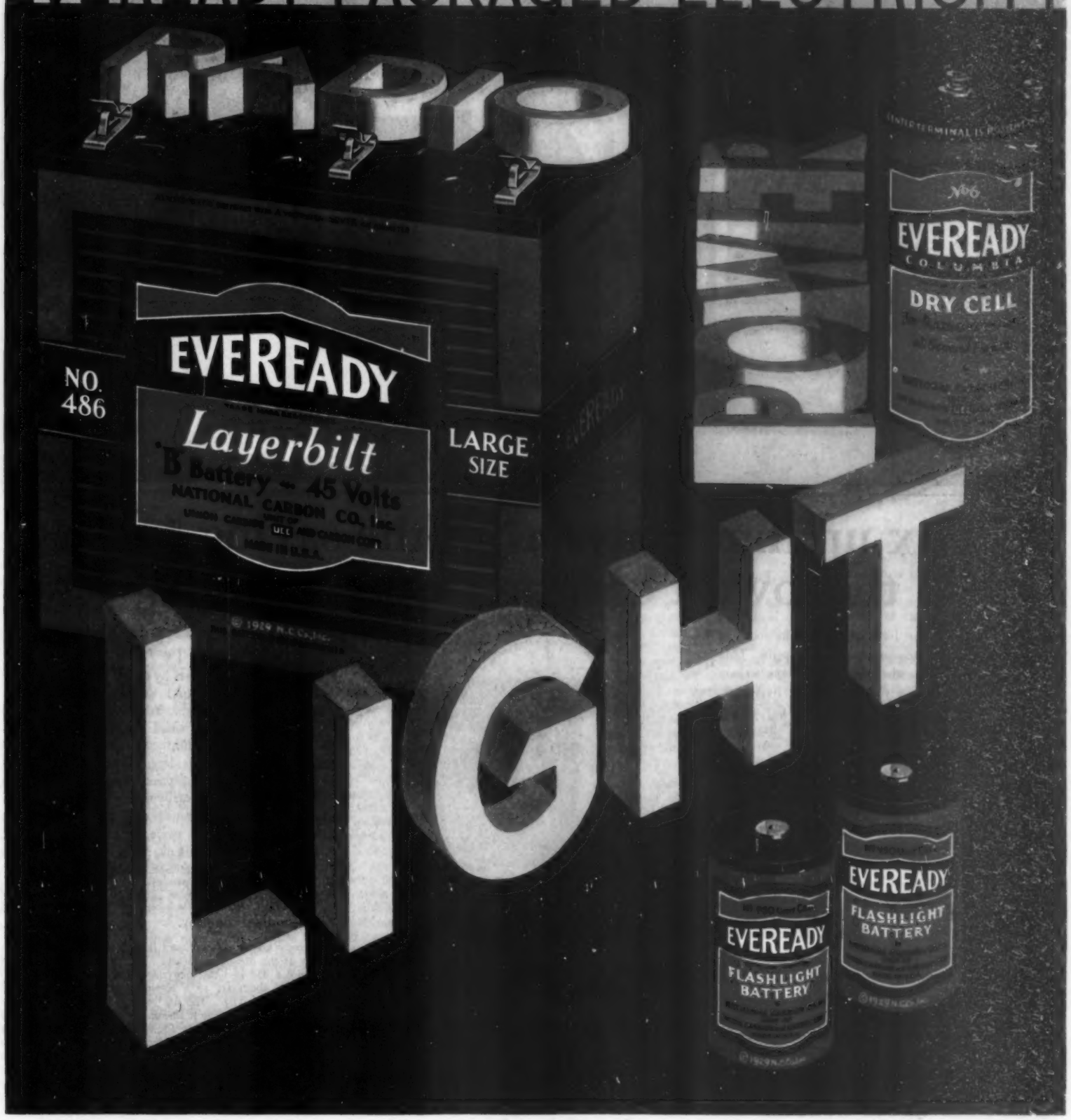
EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY



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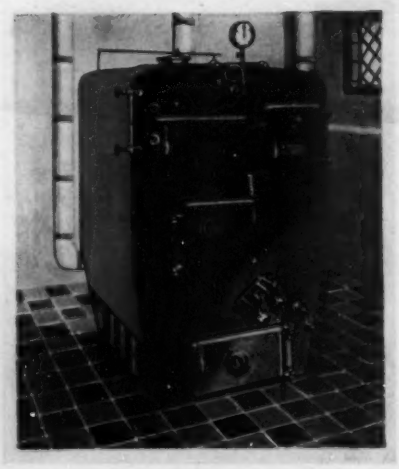
"Fix up the house" with the saving from the lowest cost heat you can buy

Most home owners must look ahead to make room in a crowded budget for seasonal bulges in expense. This year, when planning for the winter, give some serious thought to the heater in your basement. Replace it with a Spencer, and your new heater will pay all the cost of "fixing up the house for winter," besides a comfortable saving that you may keep.

This Spencer Magazine Feed Heater is really a remarkable invention. When it was created, thirty-three years ago, all boilers and furnaces were made with the flat grates dictated by years of tradition. These flat grates require large size fuels to meet technical requirements for draft and combustion. Since small size fuels need a thinner fire bed, and should be fed a little at a time to the fire, the Spencer was built to meet these requirements. Its grates are not flat, but sloped. Its fire is not fed by hand, but by gravity, that makes fuel roll down from the magazine.*

The result was not merely a heater that would burn low cost small size fuels—but a heater with automatic fuel feed that gave remarkable control of temperature to secure healthful uniformity. Early Spencer owners told their friends—and the Spencer grew. Even today more Spencers are sold upon the simple recommendation of other Spencer owners, than through any other source.

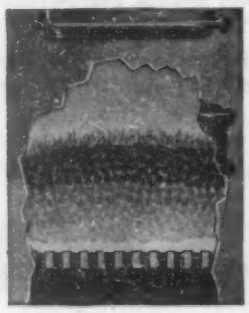


Illustrated is the Spencer Magazine Feed Heater for the home of average size. Spencer heaters for steam, vapor, or hot-water systems, are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

You can save heating costs by burning small size fuels in Spencer Heaters—No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite or small size by-product coke. You save all the difference in cost between these small fuels and large sizes. No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite for instance costs about half as much as large sizes—and you save all of this difference in price. In addition to this saving, you secure unusually uniform heat—day and night—with all the convenience of a heater that needs attention only once or twice in twenty-four hours. Write for the Spencer Book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains the Spencer operating principle in detail. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

* Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.

FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash – heater must again be refueled



FIRE BURNS UPHILL .. FUEL ROLLS DOWN ..

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
*The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine.**

(Continued from Page 42)

behind the Sicilians. The word passed that now close ahead, a mile outside Palermo, was a long bridge guarded by a Neapolitan force. They must surprise that outpost with the bayonet. Would they? A little way back some of the excitable Sicilians had blazed off their muskets. Had that given the alarm? Even as they asked themselves the question, there was a sudden livid flash in front, the crash of a volley, followed by another and another. Instantly the road ahead of them was empty. The Sicilians had scrambled over the garden walls which confined it. The musketry continued with increasing fierceness. There were shouts of incipient panic. He came galloping up, waving his felt hat, vociferated in a voice of thunder, a voice that could not but be obeyed: "*Avanti, Cacciatori! Avanti!* Into the town!" The next moment they were racing down the deserted road toward that bridge spitting fire. "*Viva Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*"

That bridge had been carried, and the next. They tore on toward the city. But the alarm had been given. At the entrance through the first line of houses a barricade was already crackling with musketry. To reach it they had to cross a wide boulevard. From the harbor a Neapolitan warship thundered in lurid flashes on their flank, sent shrieking grapeshot down that street of death. Nevertheless, they crossed it. But the barricade held, thrust them reeling back from it as they clambered and stabbed. He galloped up once more, reined his horse in front of it. "*Avanti! Avanti! Entrate nel centro!*" They must get into the city or be annihilated.

Suddenly irresistible in that presence, they stormed the obstacle, tore a gap through which his horse might pass. The Neapolitans had disappeared. Frenziedly, in a roar of exultant voices—"*Viva Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*"—they raced down a narrow street between balconied baroque palaces, arrived in the ancient market place called the Fiera Vecchia.

For a moment or two they seemed alone. Where were the Palermitans who should rise to assist them? A few windows began timidly to open. He sat on his horse, gave orders to the Thousand crowding up around him, sent them in little groups to arouse the inhabitants, to organize barricades.

Mariotti's squad followed the general through empty streets to the Piazza Bologni in the center of the city. Nino Bixio, his sword broken in half, streaming blood from a wound in his breast, ran up to them like a madman, calling for twenty men of good will to come and get themselves killed with him in an attack on the royal palace. "Come on! Come on! In two hours we shall all be dead!"

Garibaldi called the furious man back, issued quiet commands, dispersing his force to strategic points. Already the Palermitans were emerging from their houses, armed with what weapons they could improvise. Already the tocsins were clamoring, were being rung with hammers, since the Neapolitans had prudently removed all the bell clappers. Already began the fierce rattle of rifle fire. Already the cannon of the forts and of the royal palace were adding their thunders to those of the ships in the harbor. Already great shells were rumbling horribly through the air, were falling, to explode devastatingly.

A fearful struggle began all over the city. As Mariotti toiled in a mob of citizens frantically building up a barricade with the furniture flung out of adjacent windows, he wondered how many would survive till the morrow. Success would be a miracle.

It was June the seventh. Palermo was in ruins. But the miracle had happened. Mariotti stood with a group of redshirted Garibaldini—all had now been issued with this revolutionary uniform—watching regiment after regiment of Neapolitan troops marching to the camps where they would await embarkation. After three days of atrocious conflict the Neapolitan commander had asked for an armistice. That armistice had been prolonged into a capitulation. The Bourbons relinquished Palermo. It was incredible. Most of the Sicilian mountaineers had dispersed. At that moment the Thousand had but three hundred and ninety valid muskets and no ammunition. And more than twenty thousand regular troops were surrendering to them!

The city was in delirium. Every belfry in Palermo rang out its joy. The crowds cheered and raved in this despaired-of deliverance. "*Evviva Garibaldi! Evviva Italia!*" Many of them thought that this mysterious *Italia* they acclaimed was Garibaldi's wife. It mattered not. They were free! "Long live Garibaldi the dictator!"

When the last of those sullenly marching troops had passed, Mariotti turned with his companions toward the Palazzo Pretorio, where through all these bewildering days Garibaldi had worked and slept.

"I will go and find Crispi," he said. "It is now or never!"

All of them were uncompromising republicans of the pure faith. In anxious discussion they had decided that it was imperative that a clear declaration of policy should be extorted from Garibaldi. Already Cavour's agents were plastering the streets of Palermo with placards demanding immediate annexation to Piedmont. Garibaldi disavowed those placards, refused to countenance annexation, stubbornly maintained his ambiguous position as independent dictator of Sicily "on behalf of Vittorio Emmanuele." What was his real intention? Every Mazzinian in the Thousand was exasperatedly convinced that now or never was the time to proclaim the republic.

He shouldered his way through the enthusiastic crowd vociferating outside the Palazzo Pretorio, entered the building. As he went into the apartment where sat Crispi, political secretary to the dictatorship, the door from the adjoining room burst open. It was Garibaldi, his lionlike visage convulsed with fury, his blue eyes blazing. He did not see Mariotti, addressed Crispi.

"Imagine!" he thundered. "That scoundrel Cavour has dared to order me to arrest Mazzini when he arrives! Arrest Mazzini! Mazzini, the soul of Italy! He thinks me capable of that!" He crashed his great hand on the table. "*Domineddio!* The fool! He thinks he can annex Sicily and prevent our crossing to the mainland! He thinks he can make a Piedmontese revolution in Naples without us! He thinks he can use us as his tools, to be laid down when he thinks fit! He doesn't know with whom he has to deal! All the Cavours in the world will not stop us. We shall cross to the mainland, capture Naples, march on Rome! I promised Vittorio Emmanuele no piecemeal annexations. I promised him a united Italy! There shall be nothing less!"

Mariotti ventured to speak: "General, why not now proclaim the republic?"

Garibaldi swung round on him. His anger vanished.

"Ah, *caro Mariotti!* I was sending for you. I want you on my staff. Medici is bringing large reënforcements from Genoa. The force will be entirely reorganized. I need experienced officers—my veterans of Rome." He smiled, that irresistibly winning smile of his kindly nature, ever democratically careless of distinctions of rank. It was hard to withstand that charm.

Mariotti stiffened. "I am at your service, general. . . . And the republic?"

Garibaldi made a gesture of impatience. "*Amico mio,* I told you once that Vittorio Emmanuele has my word. Have you ever known me break it? Let us not chatter. We have yet to make Italy."

He bustled back to his own room, like a man overwhelmed with work.

Crispi looked up from his desk, smiled and nodded.

"Fear not," he whispered conspiratorially. "Mazzini is coming. All will be well!"

The miracle had continued, watched with amazement by an intensely excited world.

Mazzini, hiding in Genoa from Cavour's police, had not come. But the Mazzinians around Garibaldi were sustaining him in his resistance to Piedmontese annexation of Sicily, reaffirming him in his independent dictatorship. They boasted that, politically, this thunderbolt of war was but a child in their hands. At the proper moment they would see to it that he was committed to the republic. In the meantime they must avoid raising the issue, must keep united for the immensely formidable task yet ahead of them. The first enthusiasm over, it was clear to all that Palermo was but the beginning. They had yet to defeat the great Bourbon armies in Sicily, to cross to the mainland, to defeat other armies. Except England, all the powers of Europe were hostile to them. If they prematurely proclaimed the republic, Piedmont would cut off their supplies and reënforcements from Genoa, would assuredly join a general coalition to prevent their crossing the Strait of Messina. They must wait. *Pazienza! Pazienza!* All would yet be well.

So Mariotti consoled himself, helping to organize the new volunteers from North Italy, riding by the general's side in those wonderful days of intoxicating enthusiasm, of superhuman activity where his indefatigable energy created order out of chaos, drove them forward to unparalleled achievement, marvel upon marvel.

Never did he fail. On that scorching twentieth of July when five thousand Garibaldini fought desperately against the pick of the Bourbon troops amid the canebrakes of the coastal plain under the rock fortress of Milazzo, it was Garibaldi himself who rowed out to the little armed steamer which was his sole navy, brought her close inshore to cannonade the Bourbon flank, and turned the day. That victory gave them the whole of Sicily.

There followed those weary August weeks of encampment upon the burning sands of Charybdis, gazing across the Strait of Messina to the fortress rock of Scylla, while ever their numbers grew, until they were nearly twenty thousand. Yet how were they to cross in face of the powerful Bourbon navy patrolling the Strait? To all the world it looked impossible. But they never lost faith. They drilled ceaselessly on the sands, sang joyously the song of the volunteers that everyone was singing in 1860:

Addio, mia bell', addio.
L'armata se ne va;
Se non partesse anch' io
Sarebbe una viltà.

Somehow or other he would contrive it.

Contrive it he did. Feinting an embarkation at Charybdis, he sent two steamers entirely around the island, picked up thirty-three hundred and sixty Garibaldini at the other end of the Strait, sailed across in the night of August the eighteenth. At dawn of the nineteenth Mariotti stood with him on the Calabrian beach. On the twenty-first he carried his orders in that fierce street battle which gave them Reggio. That same day, profiting by the departure of the Bourbon ships, drawn off by Garibaldi's landing, another force of redshirts crossed from Charybdis, marched in a skillfully planned combined operation. On the twenty-third the panic-stricken Bourbon armies were surrendering or in retreat.

Like a wild, fantastic dream were the days that followed. The redshirt army strung out far behind him, Garibaldi and his personal staff raced along the road to Naples.

August twenty-ninth. With half a dozen other staff officers, Mariotti galloped hour after hour, endeavoring to keep up with him ever ahead on the high mountain road. Ten thousand troops—the last Bourbon army in Calabria—had escaped him. Only some three thousand Calabrian insurgents were in the vicinity, save a few Garibaldini marching night and day. What mattered it? His presence would surely be sufficient!

August thirtieth. A mountain valley, filled with Bourbon soldiers. At the head of two thousand Calabrians, picturesque in conical hats and beribboned breeches, backed with a hundred or so redshirts, he advanced upon that ten thousand. They surrendered at discretion, fled in a general disbandment. Discipline was inexorably strict, even among those few redshirts. By his orders, Mariotti commanded the firing party which shot two of them guilty of stealing a few handfuls of grapes.

September first. Mariotti was galloping after the open carriage into which Garibaldi had now changed. They heard that in distant Naples all was panic and confusion.

September fourth. They were resting in a squalid little tavern. An officer from the Garibaldian pro-dictator in Sicily had arrived with a dispatch begging Garibaldi to permit the immediate annexation of the island to Piedmont. He, Mariotti, stood in anguish as he saw him persuaded by the envoy's arguments, saw him sit down to write a letter giving his consent. He rushed into the next room, where was Bertani, organizer of the Thousand: "Quickly! Quickly, or the republic is lost!"

Bertani dashed out, snatched at Garibaldi's hand. "General, you are abdicating!" he cried. He pleaded with him, eloquently, earnestly, passionately. Let Cavour and Piedmont do what they would. Liberated Sicily, the liberated Neapolitan mainland, would provide all the men and money required. If he gave way, put himself under Piedmont, surely would he be compelled to renounce the march on Rome. Garibaldi sat thoughtful, impressed. Never would he give up Rome. He tore up the letter. Mariotti fell into Bertani's arms. The republic, if not yet saved, was at least reprieved!

Their headlong rush continued, the few staff officers ever galloping after Garibaldi's carriage. Every village, every one of the squalid towns, welcomed them with delirious joy, with brass bands, with banners, with deputations eager to orate. They tarried for none of them. On! On! Their nearest Garibaldini were only fifteen hundred, brought round by sea. It would take a fortnight to concentrate the revolutionary army. In front of them, around Naples, were forty-four thousand Bourbon troops. What mattered it? On! On! The Bourbon tyranny crumbled at the sight of them, at the mere rumor of their arrival.

September sixth. Mariotti rode behind the dictator's carriage as he entered Salerno, that had gone mad. The nearest Garibaldini were two days in rear. What mattered it? Francis II of the Two Sicilies had that day abandoned his capital, had fled to Gaeta.

September seventh. He was one of those crowded in the railway train which brought the liberator to Naples. Cavour's intrigues had failed. There had been no pro-Piedmontese revolution to forestall Garibaldi's coming. He, and he alone, brought deliverance.

The city was in a frenzy of enthusiasm which dwarfed all precedent enthusiasms to nothing. Its entire population seemed to have assembled. They burst all the barriers, swept away the ranks of the paraded national guard, swarmed around the hero as he descended from the train. The noise was deafening. They had to fight their way through that mob, which had gone insane with joy. Mariotti caught half glimpses of the general struggling in that human sea. Utterly unable to reach him, he saw him borne to an open carriage, overfilled with lucky redshirts near to it, saw it move off through the roaring mass, a man with a huge tricolor clinging to the back of the vehicle.

For three days Naples raved, until its crowds could no longer shout "*Unità!*"—could only hold up a single finger to signify its clamor for the united Italy to which it would henceforth belong.

A few days later Mariotti hastened through the crowded streets of Naples, still swirling with revolutionary excitement. An immense joy filled him. Mazzini was here! Mazzini was here!

He arrived at the house, was directed to a room already thronged with Mazzinians of the redshirt army. There—frail and white, more emaciated than ever since he

had shaved his beard to baffle Cavour's spies—stood the man who had given Italy her soul. He ran forward, caught that venerated hand, so thin and delicate, cried with a choking emotion:

"*Amico*—*amico*, you have come in time—you have come in time to save the republic!"

The *amico* embraced him, shook his head, spoke sadly: "It is all too late, *caro Mariotti*, I fear. They have made a tool of Garibaldi." He sighed. "He was never anything but a good muddle-headed soldier—incapable of an ideal."

"No, no, *amico!* You misjudge him." Filled with the unforgettable memories of these marvelous months, it was on his tongue to tell of his leader's genius and courage, of his strength and of his tenderness, of his noble simplicity of character, selflessly thinking always of Italy and only of Italy. It was on his tongue to say that no one could follow Garibaldi and not love him as no man was ever loved. Mazzini's face forbade him. It would have inflicted too much pain. He could only say: "*Amico*, Garibaldi is one of the greatest of men!"

Mazzini looked at him. His ascetic face twitched. He achieved a bitter smile.

"Do you also forsake me, *caro Mariotti?*"

The reproach was poignant, evoking all their long exile together, all their dreams. Who could forsake Mazzini?

"*Amico*," he said, "now you are come, I believe that Garibaldi will yet make the republic."

Even as he said it, there was a stir in the room. Someone important had entered. He turned. It was Garibaldi, still, as always, in his democratic red shirt, his loose gray trousers. Mariotti stepped back respectfully, left face to face those two makers of Italy who, from the defense of Rome, had never met but to quarrel.

It was Mazzini who broke the awkward silence. "General," he said, mastering his voice, "I salute the deliverer of Italy."

Garibaldi smiled, held out his hand.

"*Amico*," he replied simply, in a quiet deep-toned voice of unaffected sincerity, "I salute him who gave me an Italy to deliver." He drew the frail, prematurely aged patriot to one side. "I came to talk with you. We must understand each other."

Grouped discreetly at the farther end of the large room, the redshirts stood hushed, watching.

The conversation was inaudible. Visibly Mazzini—the eyes burning in that wan intellectual face, emaciated as though the spirit had consumed the flesh—pleaded with intense earnestness, with that moving eloquence which from exile had inspired two generations of Italians with his own sublime ideal. Garibaldi, bluffly huge by comparison, broad-shouldered in his red shirt, stood patiently listening, his tawnily bearded, lionlike visage grave, interjecting a few words from time to time.

Mariotti waited in an agony of suspense. Surely, the *amico*, at last appealing to the general face to face, speaking with what to all patriots was a quasi-divine authority, must win him from his heresy—from his perverse loyalty to King Vittorio Emmanuele? Surely, he could not resist—would, after all, declare for that republic which was the one thing that mattered in the world!

No. Garibaldi's expression hardened into that inflexible determination he knew so well. He shook his head. They could hear his final word.

"*Amico*, the republic divides us. The monarchy unites us. Would it were not so."

Mazzini's face was tragic. "Then it is not the republic?"

"*Amico*, I pledged my word to Vittorio Emmanuele that I would give him a united Italy. I shall proclaim him from the Capitol in Rome." His tone was curt. "*Addio, amico!*"

He turned and strode from the room.

Mazzini stood deathly white, stunned, quivering.

"I will go back to England," he said brokenly. "There is no place for me in this Italy."

His disciples crowded round him, consoling him, encouraging him. It was true as he said. Garibaldi was but a muddle-headed soldier, a child in politics. He was still determined to march on Rome. He did not see that meant certainly the breach with Piedmont, terrified of a war with France. If they could only keep him in that mind, could postpone the annexation of the Two Sicilies, could persuade him to continue his recalcitrant dictatorship of Sicily and of Naples—then yet the republic was possible!

Mazzini seemed scarcely to hear them. He took a deep breath, as though he meditated a last desperate possibility. He turned to his old fellow exile.

"Mariotti, if I bade you—if I bade all—all my friends to withdraw publicly from Garibaldi—to choose between us ——"

Mariotti looked at this saintly fanatic who had been the sublime inspiration of his life, whom he loved not less than he loved the general.

"*Amico*," he said slowly—and it was atrocious that he must say it—"I beg you do not force me—do not force any of us—ever to have to make that decision."

It was dreadful. Mazzini mastered himself in that finality.

"I understand." He tried to smile. "My work is finished. Yet will I remain so long as there is a chance—the smallest chance—of the republic."

It was October the thirteenth. On October the first, the Bourbon army from Capua had overwhelmingly attacked Garibaldi's positions on the Volturno, had been repulsed in desperate battle. Nevertheless, for the republicans that victory was still a disaster. Plainly, it was impossible for Garibaldi to march on Rome and leave sixty thousand enemies intrenched in his rear. The Piedmontese army was marching victoriously down the eastern side of Italy. The Volturno had demonstrated that its assistance was essential if the Bourbons were to be crushed in Capua and Gaeta. It meant, implacably, that Garibaldi's independent dictatorship of the Two Sicilies must end. Only the manner of that relinquishment remained to be decided.

There were two possibilities. A representative assembly might be elected, to declare the desire of Naples and Sicily. Or a plebiscite might be called on the yes or no for immediate annexation to Piedmont. The Mazzinians, defending to the end the last faint chance of the republic, fought desperately for the assembly. Those elections must take months—during which time anything might happen. A plebiscite would irrevocably settle the matter in a few days, and the answer was certain. The Neapolitans were clamoring for that union with Piedmont which alone would guarantee that their tyrants would not return. Once annexation was decreed, the Garibaldian army would automatically pass under the authority of Piedmont. Forever would vanish its chance independently to capture Rome, to free Venetia, still held by the Austrians. Forever would vanish the chance of proclaiming the republic.

Among the Garibaldians the struggle between the partisans of these two policies had been fierce. Two days ago, Garibaldi, won over by the Mazzinians, had decided for the elected assembly. Immediately the veteran patriot Pallavicino, his predictator of the Neapolitan mainland, had resigned. Naples had been paraded by roaring mobs, shrieking, "Death to Mazzini! Death to Crispi! Annexation! Annexation! Plebiscite! Plebiscite!"

That tumult was still going on as, in a room of the Palazzo d'Angri, the Garibaldian chiefs met in council. Crispi, still Garibaldi's political secretary, had summoned all the chief Mazzinians to support him. Mariotti was there also. He looked toward Garibaldi, gloomily silent at the end of the table, while Pallavicino and Crispi quarreled virulently. The old war chief looked pitifully distressed. Mariotti's heart bled for him. Were these internecine brawls to be the squalid end of their glorious adventure?

White-bearded old Pallavicino shook his fist in Crispi's face.

"I demand the immediate plebiscite!" he cried. "I demand the immediate unity of Italy while it is possible!"

"You mean you demand the shameful renunciation of Rome and Venice!" the fanatical young secretary cried back to him. "I will die first!"

"Comrades! Comrades!" appealed Garibaldi pathetically. "Let us not quarrel."

The Hungarian chief of staff, Türr, rose, threw on the table a bulky document.

"General," he said respectfully, "you have always said the will of the people must prevail. I beg you to look at this document."

Garibaldi took it.

"What is it, Türr?"

"General, it is the petition of thousands of Neapolitans for the immediate plebiscite."

Garibaldi looked at it, scanned its thousands of signatures. His eyes filled with tears. It was true, as Crispi said. The plebiscite meant the renunciation of Rome—of that Eternal City which, years before, he had defended against a foreign despot, which it had been the dream of his life to make the capital of a united Italy. Yet could he resist the manifest will of this people he had liberated? He bowed his head over the document, hid his face in his hands.

Mariotti watched him in a sympathetic agony of spirit, while all sat tensely silent. To him also, all that they had fought for was at stake in that decision.

The chief lifted his head. All the anguish had gone from his lionlike face. He smiled as only he could smile—sweetly, tenderly, in gentle resignation.

"You are right, comrade," he said to Türr. "All my life I have been a republican. The will of the people must prevail. If this is the desire of the Neapolitan people, it must be satisfied."

To Mariotti, it was like a sentence of death.

It was October the twenty-sixth, a damp, misty morning. Mariotti stood by his horse in the group of staff officers attending their chief. Garibaldi had tied a colored handkerchief over his head and under his chin, his pill-box military cap perched on top of it. His old South American poncho hid his red shirt.

Along the road in front of them passed regiment after regiment of splendidly uniformed Piedmontese troops. Few deigned to salute this shabby group. One might have thought these in martial magnificence were the liberators, and the war-worn redshirts the liberated. Suddenly they heard the quick joyous strains of the Piedmontese Royal March. The King was approaching—the King to whom these revolutionaries were giving a kingdom.

They sprang into their saddles, rode forward. An immensely mustachioed officer came prancing on an Arab toward them. Garibaldi plucked off his pill-box cap, leaving the handkerchief grotesquely in place. "*Saluto il primo Re d'Italia!*" he cried.

The King reached forward from his horse, grasped the revolutionary leader's hand, held it in that simple affection of man to man which long ago had won the redshirt's allegiance.

"How are you, dear Garibaldi?"

"*Bene, Maestà, e Lei?*"

"*Benone!*"

The two turned their horses to ride on side by side. Behind them, the redshirts rode, mingling with the royal staff. Those medal-decked professionals scarcely troubled to be polite to these plebeian and unorthodox soldiers who had broken all the rules, were stiffly condescending.

After some little distance Garibaldi saluted the King, swerved his horse down a side road. His followers walked their horses behind him in melancholy silence. It was all over.

It was indeed over. Garibaldi turned his head to them, and they saw that his blue eyes were brimming with tears.

"Friends," he said—and he had to reaffirm his voice—"the King tells me the Piedmontese army will finish the campaign. They need us no more. They have sent us to the rear."

It was the last dark hour before the dawn of November the ninth. Mariotti stood with a little band of redshirts on the deck of the Washington, in the port of Naples. Garibaldi was saying his farewells to them who had sat and talked with him all night in his hotel bedroom. In those intervening bitter days when the Garibaldini had been publicly slighted on every possible occasion by the jealous officialdom of Piedmont, he had refused all the lavish gifts pressed on him by a King who was at least personally grateful. All he would take with him was a bag of seed corn he would sow with his own hands on that barren little island of Caprera, whither he returned.

Yesterday he had made his last proclamation, had loyally called on all Italians to rally round Vittorio Emmanuele—the *Re Galantuomo*—to be ready a million strong next spring to follow him to the liberation of Rome and Venice. Now, as he embraced them one by one in the light of the lantern hanging from the ship's rigging, he repeated that tryst:

"We will meet again in Rome! We will meet again in Rome!" Would they? He himself hardly seemed to believe it, so wistfully sad was he. They could scarcely speak.

It was Mariotti's turn.

"*Addio, caro Mariotti!*" The lionlike face smiled at him, tenderly, tenderly. "Whatever else, remember that we have made Italy."

He could not resist the bitterness of regret in his heart.

"Yes, general, but we have lost the republic!"

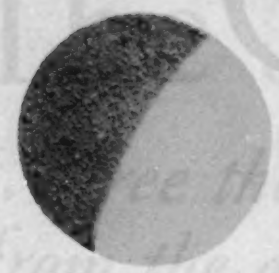
The chief sighed, shook his head. "Would that the republic had been possible, comrade!"

They went down the ship's side to their boat. He leaned over the bulwark to them. "*Addio! Addio!* We meet in Rome!" His voice choked with affection for them all, as theirs choked also. The boat pulled away. Their last diminishing sight of him was of his face under the lantern, looking at them with an intense love.

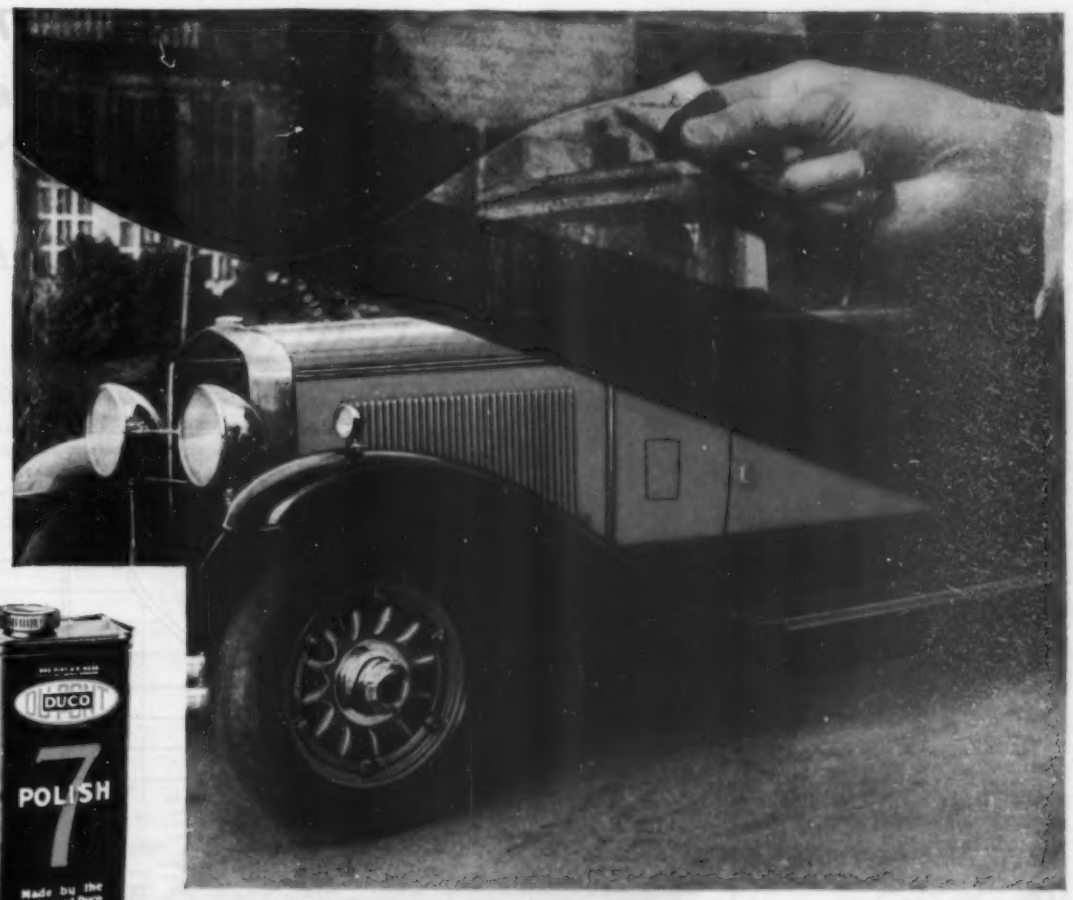
On the quay, Mariotti remained standing after his comrades had gone. He stared out to the lights of the Washington, now moving through the shipping of the port. It was all over. The great adventure was finished. They had made Italy indeed, but it was not his Italy, it was not an Italy in which he, the old republican conspirator, could live. The republic was lost forever. Even though, next year, Garibaldi marched on Rome, that capital could never be the ideal capital of which he and Mazzini had dreamed. The era of ideals was finished. They had made Italy, to hand her over to the jackal politicians of royalty. He shuddered. Where should he go? Could he live again in dreary exile, as Mazzini was going to live—this time with no hope, with nothing in the world to live for? For so many years, the cause had been as wife and child to him, had been food and drink, had been the reason for his every breath. And now the cause no longer existed. Strange that he should so love the man who had destroyed it!

He took a revolver from his pocket, fingered it. This had been his resolve for many days. He had but waited until the general should depart. He lifted the muzzle to his head, cried, ringingly, "*Evviva Garibaldi!*"—pulled the trigger.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in the issue of August thirtieth.



✱ TRAFFIC FILM is an accumulation of oily, sticky particles of dust and grime which are constantly settling on your car. These particles are baked together by the sun and the heat, forming a hard, dull film that hides the lustre of the finish. Soap and water won't remove it. No. 7 Duco Polish will. Here is a small section of the surface of an average car, magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with TRAFFIC FILM. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish. Note the difference.



Use the polish that skilled du Pont chemists developed to remove TRAFFIC FILM—No. 7 Duco Polish

IT'S not enough to use just any polish on your car, when you're trying to remove TRAFFIC FILM.* Use No. 7 Duco Polish.

Because, when you do that, you are using a polish scientifically developed to remove TRAFFIC FILM* from Duco finish by the du Pont chemists who *created* Duco. The superiority of No. 7 Duco Polish is due to their special knowledge of Duco.

No. 7 Duco Polish—non-acid and free from harsh abrasives—is recommended by leading motor car makers. Just rub No. 7 Duco Polish on the finish of your car. It softens the film, loosens the dirt, ousts the grime. Then wipe it off. You will be amazed to see how easily it restores the original lustre.

You'll find No. 7 Duco Polish at good dealers' everywhere. Ask your garage or polishing station to use it on your car. If you would like a sample of No. 7 Duco Polish, as well as No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream and No. 7 Auto Top Finish, fill out the coupon on this page.

Send For Sample Beauty Kit

Send us the coupon on the right (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we'll send you the following: 1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing), 1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 SUPER-LUSTRE CREAM (enough for the hood), 1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for a spare tire).

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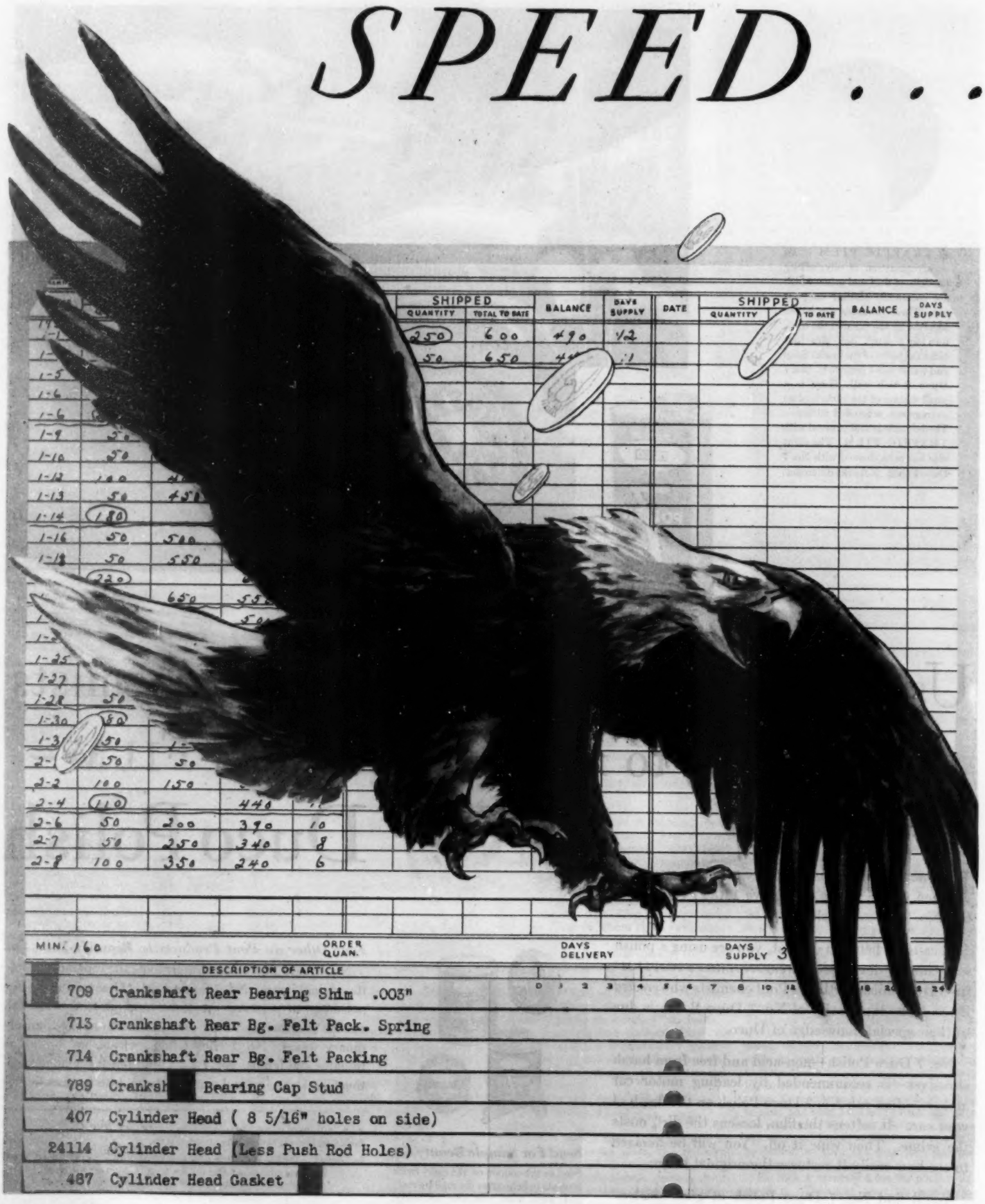

Running Low . . . re-order Moving Slow . . . watch Going Fast . . . watch Item on Order . . .

Shipment en route Dangerous Item . . . consult manager before re-ordering . . .

The Secret of Turnover

. . . free the EAGLE *on the dollar from the drag of sluggish goods*

You take a dollar out of the bank and invest it in merchandise. If that dollar's worth of merchandise is wisely selected, it promptly zooms out of your stock-bins into a customer's hands. And presently back flies your original dollar . . . ready to purchase another dollar's worth of goods . . . but . . . VERY important! . . . carrying a substantial profit with it.

This is called "turnover." And with that same flying dollar you may have three, five or ten "turnovers" a year . . . with three, five or ten new profits . . . if you invest it continuously in *wanted* merchandise!

But how slowly your dollar makes this trip . . . when it gets tangled up with sluggish goods!

With merchandise that dawdles on your stock shelves until it loses its bloom of style. Merchandise that eats its head off in warehouse and overhead charges. Merchandise that ages and withers until it has to be sold for a song.

In these days of declining commodity prices, when buying is rarely more than a step ahead of current needs, it is imperative that turnover, on every item, be spurred into a burst of speed. It is imperative that turnover on every item be watched from day to day, and spurred into activity.

At no time in the past 10 years has a sensitive "stock control" been more essential. Overstocks mean slow turnover, waste, loss through inability to buy advantageously. A recent government survey of fourteen industries disclosed a loss of nearly half a billion dollars, through stagnant inventories. Yet, being "out of stock" may be just as expensive as being over-stocked when you figure in lost sales, lost prestige, reputation for slow service.

Systems Tailored to a Business!

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And this is the difference in Remington Rand service. You may need a loose-leaf record. Or you may need a card-system. Or perhaps the complexities of your inventory call for a Kardex Visible installation that will flash to your eyes graphic item-by-item VISUALIZATION of "what's what" in a stock of tens of thousands of items. Or even a comprehensive mechanical stock control, such as some of the great chain stores have installed.

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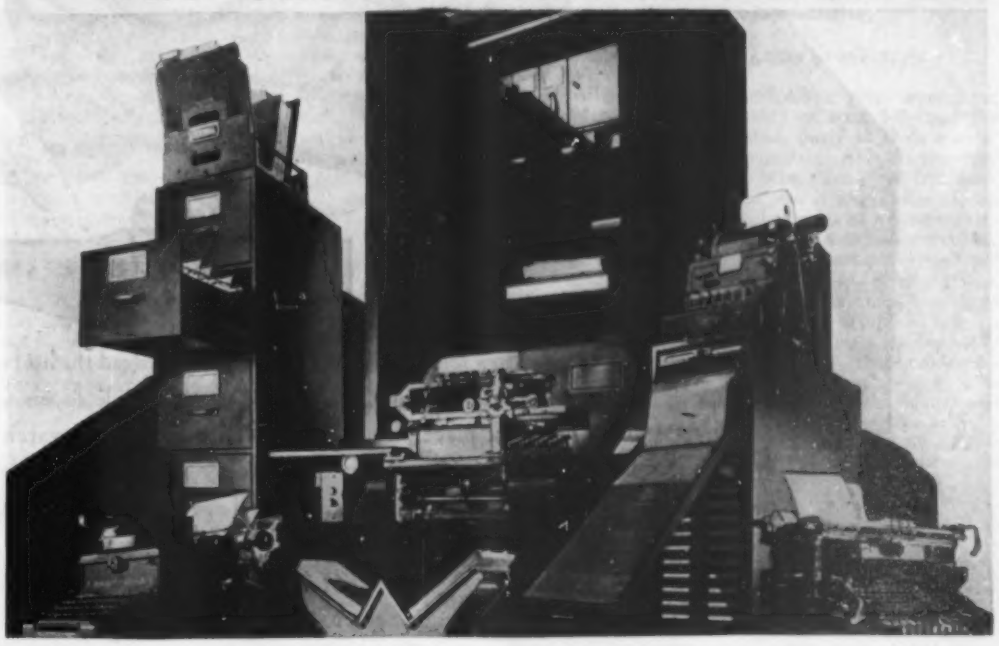
What does this Versatile Service offer you?

BUT Remington Rand service ranges far beyond stock control. Now the business that requires it, can have the help of the best-informed men in America in modernizing its methods. In developing new, fast, simple, accurate systems and records that will give the executives the bird's-eye view of sales, stock, distribution, production that they must have to speed up turnover . . . and profits.

The Remington Rand man is no "special pleader" for any one type of system or machine. He offers the best in *all* types. Plus the knowledge of *which* is best for *your* needs. And how it can be easily adapted to your other records without interference to daily routine. Phone . . . or write *for a Remington Rand Man.*

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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Crosses Indicate "Timken Bearing Equipped" Points

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X		X
Austin		X	X			X
Cadillac	All				X	X
Chrysler	66, 70, 77	X	X	X		X
	Imperial	X				X
Cord	All	X	X		X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X		X
DeSoto	6	X	X	X		X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
Dodge	6	X	X	X		X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
DuPont		X	X	X		X
Durant	614	X	X	X	X	X
	617	X	X	X	X	X
Elcar	75	X	X	X		X
	95, 96, 120	X	X			X
Essex	All	X	X	X		X
Ford	All	X		X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X		X
Graham	Standard Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Special Six	X	X			X
	Eight	X	X		X	X
Hudson	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	X	X		X

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	73 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
Kleiber	All	X	X	X		X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Locomobile	86 & 88	X	X			X
Marmon	69	X				X
	79 & H	X	X			X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Std. 6	X	X	X	X	X
Overland	8	X	X	X	X	X
	All	X	X		X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X			X
	A	X				X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X		X
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X		X	X
	15	X	X			X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X		X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys-Knight	All	X	X	X	X	X
Windsor	All	X	X	X		X

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

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LILIES

Notes Compiled From Unpublished Manuscripts of Luther Burbank, Edited by Wilbur Hail

LILIES "toil not, neither do they spin . . . yet . . . Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

I have often noticed the fact, overlooked by some, that the Scriptural writer did not say Solomon could not rival lilies in the splendor of his costumes; he could not even rival any one of them! And that is true. The lily is one of our most magnificent flowers, yet often neglected and omitted from our gardens.

Seeking an explanation, I have come to the conclusion that it lies in the fact that lilies are so subject to attack by fungous growths and by insects that garden lovers despair of having success with them. With one or two exceptions—such as *Lilium brownii*—the lily has so long been fighting for the life of its bulb that the latter has acquired a very bitter principle; but even this does not seem sufficiently developed, as yet, at least, to make any of the lilies entirely immune from the inroads of thrips, eelworms, millepedes, and the like.

Burbank Hybrid Lilies Grown From Wild-Lily Crosses in the Burbank Gardens, Santa Rosa, California

Therefore the garden lover who wants to grow lilies must come to their aid by preparing his soil properly. This, I have discovered, is about the only assistance you can give, but it will be found to be effective provided it is attended to intelligently and a constant warfare carried on.

Lilies are easy to cross, in many cases, but whether you are growing hybrids or fixed varieties, you will get great satisfaction and more interesting results if you grow your own lily bulbs from seed. In these gardens, lily seeds are always planted in shallow redwood boxes eighteen by eighteen and four and a half inches deep, with the bottom boards slatted for drainage. In the bottom put half an inch of clean, coarse gravel, then a compost made of 90 per cent clean, rather fine river sand, 8 per cent pulverized and ground sphagnum moss or, better, pulverized peat, and 2 per cent bone meal with a little sprinkling of wood ashes, a handful to the flat.

If your boxes have been used before, boil them from two to five minutes to kill any insect eggs or life or fungus; then give them a thorough sunning. Now put in the gravel and about two and a half inches of the compost, pressed down level. Sow your lily seed thickly—that is, about four or five seeds to the square inch. Cover the seeds with an eighth inch of moss, a slight quarter inch of the compost and a surface protection of gravel the size of BB shot or smaller. This answers two purposes: It keeps down mold and mildew, and, more important, it prevents the compost from washing aside when watering.

Guarding the Seedlings

The flats are now placed in the greenhouse or indoors where the temperature is fairly even, and in from six to eight weeks the young lilies will begin to sprout up thickly. Along toward June they will have become two or three inches high; now it is time to remove them to open beds, if the weather is warm, or to a hotbed, if your climate is still rigorous. My plan in removing the lilies is to prepare a nice sandy bed for them, wet the flats thoroughly, let them drain awhile, hit them sharply against a bench or wall, then jerk the box out from under them by a quick up-down-and-away motion, letting the mat of moss and bulbs fall to the prepared bed.

Here I must remind you of the fight against underground pests again; the bed for the lily seedlings must be either new, fresh ground, never used for planting before, or else it must be prepared as your lily beds are, which we will come to in a moment. The tiny bulblets at this stage are inviting morsels for worms, and you do not want to have them nibbled now.

Each flat of lily seedlings will fall in a square mat; if you have several you should fill spaces left between them with rich soil—new and free from worms, and so on—which will preserve the moisture and supply additional nourishment. The latter may be augmented also with the use of liquid manure, which I make by putting into a bucket a couple of quarts of chicken or sheep manure, filling the bucket with water, letting this stand overnight or longer and then sprinkling my plants or beds with the mixture, straining it if too much coarse straw, and so on, is mixed in. Do not give them too much of this medicine—a dose twice a month will be plenty.

Lilies are lovers of shade or partial shade, but here is a secret about growing your bulbs from seed: Give the seedling plants all the sun they will stand and you will get large, compact, healthy bulbs. By all they will stand I mean that they must be protected from actual wilting or drooping; usually a shade of slats an inch wide and placed an inch apart above your seedling bed will be a good practice. This is for the heat of summer; most of the time they may thrive nicely in full sun.

Now, when the leaves on your seedlings die down, the lily bulbs must be removed from their outdoor bed; in warm climates, such as California and the South, they can be immediately planted in the garden; in other climates they may be well kept in dry sand for the winter, in some protected place where they will not get cold. Dryness is important for them when they are dormant; if they are planted now, or when they are planted in the spring, they must be put into a place where no water stands around the bulb.

We will now consider the matter of the ground into which your lily bulbs must go, whether you have raised your own or bought them. I repeat that they require new, clean soil, free from such old insects or eggs or larvæ or disease germs as may be present from past activities—for all cultivated soils are more or less tainted or infected. Stable manure or the like must not be used near them, yet these fertilizing agents contain exactly the properties lilies require for best results. So we look for a method of getting the good out of such fertilizer and eliminating the danger of its use, and we light on the following device, used in my gardens for many years with success:

Take out the soil of your garden bed to a depth of at least a foot, put in the fertilizer mixed with soil, then cover from five to twelve inches deep with new, fresh soil. This soil can be had anywhere where cultivation has not been practiced, though the ideal soil comes from some woodlot or hillside or river brink where there is leaf mold or natural humus in it. When you plant the lily bulbs in this garden they do not touch the fertilizer, but their roots will strike down and receive the nourishment required for vigorous growth and splendid blossoms. And as more fertilization is needed, buy a commercial brand and never run the risk of using stable manure or the like. Nearly all lilies enjoy shade during midday; I think sun that is too hot is their worst enemy, next to insects, and in fact I have no doubt that one of the great causes of failures in our lilies is that they are weakened by drought and hot sun, and so fall easier prey to the worms and fungus. As for water, you will find that lilies do best in soil where their roots can reach moist soil; therefore you must be sure that your irrigation goes deep and never be content with mere surface watering.

The Lilies of the Field

The lily includes a great number of species—probably at least 300—and the distinct varieties, many of them named, are almost innumerable. Also, the variation among the varieties, when grown from seed, is infinite, and that is why I urge garden lovers, especially those with a little hankering to experiment, to raise their own bulbs. At one time on my Sebastopol farms I had fully 500,000 distinct kinds of hybrid lilies.

One of my first interests on coming to California was in lilies, of which I found a prodigal variety in the fields and especially in the mountains. From them I produced a dozen or twenty lilies that are now to be found in any well-equipped nursery and that are grown all over the world. The *Lilium pardalinum*—the tiger lily—attracted me because of its healthy habit of growth, its startling beauty and the tendency it showed to vary, and on it I crossed all the other Pacific Coast wild lilies and hundreds from all around the globe that I bought or that were sent me by friends—though I never met them—who heard that I was beginning to work with these dignified and graceful flowers.

Pollinated Blooms Protected From Birds and Insects With Bags

The *parryi*, or lemon lily, the *parvum*, or Sierra lily, and Humboldt all gave me fruitful results in this hybridizing. Perhaps the handsomest combination was that of *L. humboldtii* on *L. parryi*, as the Humboldt has a very large, bold, thick petal, is fragrant and of compact growth, and has large, distinct spots, while the *parryi*, a clear, buttercup yellow with small spots or none at all, added a tinge of yellow indescribably beautiful. When I had spent

(Continued on Page 150)

NO MORE TOMATOES

(Continued from Page 11)

She told me a lot of stories about Hollywood and the celebs. She gave me the address of a rooming house where I can get a room for a dollar a day. She said everybody eats in cafeterias. She said business is kind of dull right now, but that if I don't have luck putting the novelty barnyard imitations across, she might get me on the Exclusive reproduction crew, as the reproduction crews are made up of expert radio installation and repair men, and she gave me her phone number in case I get lonely. There is one telephone number that is going to collect dust. Any time I need a tomato to get me a job I will starve first.

I will have to sign off. That sour-looking guy just had the nerve to ask me how much I wanted for a quit-claim deed to this writing desk after I finish writing my novel. He ought to know all about deeds, as he probably lost his shirt in a real-estate flop!

We will hit Los Angeles tomorrow morning, and I can hardly wait to get started, as everybody says it is fascinating work, and there will be a wonderful future for my novelty barnyard imitations, as the talkies are only in their infancy.

Say hello to the gang. Yrs. to a cinder,

LES.

HOLLYWOOD, May 31, 1930.

DEAR OLD SOCKS: Well, here I am in a hall bedroom with a window so small I nearly dislocate my hips every time I try to look down at the garbage cans and old grocery crates. There is a load to tell you, but first of all, if you ever come to Hollywood looking for a job, check your optimism somewhere before you start, and second, don't take any stock in what any tomato you meet on a train tells you.

If I wasn't so hard-boiled and absolutely immune, I might have got quite a blow out of what happened when the train pulled into L. A. These tomatoes are all cut out of the same piece of cheesecloth. They make you think you are the only guy they ever met, and when they get off the train a big gorilla rushes up and they each act like a wolf that has just met a hamburg sandwich, flinging their arms around each other, and so on. The whole incident handed me quite a laugh.

Everything that tomato told me is boloney. For instance, she said business is pretty dull. I will give you the lowdown. Business is lousy. The explanation they give is that since the movies went talkie they turn out less pictures which cost much more than formerly and make bigger profits. But the less pictures they make, the fewer people they need. It sounds like boloney to me, but there are certainly plenty of moving-picture people walking the streets. I will have to say this for them—they don't act downhearted. They act as if a good break is waiting for them just around the corner. If I have heard this conversation once, I have heard it a hundred times. A couple of guys meet and this is what they say:

"Well, well, Bill! H'ya?"

"Just fine, Harry; just great!"

"How's everything, Bill?"

"Just wonderful, Harry; just marvelous."

"Working?"

"Not yet."

What I can't figure out is where the "Just wonderful, just marvelous" stuff comes in. I have been to every casting office in Southern California, but the reports I get are kind of discouraging. They would only listen to my novelty barnyard imitations in one office. I gave them the first and second groups, and then the fellow in charge said that every hick town in America has a cat that can swim and that people think it is unique and ought to be sent to Hollywood, while, as a matter of fact, there are cats in Hollywood that can not only swim but can smoke, swear and play the steel guitar. I asked him what that had to do with my novelty barnyard imitations, and he said to work it out for myself. He was one of these fresh, sarcastic guys, and if there is anything I hate, it is sarcasm. Why can't they talk to you straight from the chest?

I have been busy looking into other possibilities. I have applied for a job as electrician on the sound crew of every studio in Southern California, and they are all full up. A few of them said to come back in a month and there might be something, but my money is getting kind of low. You can spend a fortune on street cars and busses, and these studios don't think anything of being ten miles apart.

That tomato I met on the train has been calling me up every night and bothering the life out of me, asking when I am going to come out and see her and have a talk, but I haven't time for her or for any other tomato.

The last couple of days I got kind of discouraged and have been paging the radio stores, just for something to do until a good opening turns up. I must have paged thirty of them, but right now expert radio installation and repair men seem to be a glut on the market.

I get kind of lonely nights. They say a guy can hitch hike most of the way to New York. A bum I met in a park told me always to bum rides from workingmen, never from the white-collar class, because a laboring man has been there himself and knows how it feels.

My name is on file with all the casting directors, and I am going to bed early every night and drinking nothing but milk to keep my throat smooth.

Tell the gang that everything is great and that I am expecting a wonderful opening shortly. Your old pal,

LES.

HOLLYWOOD, June 12, 1930.

DEAR OLD HORSE FEATHERS: You may have gathered in my last letter that I was feeling kind of low. It is certainly funny how low you can feel until you get acclimated to a new place.

So you want to know what happened to that tomato I met on the train. Well, I will tell you what happened. She kept calling me up night after night until I got to dread the sound of the phone. As a matter of fact, my money had been getting kind of low, and one night she called up and said, "How are you?" I said I was just great. She wanted to know how things were breaking, and I said just dandy. Then she said, "Are you working?" and I said, "Not yet."

She asked me when had I eaten a good square meal, and I told her I had been eating good square meals three times a day, and she said, "You're a liar. You come up to my apartment this minute and help me eat this steak I am just getting ready to cook."

If I had had anything else to do I would have simply ignored her, but I happened to be free that evening and I thought it might be fun to go up and kid her. So I mowed the alfalfa, got into a clean shirt and put on the extra pair of pants I had been pressing under the mattress, and went on up. She lives in one of these Spanish-style apartments and has it all fixed up very cozy and homelike.

When she opened the door she had on a blue gingham apron and her eyes were bright and she was all rosy from being over the stove. Some guys fall for tomatoes when they see them pink-cheeked and bright-eyed from being over a stove, but I wouldn't fall for a tomato in a blue apron and all rosy from being over a stove, even if she was Helen of Troy.

She pulled me inside and said, "Come on out in the kitchen, handsome, and stir the cream and butter into the mashed potatoes while I am seeing to this steak. We will have to make it a little bit snappy, because the boy friend is coming at 8:30 to take me to the whippet races."

I sort of laughed and said, "You mean that punk who met you at the station the other morning?"

She looked me square in the eye. "Don't you like him?"

So I kidded along and said, "If he was my boy friend I would knock him for a row of Egyptian ash cans."

"Why?"

"Maybe I don't see him the way you do. Has that gorilla got any jewelry on you?"

"Not yet," she said. "Why?"

"Do you think he is God's gift to women?" I said.

"Why?"

Believe me, no tomato is going to make me commit myself to anything, even when we are kidding, so I said, "I thought maybe you were wearing pink spectacles when you looked at him."

She said, "Lester, if I had not been analyzing human character for years I would never suspect you of being much fonder of me than you are pretending."

I asked her if she would take a chaser after her banana oil.

"Let's face the facts," she said. "You are simply goofy about me, but won't admit it. My knowledge of human character tells me so."

I told her her knowledge of human character was handing her a load of prune whip.

She looked at me with those big blue eyes and said: "Darling, I am not denying that you are manly and masterful. You look and act like a million dollars. But I have a case of Hollywood case-hardening. You may be this and that and these and those, but you have to show this girl that you are mighty dependable."

I kept a straight face and said, "Is a Liberty Bond dependable?"

"The only difference between you and a million dollars in Liberty Bonds," she said, "is that the bonds yield thirty-five thousand a year. Any time you are in that class, drop in for meals regularly."

I laughed and asked her if I really got over as hot as all that.

"A wise girl," she said, "knows when to say enough. Beautiful friendships have gone boom because somebody was too proud to do a little encouraging."

"Hooray," I told her. "Watch my dust! Listen to my steam! Smell my smoke! Look out, Hollywood, here I come!"

Laramie said, "Lester, seriously, if you should ever happen to fall in love with some attractive, worthwhile girl out here in Hollywood, do you realize you could marry her on a small salary, because all the girls keep on working after they marry? It's the custom here."

I asked her if it was just an old Spanish custom.

"Lester," she said, "I know how proud you are, and it will make you furious, but I have put a bug in Mr. Lumberg's ear. I told him how clever you are on your novelty barnyard imitations and I suggested that he ought to put you under contract, because who knows when they will need an imitation in a hurry, of a hen laying an egg or a barn door that needs oiling? Would you consider a contract with Exclusive?"

Her next words took me absolutely by surprise. I was standing there with my hands in my pockets, looking at her, when she grabbed up the potato masher. Believe it or not, I hadn't moved off the same square foot of floor space for the past fifteen minutes.

"Aren't you being a little previous?" she said.

"Previous to what?" I wanted to know.

"I give you an ounce of encouragement," she flared, "and you sprout ten tons of self-confidence. I will be quite frank with you. Keep away or I will hit you with this potato masher."

All I could do was gape at her. I hadn't made a move.

"I thought I had told you delicately," she said, "that I am practically in love with a wonderful man and may marry him. I merely hinted that competition is free and you are welcome as a contestant if you obey the rules. Don't try to take advantage of a helpless, innocent girl or I will crown you."

I am quoting the entire conversation, word for word, just to give you some idea of how different she is than the rank and file of tomatoes.

She put the potato masher down and we went ahead and had dinner. In all my life I never met a steak as brown, as juicy or as flavory as that one. You didn't have to cut it. You just laid the edge of your knife on it anywhere and the knife fell through to the plate. The mashed potatoes were fluffier than a drug-store blonde. The asparagus was as tender as a sore thumb. The lettuce was crisper than a brand-new hundred-dollar bill.

After the banquet we went out and washed and wiped the dishes. We were just finishing up when the door bell rang and the boy friend blew in. And one look at that onion told me that all Laramie's years as a character reader had been wasted. He has slimy eyes, a waxed mustache and a dimple in his chin. If I had a sister and he was rushing her, one look would have told me to get out the old shotgun and begin oiling it up.

I was so busy taking a dislike to him I didn't even catch his name. He looks like a collar ad and he has one of these toothpaste smiles and the kind of skin you would love to bust. All in all, he was a slap in the eye, and I was certainly surprised that a girl of Laramie's intelligence would fall for such a palooka. I have no prejudices one way or another, and all I feel is that she would make a terrible mistake to give any serious thought to a guy like him.

He acted as if a cat so old that her sense of smell was all worn out had left me on the doormat, and one thing led to another until the three of us went out, and I watched them get into his purple roadster and then took a street car back to my room. The whole incident handed me quite a laugh, and I am certainly glad I found out in time that as a character reader that tomato isn't as hot as she thinks she is.

Being fairly good at character reading myself, I do not expect any kind of offer from Exclusive, and even if they make an offer, I am going to hold out for three figures and have a lawyer draw up a contract that will protect me from these movie crooks.

Yrs. to a cinder,

LES.

HOLLYWOOD, June 20, 1930.

DEAR OLD HORSE COLLAR: Much obliged for the telegram, but everything is okay again and I will not need it. I would have wired an answer, but all I have to say would not go into ten words.

I will tell you what has happened, in detail. The morning after I had that steak dinner with Laramie, she gave me a ring and said to come out to the studio right away, as she had wangled a visitor's pass and was pulling wires and I should be on hand in case anything broke.

So I took a street car out, and they gave me a guide to show me around. We spent the whole morning seeing how talkies are made, and it was all very interesting, only they don't tell you anything, they are so afraid somebody will steal some ideas.

I had lunch with Laramie in the studio cafeteria and the first thing she wanted to know was what I thought about the boy friend.

So I kidded along and said, "He seems like a dandy fellow and just the kind I would trust my last hundred dollars or my beautiful sixteen-year-old sister with, if I had either."

She looked me square in the eye and said, "If I wasn't such an expert character reader I would say you were jealous. When he came in last night the look on your face

(Continued on Page 55)

BRILLIANT · BRIGHT · MELLOW · DEEP

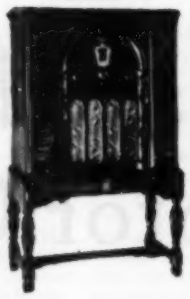
Just turn this knob on the front of the set and bring in programs YOUR *way — with any one of these* four *tone qualities. Any owner of a new 1930 Philco can instantly adjust the station tone for speech, symphonic music or jazz. If he happens to be in a noisy location, he can cut down interference and enjoy programs in a way never before possible.*

PHILCO TONE-CONTROL

... your new mastery of the air

RADIO'S newest miracle! The device you have always felt that radio needed—a wonder-working attachment which enables you, *with your own hand*, to *alter* the station tone and make it brilliant, bright, mellow, deep—whichever suits YOUR taste—such is Philco's Tone-Control now built into all new Philco Radios.

With it Philco has extended control of tone *out across the air.* It has reached into space and made the tones sent out by the broadcasting station *subject to your will.* It enables you to *mellow down* those stations which come in harshly in your neighborhood.



Yet more, Philco Tone-Control "steps-up" speech if you wish, making it crisp, clear, magically life-like. When a President speaks you almost feel his presence in your home. It gives you a choice of dance music *from the same band*—bright and snappy if you like; round, full and mellow if your mood changes. Symphonic music, for which Philco is the outstanding sponsor today, can be brought in with the brilliance of full brass, or the singing sweetness of high violins. In short, this is a modern miracle you *must* hear, and operate for yourself in order to realize its full possibilities.

All the new Philco Screen Grid and Screen Grid Plus sets have balanced units for *undistorted* tone. New and exclusive circuits give extra-fine selectivity, close tuning, reduction of static and background noises. Distance ability is extraordinary and, in the Philco Screen Grid Plus, *Automatic Volume Control* counteracts fading so you can not only *get* but *hold* and *enjoy* out-of-town programs, near and far. A new Station Recording Dial enables you to permanently log favorite stations.

PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS HIGHBOY

American butt and pencil-striped walnut and American Gobelin tapestry enhance this exquisite cabinet. This receiver has 9 tubes, Automatic Volume Control, counteracting fading; great power, distance and glorious Balanced-Unit tone. $145.00.

The Philco dealer now has the new Philco Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs, each with Philco Tone-Control. Ask him today for a free demonstration. It will give you an amazing vista of new radio possibilities. Prices, $95 to $198 (Radio-Phonograph), less tubes. Easy terms.

And enjoy radio as you ride. Install a Transitone Automobile Radio Receiver, built by Philco, in your car. Available through all authorized dealers.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. Available for AC or DC current and also in a battery set. All prices less tubes.

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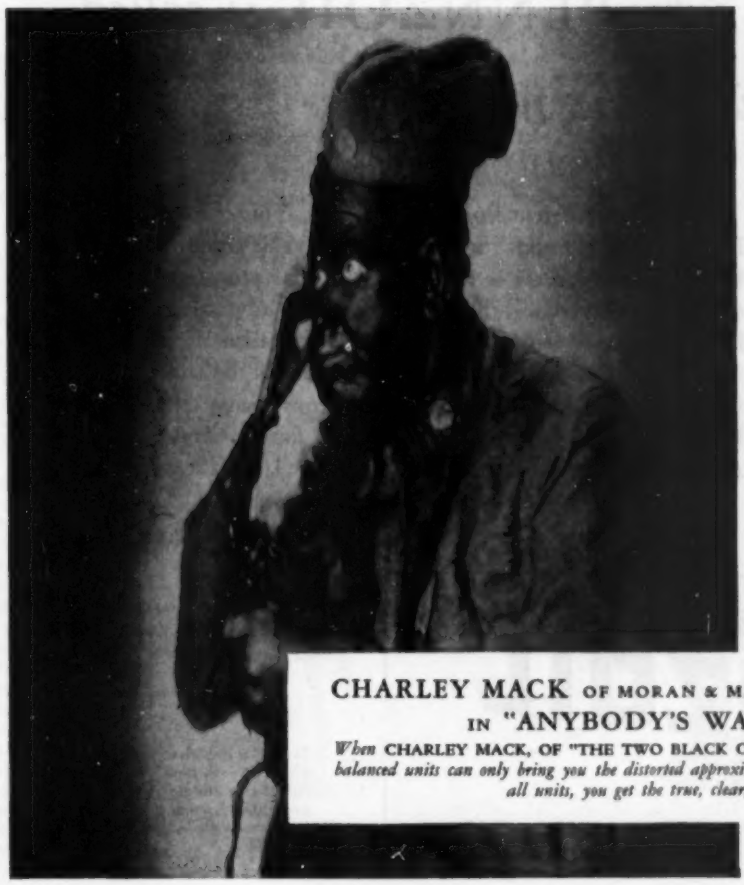
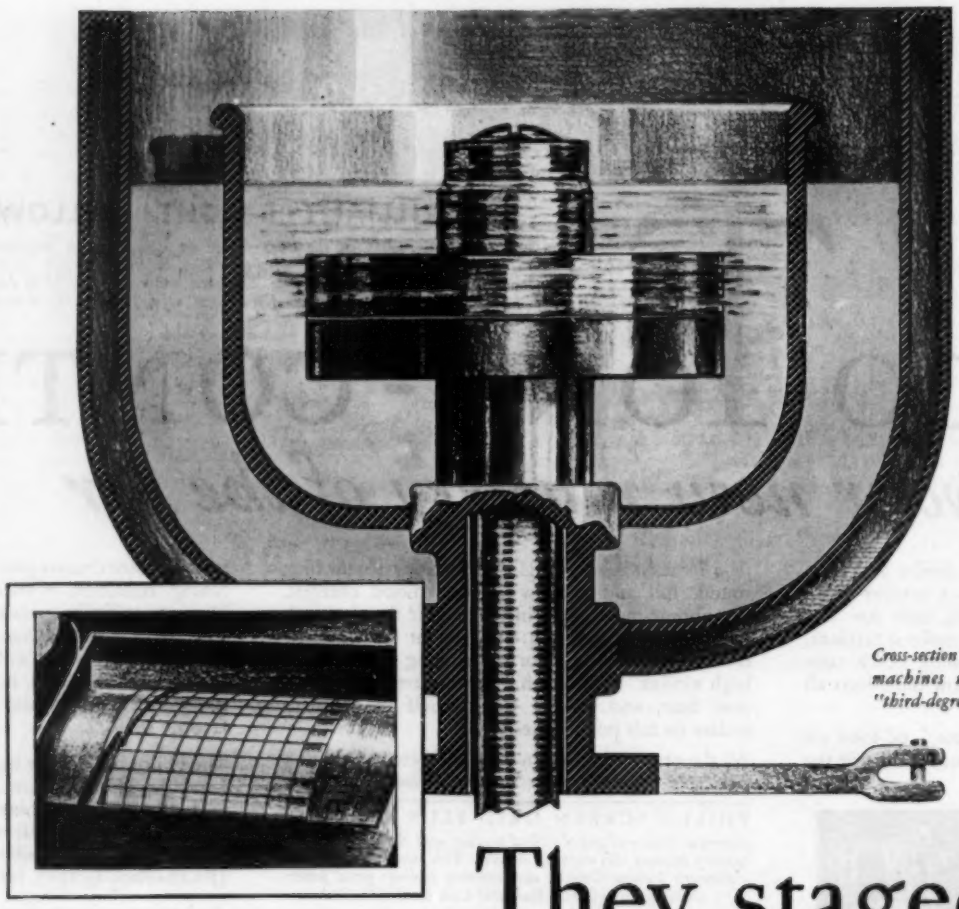


CHARLEY MACK OF MORAN & MACK THE "TWO BLACK CROWS"
IN "ANYBODY'S WAR" (A PARAMOUNT PICTURE)

When CHARLEY MACK, OF "THE TWO BLACK CROWS," *comes to you on the air, a radio set with partially balanced units can only bring you the distorted approximation pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units, you get the true, clear, undistorted tone pictured at the right*



Cross-section of one of the machines used in the "third-degree" test

They staged a "Third Degree" for Motor Oils

Another test—another reason why PENNZOIL *is called "the best motor oil in the world"*

Imagine two metal surfaces set face to face under measured tension—one of them whirling at high speed—between them a film of oil. When the oil began ever so slightly to wear thin, an instrument of uncanny accuracy recorded the degree of friction—corresponding to the similar "drag" that would occur inside your motor!

Under such punishment, ordinary oils literally broke down and told everything. They confessed themselves powerless to withstand continued friction and high temperatures. The thin film tore into tatters, leaving the metal bare—just as the inside of your motor would be left unlubricated.

Pennzoil proved to be of sterner stuff—it withstood all tests—adding scientific corroboration to the statement of users that Pennzoil is "the best motor oil in the world."

Pennzoil is different from *all* other oils. This is not merely because Pennzoil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude and nothing else. Nor because Pennzoil is refined by a special process which uses only the *heart* of that crude—the fraction richest in lubricating efficiency. Nor because Pennzoil is made by lubrication specialists of fifty years' standing who have at their command the facilities of the largest organization in the world operating exclusively on Pennsylvania crude. Rather, it is because Pennzoil is the result of *all* these factors. And Pennzoil is the most economical oil you can use, because it lasts at least twice as long.

Submit Pennzoil to your own private "third degree." From then on, you'll never worry about your motor again.

The Pennzoil Co. *Executive Offices and Refinery: Oil City, Pa.; Division Offices: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.*

35¢ A QUART

Slightly higher in Canada

PENNZOIL

HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PERMIT NO. 2—PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY GUARANTEED 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality PENNZOIL

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(Continued from Page 52)

would have soured a refrigerator-car load of milk. Be frank. Tell me in your quaint way what you really think of him."

"How can I tell you anything," I said, "when I do not even know who the answer to the maiden's prayer is?"

"He is Harold Dove, one of the assistant directors here, at a salary of two hundred a week. But just because he is pulling down real money and is crazy about me and wants to marry me, does not mean that you aren't entitled to an opinion. I want to know frankly what you think of him."

"As long as you insist," I said, "he looks to me like the kind of a guy who would walk into a hospital and brag about his health to the critical cases."

"Use plain English," Laramie said, getting sore. "Do you mean he looks conceited?"

"He looks like the kind of a guy," I said, "who would open a checking account and number his first check three thousand."

She said I made her furious, and I said, "Why look further for your Liberty Bond?"

She told me no man could be as useless as I had painted him and still have so many friends. Besides, he flew his own plane.

"That puts him entirely out of the Liberty Bond class," I said. "Do you list him as an investment for orphans or a speculation? He has that wildcat look to me."

She said I made her furious, and I asked her why she didn't marry him if he came equipped with absolutely everything, as she claimed.

"Among other reasons," she said, "because he is married—to a woman he hates to divorce, because he feels sorry for her. She clings pathetically to the reflected glory of being his wife and he hesitates to injure the poor thing's feelings."

I asked her if she didn't know that that line was five minutes older than the Rocky Mountains.

"Do you suppose," she flared up, "I was born this morning just before lunch?"

"Well," I asked her, "what are you trying to prove, if anything?"

And for a minute I thought she would reach over and bite my ear off. She said something about somebody being dumber than Adam's off ox. Then she flared at me:

"If I wasn't certain that you are absolutely crazy about me, I would be furious with you. I will meet you on Stage 6 in one hour. You are going to meet the recording supervisor and I am going to try to persuade him to give you an audition on your novelty barnyard imitations."

With that, she jumped up and left me, and when I looked around for my check I found she had taken it and paid it. She certainly is different than any girl I ever knew.

I was standing outside the door of Stage 6 when she came running up, all rosy and excited and laughing. Her eyes were going crinkle-crinkle, and she grabbed my arm and said, "It's all set. Mr. Roundtree, the recording supervisor, may need some authentic barnyard sounds in the picture he is shooting, and I told him it was just his good luck that I could lay my hands on the very man he wanted."

She pulled me onto the empty stage and I met Mr. Roundtree. He is a tall, thin guy with gloomy eyes. He seemed to be kind of dazed by Laramie. She was shooting words around like a machine gun and telling him he had better drop everything and hear my novelty barnyard imitations before someone else snapped me up. She said I was absolutely in a class by myself.

He kept trying to interrupt and say something, but she talked so fast that he couldn't get a word in edgewise, and finally she said:

"Go into your routine quickly, Lester, as Mr. Roundtree is a very busy man. Start with the pump."

So I started with the pump that needed oiling, then went right into my imitations in chronological order, not by groups, but starting with the early-morning barnyard sounds and working on through to the evening sounds, taking each animal in turn and demonstrating the sounds they made from early morning to late night. I was just giving Mr. Roundtree the mating call of the whippoorwill, when he broke in.

"I told you, Miss Dodge," he said peevishly, "that I was not interested in the complete category of barnyard sounds, but only in the mooing of a cow. And he has done absolutely nothing with a cow."

"Lester," Laramie said, "give Mr. Roundtree the cow. Quick!" She was as white as a sheet.

So was I. I was mad enough to turn right around and walk out on the whole proposition, and I would have, but Laramie had me by the arm in a grip like a bear trap.

She squeezed my arm still harder and said, "Lester, moo."

"I positively won't moo," I told her.

She gave my arm another squeeze and said, "Lester, I want you to moo."

"You won't get one moo out of me," I said.

Mr. Roundtree was looking at me with those gloomy eyes.

"I want a moo," he said, "and I don't want anything else but a moo. If you can't moo, say so."

"It isn't that I can't moo," I flared up, "it's that I won't moo. I won't cheapen myself by mooing."

Laramie squeezed my arm harder than ever and said, "Lester, moo. A good moo may lead to a good job. Moo!"

If I hadn't done some quick thinking I don't know what would have happened. I realized in a flash that if I didn't give Mr. Roundtree the cow imitations he would turn around and walk out on the whole proposition, so I gave in, and I gave him the moo of the cow that has lost her calf, then the moo of the cow that is startled, and finally, the moo of the cow in love. I gave him the best I had, but I squirmed while I did it. Mooing is cheap stuff. I have always said so and I always will.

But for the first time Mr. Roundtree kind of smiled and said, "That's what I call real mooing. Be on hand tomorrow morning at ten."

He started away, but Laramie grabbed him again.

"Mr. Roundtree," she said, "don't you realize how valuable a man like Lester would be to have around all the time? How do you know when you're going to need a dry axle, a dog fight or a day-old chick? Why not take Lester on one of the channels as an electrician; he is an expert radio installation and repair man and, after all, it's all done with amplifiers. And whenever you need authentic barnyard imitations all you will have to do is whistle."

Mr. Roundtree argued about it, but Laramie kept insisting until he finally gave in, and ten minutes later I was on the pay roll and learning the stuff I was going to do on a channel. They have seven of these channels. A channel is a complete recording unit, from microphone to the machine that records the sound track in light waves on the edge of the film. Each channel, with batteries, amplifiers, microphones, extension cables, and so on, is carried in a big, closed truck and can be used either in the studio or on location.

All that afternoon we shot avalanches and echoes, which are to be dubbed onto a silent picture of scenes in Switzerland. To make the avalanche sounds, we had a 5000-gallon tank rigged up on a hillside. A dump valve let the water out in one big splash and the effect men imitated the grinding and rumbling of bowlders with bass drums and big sheets of tin. We got the echoes in a canyon with one guy standing near the mike and yelling "Heigh-ho!" and another guy at the far end of the canyon yelling the same thing a few seconds later. It certainly is interesting work.

Laramie and I celebrated with another steak dinner at her apartment, and when we were washing the dishes she said, right out of a clear sky, "Now that you have gone up in the world so suddenly and are in a perfectly marvelous position to go on to fame and fortune with your novelty barnyard imitations, I suppose you are going to get masterful and insist that we get married without any delay."

It took me so by surprise that I almost dropped the stack of plates I was wiping. Not once in the few times I have seen her did I drop a single hint that could be construed into anything of the kind. I did not even know she had given the air to Harold Dove. There was a kind of a dreamy look in her eyes, and she said, "Of course, I'll go right on working until you are well established."

I leaned against the sink to steady myself, and she said:

"You will notice that I am not wielding a potato masher this time, and I am just worn out holding you off anyway, and when a man is as mad about a girl as you constantly show you are about me he deserves something better than glowing promises. My knowledge of human character tells me you are simply dying to kiss me and hug me and rumple me all up. Now, don't be too rough."

She is certainly different than any tomato I ever met before. After we finished with the dishes we went into the living room and turned on the electric heater in the fireplace. She insisted that I give my entire repertoire of novelty barnyard imitations, but she said, "As long as I live, I will never ask you to moo."

Well, to make a long story short, we got married the next day during lunch hour, and we are now living in her apartment, which is plenty large enough and has every convenience.

Tell the gang I have taken the big step at last and that from now on my motto has got to be; No More Tomatoes.

Asta luego,

LES.

P.S.: *Asta luego* is an old Spanish expression meaning good-by, good luck, God bless you and keep an eye skinned for husbands returning unexpectedly!

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

Gallant Picnicker: "Don't Mention it, Miss Moore—I Wouldn't Think of Letting You Sit Without My Handkerchief Being Spread"

2 for 25¢ perfecto

NOW 10¢

individually cased in CELLOPHANE

A better MURIEL. Sweeter. Mellower. Flavor-sealed in Cellophane. But that's not all! There's a drastic price-cut. A nickel saving in every quarter.

How was it done? By cutting costs through high-speed machines. By enormous purchases of finer tobaccos at lower prices. And these savings went right back . . . into a better cigar at a lower price.

THE 1930

MURIEL

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If dealer can't supply you, send $1.25 for trial package of 25 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York

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Let the Champion show the way

To swim and dive safely . . . to feel at ease in the water, the air and the public eye . . . follow the champion's lead. Wear an athletic supporter and avoid the chance of crippling pain and double danger which an awkward kick or faulty plunge might produce.

Wear a *Pal* every time you "go in." The less-used muscles and delicate cords of back, abdomen and groin need reinforcement at all times, in all seasons. Fortified against mishaps and sudden strains, your sense of security, freedom, confidence will add power to every stroke.

Pal is a super-supporter, the finest type made. Superb quality and exclusive patented features . . . like the stout rubber-cored ribs knit into its soft, porous pouch . . . insure long life, lasting comfort and real economy. Priced as low as a dollar. (In Canada, $1.25 and upward.)

Bike is a simpler type, fashioned from a single strip of high-grade elastic . . . the safety standard of athletes, coaches and trainers for half a century. 50 cents and upward, at druggists and sporting goods dealers. (In Canada, 60 cents and up.)

Pal and BIKE

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What every man should know *about the need and functions of a supporter is concisely presented in our new treatise "Guard the Vital Zone." Address Bauer & Black, 2550 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, for free copy.*

SPEED

(Continued from Page 23)

230 miles an hour when he hit a rain squall and, being blinded by it, went into the ocean. His car skittered along the top of the water for 1500 feet, before it finally stopped in three feet of water, and Lockhart was half drowned before he could be taken out. With courage undaunted, he repaired his car and tried it again.

This time, while speeding along at 215 miles an hour, a tire is said to have burst and he was instantly killed.

Determined to get the record back for England, Segrave built the Golden Arrow in the fall of 1928 and the spring of 1929, with the help of an English sportsman. He took it to Daytona Beach and on March 11, 1929, made a new world record of 231.36 miles an hour, twenty-four miles in excess of the old record. This new record still stands. The Golden Arrow was equipped with one engine of 900 horse power.

"I doubt whether anyone feels entirely normal at the moment he climbs into a car or boat or airplane for a speed trial," Segrave said to me not long before his death. "I know, as I stood near my car on the beach at Daytona and waited for the word to go, I was highly nervous. I had just made a slow run down the beach at 177 miles an hour from the north to the south, in order to mark the path which I intended to follow on the record run. After ages of waiting, the O. K. came and I got into the Golden Arrow. The crew pushed the car off to give me a start. As I got under way all my nervousness began to fade like fog before the sunshine."

A Mile in 15½ Seconds

"As I left the end of the course, which was Mile No. 9, I pressed the stop watch on my wrist so that I could determine how long it took me to negotiate the entire nine miles, with the slow start, the high speed for the one mile and the slowing down at the end of the run.

"I had supreme confidence in the car. I had supreme confidence in myself. That isn't egotism, as anyone knows that without confidence in oneself he does nothing well.

"Slowly the car gathered speed, for I did not wish to spin the wheels and thus wear the tires thin, which were coated with only a sixty-fourth inch of rubber, just enough to make a smooth surface over the cord. The Golden Arrow could do about eighty miles an hour in low, and at about sixty-five I changed into second.

"I gave a look at the gauges on my dash—oil pressure, O. K.; water temperature, O. K.; air pressure on the gas tank, O. K. I shifted into high when I reached about 145 miles an hour, though I could have waited until I reached 165, which was the car's top in second. The engine began drinking gasoline at the rate of a gallon to the mile.

"By the time I was within a mile and a half of the record mile, which lay between Mile No. 4 and Mile No. 5 of the nine-mile course, everything was natural, all my nervousness was gone. I settled my foot a little more firmly on my throttle pedal and pushed it hard to the floor. I could feel the gradual increase in speed. I braced myself down into my seat securely, so that my foot would not be jerked off the throttle if I should hit a few rough spots, for a foot bounced off the throttle may mean no record.

"I looked at nothing except the two wheel tracks straight ahead. Out of the corner of my right eye, I could see the flags on four-foot standards set in a straight line, 100 yards apart at the edge of the water, to aid me in keeping a straight course. I was absolutely at ease now. My head was pushed back tight against the cushioned head rest by the forward motion of the car. To have put it out the side of the car would have meant that I might have difficulty in getting it back in, not to mention the twist it might receive. To hold my hand out at right angles I think might have been impossible in the 200-mile-an-hour gale of the car's own creation.

"I have been asked several times what a man thinks of while he is doing a record. I don't deal in abstract thoughts at that time—my mind is strictly on the job. I think of nothing in particular, but I certainly hold on to the steering wheel, as a little wabble might mean my undoing.

"I could not yet see the big red bull's-eye which I had had hung at the beginning of the measured mile, directly in the center of my path down the beach. The sand dunes on my left, crowded with spectators, went by in a steady blur—one long, waving ribbon. On my right, the ocean was a never-ending flat surface of burnished silver, made so by the rays of the afternoon sun.

"At 231 miles an hour, a mile in 15½ seconds, 340 feet reeling by every second, one's eyes cannot be adjusted to pick up stationary objects. The distance presents only a solid wall to the vision—a wall toward which one is constantly plunging, yet which one never reaches. Closer by, the solid wall of distance changes to a fantastic blur, and the blur is the nearest one gets to clear vision, as even looking straight ahead the objects are out of focus, like the distant objects in a picture where the lens is focused on the foreground.

"One lives in a world of illusion. He sees ahead of him the ocean entirely across the course, but having been over the course a few moments before, he knows it is only an illusion. He doesn't believe his eyesight, therefore, but keeps his vision glued on the ever-present two lines unwinding before him, which he knows represent his wheel tracks made a short time before. The solid fence of flags still continues at the right, and beyond is the burnished sea.

"Now the big bull's-eye shows dully through the slight haze, like a bleary sun on a thick day. My mind is mechanical. I check the fact that my foot is hard down on the throttle, for this is the record mile. The bull's-eye marks the timing wire stretched across the course at the beginning of the measured mile. The car wheels, hitting the wire, transmit the impulse electrically to the timer in the official stand. This records the exact time of the impact in hours, minutes, seconds and hundredths of a second. At the other end of the mile there is another wire stretched across, which operates in the same way. The difference between the two times printed on the tape of the timing machine is the time used in passing through the measured record mile."

Slowing Down to 180

"Another bull's-eye jumps out of the haze ahead—then it, too, is gone. I have finished the measured mile. I ease my foot gradually from the throttle. It would not do to jerk it off, as the braking action of the motor running slower than the momentum of the car might have the effect of locking the rear wheels, and thus cause disaster. The great roaring of the prince of winds, self-made, which has been a concomitant of the trip, dies down gradually. The wind pressure on the nose of the car aids in reducing headway.

"I look at my tachometer. It shows 2600 revolutions a minute—about 180 miles an hour. Then it drops to 1800. The solid wall ahead dissolves. I can pick up objects ahead and retain them in my vision. I apply the brakes gradually; to have applied them sooner would have been to fuse the metal of the brake shoes.

"My ears still drum from the noise of the wind. I take things easy and roll up to Mile No. 0. I have run the reverse way of the course first. My mechanics await me there. I press the stop watch on my wrist and look at it. It has been a little more than three minutes since I left the south end of the course, nine miles away. In spite of my easy start and my slowing down, I have averaged about 180 miles an hour over the whole course. That tells me nothing as to my speed over the measured mile, but I have an idea that I am going to be disappointed—that my speed was less than 240 miles an hour—a mark which I had set definitely as my goal.

"One of the boys standing at the telephone at Zero Post, which is connected with the timing stand in the middle of the course, rushes over to me: 'Fifteen and fifty-five hundredths of a second,' he screams as he looks at a paper in his hand—2-3-1—5-1-1-2-5 miles an hour!'

"It didn't surprise me any—that 231.51125 miles an hour. I had run alternately through scallops of sand and water, and as I did so I could feel the resistance under me, feel the car slow up; not much, but just enough to reduce my speed below the 240-mile mark.

"My crew went properly wild, but I felt low. I had missed the programmed average. I had known, ever since the car first began to take shape in the blue prints, that it would do its calculated speed—and here we had failed!"

Fastest Turtle in the World

"The boys changed tires all around. Even though I might have had enough confidence in the tires to use them for a round trip, the tire mechanics from the factory would not have permitted it. Anyhow, it is foolish to take unnecessary chances. While the tires were being changed, other mechanics looked over the engine. I walked around the car, saw that everything was all right, rather nervous again, now that there was a wait before me.

"I walked over to the telephone operator at Zero and sat down on the dunes. Presently there was a tinkle of the bell: 'Everything O. K., major,' the operator said after he had removed his head set. 'Timing stand says you may come right along.'

"Once more I got into the Golden Arrow and was shoved off. I heard the whine of low gear, and as the engine speed increased I shifted into second, then high. Came again the blur to my right, sand dunes crowded with spectators; the solid fence of flags to my left. The murky red of the bull's-eye showing through the haze. The drag on the car as it went through scallops of water and wet sand. One cannot change his course much from a straight line at 200 miles an hour, even if he wished, which he doesn't. The measured mile and the bull's-eye at its end. The slow-down and the stop at Mile No. 9.

"The car crew crowded round, while one of their number went rushing over to the telephone attendant. Back he came in half a minute with: 'Fifteen and fifty-seven hundredths seconds—2-3-1—2-1-3-8-7 miles an hour.' The crew went wild. I'll confess I didn't share their feeling of elation.

"I drove the car back to the timing stand in the middle of the course. There I received official notification that my average for the two runs was 15.56 seconds; speed, 231.36246 miles an hour.

"Just then I felt something sticking me. I felt around on the seat of the car and found a small metal turtle—one used with a pencil attached, to be used at bridge parties. A friend had wanted the fastest turtle in the world, and he has it.

"I don't say that a chap becomes so blasé that there is no feeling of relief after he has finished a job of this sort. There certainly is. But it is not the sort of relief that makes one vow never to do it again, for it was my firm intention to try it again in a day or so, but Lee Bible's death on March thirteenth, when he was trying to exceed my record, induced Mayor Armstrong, of Daytona Beach, Florida, to declare the record trials off for that year. But the beach was so much better that I know I would have gone 240 miles an hour."

Making records in a speed boat is not like making them in a land vehicle. To begin

(Continued on Page 58)

the economic way to better engine performance

Champion

the better spark plug

FOR the low cost of a complete set of Champion Spark Plugs, you can enjoy distinctly better engine performance with all that means in increased power, speed, acceleration and economy.

This is the experience and the judgment of millions of motorists, and of the world's engineering authorities.

Every year, or about every 10,000 miles, millions of motorists install new Champions as a matter of course, and many replace other spark plugs with Champions.

Experience has proved to these motorists that Champions are better spark plugs by virtue of the definitely better performance they induce in every engine. It is for this reason that Champions enjoy the unique distinction of an ever-increasing world preference, and are universally preferred by those spectacular specialists in performance—the racing champions of land, air and water.

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Their cost is nominal. A set for a four cylinder car costs only $3; for a six, $4.50 and for an eight, $6. In Canada, prices are slightly higher. But spark plugs are all-important because on their vital spark depends the power cycle of the engine.

Only Champions have the sillimanite insulator—the finest insulating material known to science. Being practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits, sillimanite insures a spark of full intensity at the spark gap—*and nowhere else*.

Special analysis electrodes, provided with positive parallel sparking surfaces, insure a full spark at all engine speeds. Molded copper gasket seals enhance the many advantages of two-piece construction and are permanently gas-tight.

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Put a new set of Champion Spark Plugs in your car today and judge the difference in improved performance.

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LEWIS AYRES and RAYMOND GRIFFITH in one of the never-to-be-forgotten scenes.

The Voice of the Press Declares
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
is the greatest picture of all time

The great newspapers of America and England are lavish in their praises of this Universal epic of the World's War. Read for yourself:

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"The greatest motion picture this columnist ever saw." Chicago American, May 22.
"The greatest motion picture ever made." Film Spectator, Los Angeles, May 10.
"The greatest of all motion pictures." New York Daily Mirror, May 21.
"The most remarkable picture ever seen." London Evening Standard.
"Surpasses everything of its kind." New York Herald-Tribune, April 30.
"Has never been any picture like it." London Sunday Graphic.
"A great dramatic epic of motion pictures—silent or sound." Motion Picture News, New York, May 24.
"A masterly incarnation of the novel. A magnificent success." New York World, April 30.
"A notable achievement. A memorable piece of work." New York Times, April 30.
"Tremendously significant. A document of terrific power." Philadelphia Record, June 3.
"A great achievement in screen history." London Daily Sketch.
"It has lifted the film business to new heights." London Referee.
"Far excels all other films, past and present, talkie and silent." London (Eng.) Sunday News.
"Nothing finer ever achieved." London Sunday Express.
"A great picture! Too much cannot be said." Chicago Tribune, May 22.
"Epochal! Has created such a sensation as comes to few cinema efforts." Atlanta Georgian, May 7.
"The most dramatic and realistic thing ever put on the screen." Boston American, June 3.
"Bitter, terrifying and enormously compelling. Most vivid and effective ever brought to the screen." N. Y. Herald-Tribune, April 30.
"A great epic in motion picture making." Detroit Free Press, May 4.
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The surest road to the best entertainment is the one that brings you to Universal pictures. The best pictures in history are now being shown and they bear the stamp of Universal. Tell your friends.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

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with, boats are less than half as fast as land vehicles. Besides breaking the record with the Miss England II, at Lake Windermere with 98.76 miles an hour, Segrave also held the record of the fastest mile ever made with a single-engined boat—92.05 miles an hour. He made this last September, at Venice, with Miss England. The engine in this boat is a duplicate of the one he used in the Golden Arrow to make the land-speed record.

Miss England was built in England and was first put into the water, not in England but in America, in February of 1929, at Daytona Beach.

When Segrave first tried the boat out, between times of getting his car ready, she would do but seventy-four miles an hour. But by doing considerable experimenting with her, changing the design of the rudders and trying out five or six propellers, he finally got her up to eighty-eight miles an hour.

She was the boat he used at Miami Beach in March of 1929, when he drove a match race with Gar Wood and Miss America VII. It was Segrave's first venture into the realms of high-speed boating.

"She was built with a flexible hull," he said, "after the approved English fashion. Building boats for a speed of even eighty miles an hour was highly experimental in England at that time, and we made several mistakes, chief of which was the flexible bottom, which would not long withstand such high speed. But it was a great adventure for me. I had never driven a boat seventy miles an hour, and my friends said that I was a bit touched to try conclusions with Wood, who had been king of the water for nine years. But I felt that if Lord Wakefield was willing to spend the money, I was willing to get the experience."

Technical Victory for Miss England

"In the first heat of the race, which was six laps over a two-mile course, Mr. Wood broke a steering quadrant and did not finish. I averaged about fifty-nine miles an hour, with my top speed on the straightaways probably seventy-five miles an hour.

"When I looked at Miss England the next morning, preparatory to getting ready for the second heat, I found that her bottom had been badly twisted and was in such condition that she might sink at any moment if I left her as she was. We put carpenters to work to do what they could, which was little enough. I held a consultation with my friends, among whom was Harry Greening, of the Hamilton, Ontario, Yacht Club. Harry knows a lot about speed boats. We decided that we had everything to gain by attempting to run the boat that day, but that we could not hope to run the engine wide open, as that procedure would soon have racked the boat to pieces. All I had to do was to finish the second heat to win the race, since Mr. Wood had failed to finish the first one. To make a long story short, I finished at about forty-two miles an hour, while Mr. Wood's average was sixty-one. However, I never considered the winning of that race other than a technical victory, because it was plain Wood had more speed than I had. My boat was rapidly becoming full of water, too, and I had Sig Haughdahl, who rode with me as mechanic, go forward as we ran, and watch the bottom of the boat through an opening in the deck made for that purpose. He hung there with one hand throughout most of the race, motioning me to slow down.

"I had learned a valuable lesson in boat building—in high-speed boats the bottom must be strong enough and rigid enough to stand the terrific pounding it gets in riding from wave to wave. It also must be strong enough to stand the terrific vibration.

"Miss England had one or two odd features which many of my boat friends told me were absolutely wrong. Fred Cooper, the designer, instead of using only a bow rudder, common with most high-speed boats, decided on both a bow and an aft rudder. They worked beautifully, and I am convinced they were responsible for my being able to turn so short. Another thing—we used a single propeller of small diameter, with two blades, instead of the customary three. Not only that, but we turned it up at unheard-of speeds—6000 to 6500 revolutions a minute. Experts also told us that our V-shaped transom would decrease stability and, on the turns, would be dangerous. Instead of that, we found that it helped us on the turns. Miss England has done her work and she is laid away temporarily, but the new boat, Miss England II, has many points of similarity. I am sure the latest boat is built sufficiently strong, sufficiently rigid, to withstand all sorts of pounding, either from vibration or from traveling over the water at speed of 100 miles an hour—faster than man has yet traveled on water. One danger we shall never be able to overcome is that of floating menaces in the shape of bottles and half-submerged planks, tree limbs, and so on. I doubt whether there is a boat that could be made—and still be fast—to withstand the impact of heavy water-soaked timbers that are always to be found in water where races are run. Hitting a piece of timber or a bottle at 100 miles an hour is just like shooting that same piece of timber or bottle right at the bottom of the boat. After each race I have examined Miss England and found that she suffered some damage from such floating pieces. When a piece large enough comes along, it will go through the bottom of the boat or split it badly. Then I don't know what will happen."

Driving speed boats in straightaway-record making is in some ways much like driving an automobile for the land-speed record, according to Segrave.

"One doesn't have to worry about turns, or about the course not being clear. He simply gets going and holds his foot down through the measured mile, just as he does in his car. The sensation in a boat traveling from ninety to a hundred miles an hour is different from a car traveling at twice that speed, because one literally sits on the water.

"Where the car engine is covered with a hood, as you Americans call our bonnet, which tends to keep the noise to some extent confined, the engines are out in the open in a boat. The pilot sits right behind or right ahead of the engines. Their exhaust stacks spit forth flame, burned gases and heat into the atmosphere, and the roar is deafening."

Driving on a Schedule

"The rush of the wind is more pronounced in a boat. Speed boats ride on top of the water, not through it. Racing big boats is done usually in a lake or an open river, where the wind can kick up pretty big waves. The speed boat traveling ninety miles an hour and upward runs practically on top of these waves, which may be a foot or two high and three or four feet apart. The boat goes tearing along, and hitting these waves is just like hitting so much solid substance. It feels and acts, in fact, about the same as though the boat were driven across a newly plowed field. Riding a car without springs at the same speed would convey about the same sensation, I imagine."

One of Sir Henry's outstanding characteristics was his attention to detail and his careful calculations. "In driving automobile races I have always gone at my job systematically," he said. "On the first time around the course I drove at ordinary speed, carefully noting the corners and length of the straightaways. I picked out certain landmarks at every turn. I kept increasing my speed, gauging my braking and gear changing by the landmarks I had picked out. I hit the corners harder and harder, delaying my braking and gear changing as long as I could. When I reached what I considered the limit of speed through a corner, I checked it and let it go at that. All through the race I maintained my prearranged schedule as nearly as I could. If I was pressed on the straightaways or the corners at times, I might take them harder than I considered altogether safe, but never with such abandon that I got into serious difficulty.

"I do the same in boat races. I practice starting, so that I know just how long it takes me to get down to the starting tape on the flying start from a certain landmark I have on shore, or if it is a lake or ocean course, from some anchored boat. Once I have learned my speed, I watch closely to see that I am not beyond my landmark with the time left at my disposal. Others may get closer to the starting line, but that only means they will have to go slower and thus hit the line at reduced speed to mine. I find that high speed at the starting line often gets my boat safely out in front.

"I figure out my boat course, just as I used to figure out my automobile-racing course. I know how hard I can hit the corners, but in a boat race I am apt to be in the same position at the corners as in an automobile race—others may be there at the same time I am. There are skids in the water, just as there are on land, and every pilot must watch the other fellow. He learns to know what drivers can take turns short and what drivers have to have the whole river to themselves. He governs his driving accordingly."

The British International Trophy

"One must not only outspeed the other pilots, but he must watch that he is not upset by another boat's wash. One minute a boat is tearing along on an even keel, the next instant it may hit a wash whose crest is two or three feet higher than its valley. The boat accommodates its position to the surface of the water and the result is often a capsizing.

"It is difficult to compare the relative dangers of automobile and boat racing. I have never turned over in a car, or been thrown out of a boat. Of one thing I am sure: One can get as badly injured by being thrown out of a boat as he can in turning over in a car. Water is not elastic enough to furnish a great deal of cushion when one is projected against it with considerable force. Boat drivers have been thrown out and have had their bones broken by the impact. Possibly some of these injuries were due to coming in contact with the boat as they were being thrown out.

"There have been instances of boats practically disintegrating, due to the resistance of water at high speeds. One of the examples of this—and one that furnishes proof of the indomitable spirit of an American racing man—was the case of Commodore Gar Wood and his Miss America VI. Wood was getting ready for the 1928 B. I. T. at Detroit. In that race, Betty Carstairs was representing England. I had as yet had no experience with big boats.

"Wood's boat, on a trial spin, was going wide open, when, without warning, she flew all to pieces, much as though a bomb had been touched off inside her. Wood and his mechanic, Orlin Johnson, went down with the wreckage and the two heavy engines. They were equipped with life preservers and they were picked up immediately, Wood unhurt and Johnson with his face and throat cut so badly he was not expected to live. Wood got his entire boat-building force on a second hull, which already had been started, the two engines were fished up and installed in the new hull; and Wood and Johnson drove the new boat, Miss America VII, to victory in the race two weeks later!"

It was Segrave's ambition to add to the air-speed record of 328.63 miles an hour, made by Flying Officer H. R. D. Waghorn in winning the Schneider Cup race in September, 1929, the land and the water-speed records. The land-speed record and the water-speed record he attained. There was left only the B. I. T. at Detroit in September of this year. In this race he had hoped to demonstrate in competition what he had done alone. The indications were that his boat was fast enough for him to have done it.

"Can't you *see* it? A *real* house —brass pipe and everything!"

YOUR new home! It may be your first or your second—but there's the same thrill in planning it!

For you want that home to be *just right.* That's why you choose copper for your downspouts and gutters . . . copper or bronze for your screens. You know you're wise in choosing a rust-proof metal for this outside equipment.

But isn't it just as important that your water pipes be proof against rust? Just look for a moment at the very real savings that come from an investment in Chase Alpha Brass Pipe.

In repair bills alone Chase Alpha Brass Pipe saves its cost many times over in actual cash. Then there's the saving in all the laundry that can be stained by "brown" water from rust-clogged pipes.

And isn't your comfort worth something? No waiting for the water to run clean . . . no miserable trickle in the bathtub when a faucet's opened downstairs!

Worth considering, don't you think? Especially since Chase Alpha Brass Pipe costs very little more than pipe that rusts. For instance, there's only about $75 difference in a $10,000 house.

Chase Alpha Brass Pipe is available everywhere through plumbers. Every length is stamped with the name and Chase-Mark at twelve-inch intervals.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!

For this $7,600 house, Brass Pipe costs only $48* more than rustable pipe.

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A PRODUCT OF THE CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

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Genuine Alemite-ing means perfect lubrication protection, helping you to save 80% of the repair bills which inevitably follow faulty lubrication

YOU literally pay yourself a dividend every year that you adhere to a regular program of Genuine Alemite-ing. The finest car design and the best of steels and alloys cannot stand up under the strain of modern demands upon car performance without such a scientifically exact and correct lubrication service as Alemite-ing.

When you go to a dealer displaying the Alemite sign, you may be sure of several important things: that the finest and most modern machinery for lubrication will be at your command; that swift and expert service will be yours; that only Genuine Alemite Lubricants will be supplied.

All important. The *last* most important of all!

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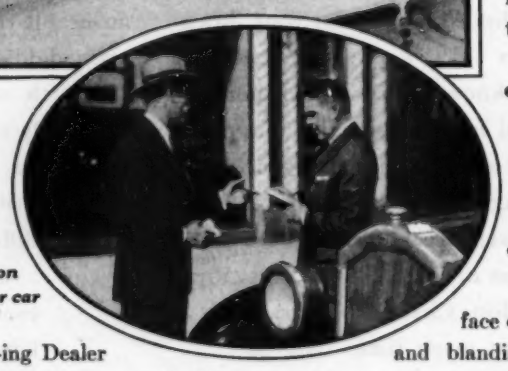
The Alemite High Pressure Lubrication System with which your car is equipped cannot function efficiently without the right lubricant. To use lubricants of *less* than Alemite's quality standard is to invite mechanical breakdowns.

Genuine Alemite Lubricants are a high type of solidified oil of special formula. They are designed solely for the lubrication of chassis bearings, springs, etc.—designed to keep down friction and eliminate completely the squeaks and squawks of the poorly lubricated chassis. Because of this highly specialized design, they furnish the most complete and positive protection against wear and guard against breakdown. Cheap "greases" are only just that. How can you expect them to be otherwise? They are on the face of the thing, made to a price—not to meet the service your car demands.

When you go to a dealer displaying the Alemite sign, you may be sure of the finest and most modern machinery, swift and expert service



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Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2648-a North Crawford Ave., Chicago. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

THE BELL BIRD

(Continued from Page 33)

The steward came on deck and handed him a note in a sealed envelope. Happy stepped inside the companion deckhouse to read it. As a silent commentary on the precipitateness of his proposal to Avis was the fact that her square English handwriting was unknown to him:

Dear Happy: You are right and Ralph is right, and I have been all wrong in thinking this dream might come true. Perhaps I was not so wrong in the alternative, but I daren't tell Ralph about that.

He says flatly that our marriage would ruin you quicker than drink or drugs, wreck your strongest tower, break down your morale. I believe that he is right.

So we are merely where we started, my dear, and you are free as you were then to marry for your name's sake and to love for your own.

A.

Hapgood's first involuntary emotion was of relief, just as it had been a little while before when Sally had refused him. The second paragraph of the letter indorsed his own forebodings, slightly exaggerated.

He was not, Hapgood admitted, capable of the grand passion of history and fiction, where nothing mattered but the loved one. Besides, that ought never to happen to a strong man, he contended. He ought not to be dissolved in love, like a lump of sugar in hot water. Ralph was right. If he let himself do that he would soften up generally, bog down in morale.

His next emotion was a bitter amusement that within the hour he should have been refused by the only two women he had ever asked to marry him. He was reflecting on this low average when Sam and Sally came "to kiss the stars good night," as Sally said joyously.

"They will kiss you back by proxy," Hapgood told her. "Bless you, my children. This alone lifts the fact of the voyage from a drunken inspiration to a divine dispensation. Results are all that count. Sam, you quixotic nut, why did you stage this farce for the three of us, when three words would have saved us all the wear and tear?"

"I am a laboratory rat, and trained to proceed in a series of tests. Tonight they back-fired on me."

"Well, you stood the gaff, I'll say. The acid showed pure gold. You're a lucky boy, and Sally's lucky too. I speak with authority, having had my offer of matrimony refused in the last hour, first by Sally, for good and sufficient reasons of her own, and then by Avis, for good and sufficient reasons advanced by Ralph."

"Gosh!" Sally breathed. "What were they?"

Hapgood opened the note crumpled in his hand and read the second paragraph aloud: "'He says flatly that our marriage would ruin you quicker than drink or drugs, wreck your strongest tower, break down your morale. I believe that he is right.'"

"What's that tower?" Sally asked.

"Oh, call it family megalomania. Sam will tell you what that means."

"I know. . . . Would it?"

"Very possibly. I'm an advanced case. It's hereditary."

"Well, you are under treatment," Sam said hopefully, "and, given time, you may react."

"Maybe. What I need now is to propose to Edna and have her turn me down on the ground that she could not long sustain my cold, rarefied atmosphere and would prefer the more genial one of Professor Bates. That ought to make the tonic prescription complete."

"I take back what I said about not being so sure you were a good sport, Happy," Sally said. "You are."

"Thanks. Well, run along and see that the stars are all present or accounted for. The best observatory is the back porch."

Democracy wallowed into the Gulf Stream, and about the time that Hapgood was beginning to feel that five thousand dollars and a little adverse boasting were no great price to pay to relieve the discomfort of calm in a pyramidal cross chop, a strong westerly came to the rescue of his bet and set them on their foaming way.

It ironed out the spirits of the party, though it did not iron out the surface of the sea. The swell grew heavier and began to crest. Wind and sea were coming from smack astern on their course. An extra hand was detailed to the wheel to help meet the threatened heavy yaws as the bows lifted. The big mizzen boom was heaved higher by the straining, topping lifts, to keep it from dipping as the schooner rolled. The lines on Captain Murray's face deepened as he watched it and the boom tackles, and he kept a hand stationed by the lee backstay runners.

Hapgood, an able and experienced yachtsman, observed the quiet tension of his sailing master. "Why not play safe and let her head up a little?" he asked. "It wouldn't lose us much distance on our course."

"I may do that, come dark, sir, or take the mizzens'l off her and try to keep the fore and main goosewing. We can stand their jibin' all right. But if this big dead tree on the mizzen were to come across the deck, there's no sure telling what might fetch away."

"I think everything would hold, as long as the backstay runner was slacked in time," Hapgood said. "Old Jeff Thompson picked those spars for dad."

"Yes, sir, they're fine spars and well stayed out. It's all right daytimes, when we can watch her. Trouble is, at night there comes sometimes a deep-sea swell that's bigger and a little on the quarter. That will give a vessel a dreadful sling." He looked at the belly of the big sail that came slightly aback on a heavy lee roll. "This is when square sails look good. I hate to tack to loo'ard."

Hapgood was again disgusted with his bet. Only for that they would now be under easy canvas or on a slightly altered course to obviate the danger of a jibe, under no compulsion to make the most of a fresh gale to compensate for later delay in light airs or head ones and calm.

But he and Democracy had been shipmates since her launching and he had more confidence in the resilient strength and toughness of her gear and structure than had Captain Murray, who was more accustomed to heavy cargo vessels—four-masted schooners to which, in comparison, Democracy appeared a fragile toy. And yet she would outlast them, Hapgood thought.

His guests were in no way disturbed, serene in ignorance of any danger and in perfect confidence that they were ably safeguarded. Actually the danger was negligible with such skilled and experienced command. No bet of any dimensions could have tempted Captain Murray to risk their lives or limbs in crashing gear.

It was a good party, Hapgood appreciated; far better than he had expected, and Sam's and Sally's happiness alone made it all tremendously worth while. Everybody but himself was happy. Even Avis was happy, as far as he could tell. She bore herself smilingly, was even gay. Ralph appeared to be quietly content. Except for a mealtime cocktail, he drank nothing but water. He looked infinitely better. Nothing more had been said about the relationship in which they found themselves. Indeed, there was nothing, Hapgood felt, to say.

But for himself there was a great deal to think and feel. He was in a cul-de-sac, an impasse from which there seemed no exit. He wondered how long the pain would last. Indefinitely, as long as he was in contact with Avis. Each fresh sight and sound of her made it stab afresh, harder, if that were possible. Her tinkling laugh most tormented him, because it was sweet and musical and tantalizing, and reminded him of the bell bird she had been. Her laugh might have inspired the hateful sobriquet.

Another day passed and brought him no relief. The westerly wind held about the same in force and in quarter, but the weather had thickened a little; not ominously, but merely smokily, an opaque wind haze. The yacht was coursing along the fortieth parallel of latitude and the breeze varying slightly a little south of west. Contrary to what he had said, Captain Murray had carried the big mizzensail through the night, directing Mr. Johnson not to carry the wind on the end of the boom in his watch, even if he had to steer a whole point south of their course.

They were now back on it again. The wind was perhaps a little stronger than the day before, but steadier, and the swell, though bigger, more rhythmic and even. Steering was easier, and there was less jerk to the big spars. Democracy would lift her bows slowly, climb to the saddle of a big wave and ride it hard and fast for a quarter of a mile in roaring fashion before slowing. Her decks were steady except for the graduated motion fore and aft. Each following sea reared itself astern of the back porch in what would have been to the landsman a threatening way; then seemed in a curious manner to flatten itself, crawl under the stern overhang and boost it high on its snowy saddlecloth.

Hapgood's guests were occupied in such exercises, physical or mental, as quickly become routine on a long voyage. The bridge table in the deckhouse might have been in Greenwich, Greece, Shanghai or Honolulu, for all its consciousness of environment. If it had been in some cathedral town at this hour of vespers, Suzy would probably have said petulantly: "Aren't those darn chimes ever going to stop? They put me off my game." Edna and Professor Bates were in the lee of the structure playing cribbage, and he was admiring the perfect molding and fine soft skin of her forearm as she reached to score. It was very warm, and running with the wind reduced its force. Avis was talking to Day, or at least he was giving her a sort of saga of Hapgood's family achievements. Sally had just finished her fencing lesson with Ralph, who looked tired, and had then taken on Sam, who lacked her skill, but went far to compensate in strength of wrist.

Ralph stood with arms folded and legs well apart, watching them critically, and Captain Murray, at the mizzen rigging, seemed interested too. Looking past the group, Hapgood observed that George Blackstone, the herculean Hellenic second cook, was hanging in the mouth of his burrow, his enormous forearms, with their black shaggy hair, folded on the hatchway slide and his white cap of *métier* cocked on curly hair enough to stuff a boat cushion. There was the same ferocious concentration in his swart face that Hapgood had previously noticed, and even at that distance the man gave the impression of something out of its epoch, unevoluted, charged with primitive impulses that were poorly contained. There was a wild, uncivilized look about the fellow, as if he had been caught somewhere in a net and incompletely tamed.

Hapgood himself was at his favorite position when the ship was running free in a big deep-sea swell, his back against a stanchion brace of the gallows frame, the big 'thwartships beam to support the mizzen boom when the sail was down. On the weather side this gave him the best general view of everything. It was close and muggy below and most of those off duty were on deck. A little forward of the mainmast, Mr. Johnson was playing checkers with the engineer, whose duties were light on this passage. Still, there is always work for a ship's officer to find. He turned his engines

(Continued on Page 63)

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double action

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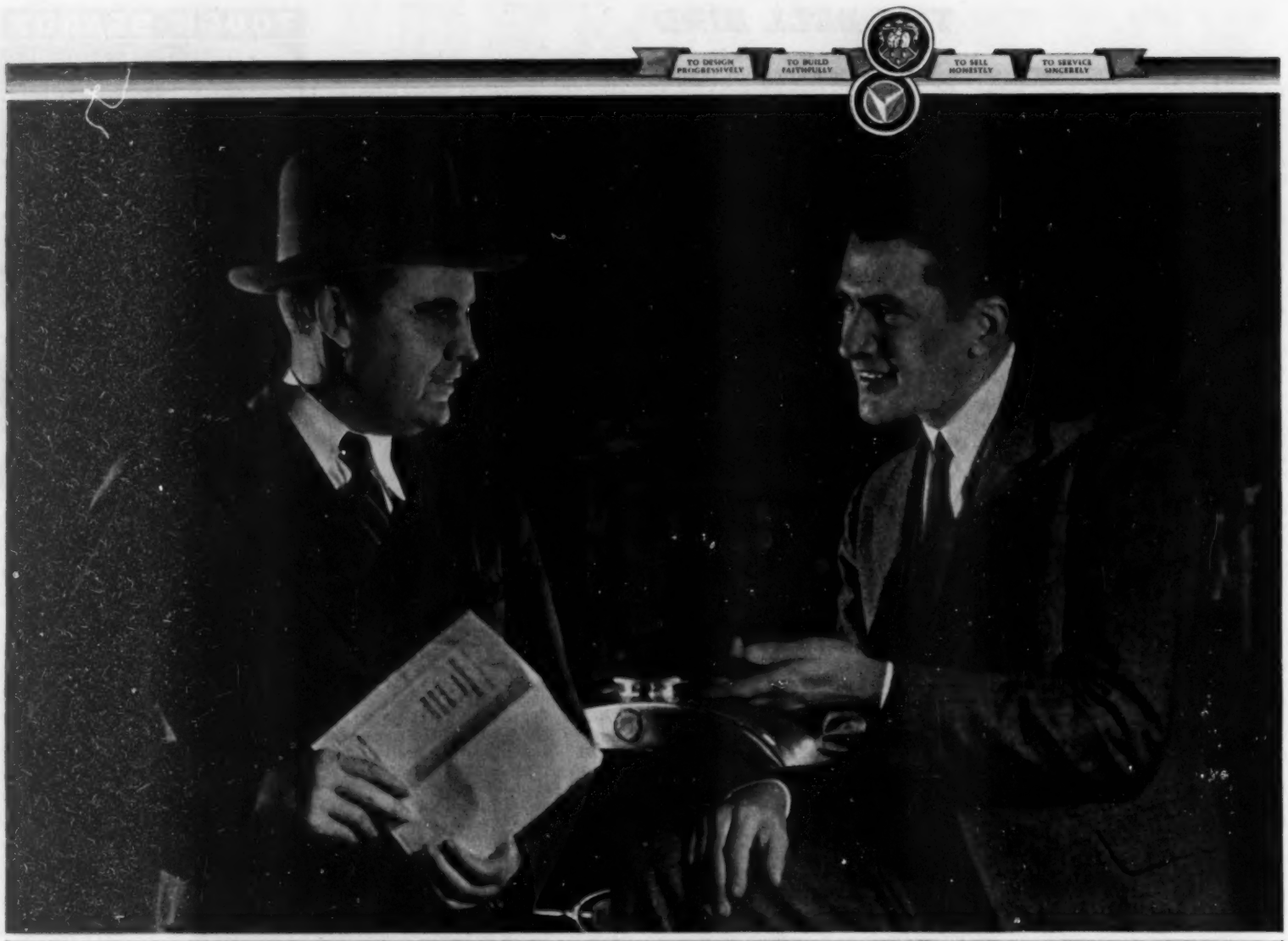

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OLDSMOBILE SIX
VIKING EIGHT

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 61)

over every day at noon for a few revolutions, the seal being on the shaft, and his engine room looked like the inside of a fine watch.

Sally stepped back and pulled off her mask, disclosing a very flushed face. "Hot," she said. "I mean the weather." She looked at Captain Murray. "Do you take a dive overboard when you get becalmed, captain?"

He took her literally. "Never have yet, Miss Sally. For one thing, I never learned to swim."

Those who heard looked at him in surprise. "Gosh," Sally said. "I wonder that you're still in our midst."

"I've had some right close shaves. Managed to keep afloat till somebody hove me something. Way down east where I grew up, the water's ice cold, and in southern waters I been shy of sharks and barracudas and the like."

"Well, I've heard that lots of sailors couldn't swim," Sally said, "but I thought it was bunk."

"Oh, no, there's lots of them never learn. Don't seem to get round to it. Or don't like the feeling of nothing solid to fasten to. Matter of temper'ment, I should say. And temper'ture, maybe." His eyes twinkled.

"I'm soft," Sam said. He slapped his chest, to which his shirt was clinging, wet through. "Since we can't get overboard without swimming ashore, a salt shower's the next best bet." He went below and Sally followed him. Ralph, as usual, looked cool and dry and hard. His face showed fatigue, but its strained look was gone. Hapgood, watching him from a little distance, thought he had never seen so handsome, fine-looking, a man. A thoroughbred distinction was stamped on him, and it was of the hard, virile and determined sort. In facial featurings and bodily physique he must have been like a demigod in his youth, and possibly conducted himself as such, which, without the backing of Olympus, had made of him a demirep. Avis had said that, when boys, Ralph and his cousin Frank, who were of the same age to the month, had sometimes been taken for twins, and that even now their resemblance was striking, though Frank's expression had become vague and unprecised. He was, she had said, like a blurred portrait of his cousin Ralph.

This had made it easy for Ralph to impersonate him, to their mutual business interest, and Frank may have realized that he must be flattered by the mistaken identity. But the matter of the passport had frightened him.

As Hapgood now watched him meditatively, reflecting on the tragic waste of such a personality and the mess that hostile circumstances can make of a man and his dependents, Ralph seemed suddenly to become for the first time infused by the exhilaration of the surroundings. These could scarcely have been of a more splendid, heroic sort, for one able to appreciate them. Even to a mere spectator aboard a passing liner, there would have been a thrilling beauty and majesty in the sight of this strong but delicately fashioned fabric tearing her way into midocean before that strong wind, with creamy sails filled, as it seemed, to bursting, and every glistening rope yarn straining and holding hard.

But to be aboard her and to feel the soaring impetus of each successive rush in the sustained roaring of waters on either side, and to look aloft and watch the weaving trucks at the top of the valiant, gleaming spars, or forward to see her sturdy lance of a bowsprit spearing at the skies, was to become a thrilling part of the glorious life and strength and motion.

It seemed now suddenly to affect Ralph in such a way and to carry him beyond himself. He filled his chest and stared up at the sky, now streaked with flying wreaths of scud, then burst out, as if unconsciously, into a song. Hapgood was astonished, almost shocked, at this spontaneous expression of a spirit he had assayed as anything but lyric. He listened, partly astonished, partly embarrassed, until he realized suddenly that here was a voice of no common power and melody and sweetness, singing with a resonance that carried it strongly above the ocean sounds, yet harmoniously to their key.

His wonder grew as Ralph sang on. Other occupations were arrested to listen. Edna turned and stared. Her partner's jaws went agape. The bridge players flocked out of their coop. Avis was standing rooted by the rail, clinging to a shroud, and it seemed to Hapgood that her lovely face was transfigured, less at the song, he thought, than at joy that Ralph should have been moved to sing it.

This was a curious song—a sort of militant triumphant chant that was yet of flexible tunefulness. Some quality about it gave Hapgood a spinal thrill as he listened, and it excited him. It sounded like the sea, a sort of viking chorus, but as he listened for the words Hapgood was unable to determine in what tongue they might be.

Ralph was facing forward, face lifted, as if singing to somebody at the topmast truck. Avis moved over to where Hapgood stood. She laid her hand on his arm and said tremulously:

"Oh, Happy, I could die with joy. That's the first time he has sung for years."

"He's got a glorious voice—Orpheus, singing on the deck of Argo."

"It's superb—an operatic voice. He could have had engagements, but never would. He says he can sing only when the weight is lifted off his heart. You have done that, my dear."

"What's he singing?"

"An Albanian folk song. You hear it in Northern Greece, but not like that. Frank Croydon harmonized it and wrote the words. I doubt the poor dear realizes what he's doing. He loves the sea, and all this majesty and power has got into him. That's your work. Last night he said: 'Now at last I can sleep.' And he slept like a tired schoolboy for twelve hours." She gripped Hapgood's arm and cried in an altered key: "Look at that cook."

"I've been watching," Hapgood began, then raised his voice and called forward stridently: "Johnson—Slocum—grab that cook."

George Blackstone had emerged from his scuttle like the hairy troglodyte that he resembled from his cavern's mouth, in precisely the same furtive, crouching way. Instead of bulging squarely out, he had dropped his great black hairy paws to the deck, taking the weight of his huge torso on his knuckles, then disengaged a knee and stepped forward, half stooped. He was moving slowly aft in the same stealthy manner, as if stalking some quarry. His face was terrible—low forehead corrugated and the bushy brows drawn in a heavy black line over peering eyes, and his mouth was working.

His gaze was fastened on Ralph, who up to this moment had been unaware of him. The cook's sinister advance would take him past Johnson and Slocum, the engineer, who, sitting on the deck, had paused in their chess game to listen to Ralph's song.

At Hapgood's hail, Johnson looked round, then sprang to his feet.

"Hey, you; where are you going?" he demanded, blocking the cook's way. "Get back there where ye b'long."

George Blackstone paid no attention to him. He did not seem to have heard. His eyes were fixed on Ralph, who had stopped singing abruptly and was staring forward in a puzzled way. Mate Johnson, a lean but stalwart Deer Islander, grabbed at one of the cook's big bare forearms. George Blackstone gave an inarticulate growl, then seemed to pounce on the mate with uncanny quickness, seized him by both shoulders and hurled him crashing into the scuppers.

Hapgood leaped to the wheel, which was in the hands of Quartermaster Bakker, the yacht's biggest and most powerful man. "I'll take her. Grab that cook. He's gone mad. Knock him in the head."

Bakker's sea training stuck to him enough for him to give the course, and as he felt the wheel steadied he plunged forward. As he did so the cook abandoned his stealthy advance and made a rush. Slocum snatched at him and was swept aside over against the foot of the mainmast by a backward swing of the great arm. Next in the advance of the mad cook was Captain Murray, and the spare and elderly mariner did not shrink. Far from that, he flung himself forward to meet the charge, driving a blow at the cook's scowling face. Perhaps it landed, but if so, it was not apparent. With another growl, a bestial sound, George Blackstone seized the captain as he had done the mate, swung him bodily off his feet and hurled him over the low bulwarks into the smother alongside.

Two actions happened then synchronously. As the cook recovered his balance the burly quartermaster dived at him, butting him a little above the belt. The two crashed down together, when such of the watch on deck as had run up flung themselves upon them. At the same moment, Hapgood, who had his hands full with the wheel, saw Ralph snatch a ring life buoy from its rack on the bulwarks, fling it overside and spring after it. There was a fluttering rush in front of Hapgood. Avis sped past him and made a clean dive over the rail.

In this crisis Hapgood's brain fired its consecutive thought discharges faster than any machine gun, and as coördinately. Under the full pressure of her straining lowers the yacht was rushing away from the three struck adrift. The next big wave to lift her would carry her on its foaming crest for nearly a quarter of a mile. The obvious procedure was to start the engine and round up into the wind as sharply as possible under power, then lower the sails and push back to windward on the reversed bearing of their present course.

He roared at his engineer: "Start the engine!"

Mr. Slocum came running aft, dismay on his face. "That'll take an hour, sir. We've been grinding valves and fitting fresh gaskets."

"Oh, Lord! What about the power gig?"

"She's all ready."

Hapgood looked at the struggling heap of men amidships, then yelled at the top of his lungs: "Stand by to jibe ship! All hands!"

The startling order reached Mr. Johnson, who had scrambled up from where the cook had flung him and was standing by the mizzen rigging, wiping the blood from a cut in his head. He repeated the order in a hoarse bellow and hurried aft.

"Think she will stand it, sir?"

"She's got to stand it. Slocum can't give us power for another hour. If we haul on the wind we'll get way off our bearings on them by the time we get her headed up. I'm going to jibe her over and send the motor gig."

Hapgood had a powerful voice. He sent it out full chested:

"All hands jibe ship! Leggo lee backstay runners! Leggo boom tackles! Slack the mizzen peak halyard!"

The watch forgot the maniac cook, who was by this time nearly throttled in the powerful paws of the big quartermaster. Bakker himself was the first to get the sense of the order. He loosed his hold of the cook's throat and scrambled to his feet. The bos'n, ahead of him, was making for the fore boom tackle, and another hand for the main. Mr. Johnson slacked away the mizzen backstay runner, and Bakker was throwing the turns off the pin to which was belayed the mizzen peak, to lower it enough to ease the strain of the masthead when the big sail should jibe.

"For'ard there, what d'ye say?" Hapgood bawled.

"All clear, sir!"

"Mizzen sheet, all hands!"

Quartermaster Bakker was the first to handle it, close to the block. "Tail on, fellers! Mind yer feets!"

The men came running aft and tailed onto the mizzen sheet, ready to haul in hell for leather as the huge spar started to swing across the deck, to check its devastating violence when the fresh gale should take it aback, and to save the mizzenmast, maybe. The fore and main would have to take care of themselves.

"All ready?" Hapgood called.

"All ready, sir."

Hapgood shouted at his pale, silent group of guests: "Get below, people. Something might fetch away." Then to Bakker: "Lend a hand at the wheel."

"Wheel, sir." The big quartermaster took his stance opposite Hapgood.

"Ha-ard a-weather!"

They crowded over the wheel. It seemed as if for a moment Democracy paused a little, held her breath, astonished. Never in her gallant, useful life had she been jibed over under such conditions—a fresh gale and a steep, high, deep-sea swell, the sort it takes at least forty-eight hours to build up.

In that breathless zero moment Hapgood sent up silent prayers to God and to his father and to the honest builders of that splendid vessel. Old Jeff Thompson who had got out the beautiful spars had made his last voyage to the home port that spring, and as the luff began to flutter, Hapgood breathed: "Oh, Cap'n Thompson, stand by us now and don't let her drag 'em out."

There was a curious hush as the schooner swung off squarely before the wind, as the weather helm put her directly on its axis. Her long sleek hull sliced the swell with no lateral crowding. The strains came off wheel and sheet ropes. Then, as Hapgood had counted on and hoped for, first the fore and then the mainsail jibed over in quick succession, with a crashing and jarring that shook the yacht from stem to stern, but everything holding, though he saw the main truck twist. The good Oregon pine could stand that. These sails were about half the area of the big mizzen sail, their booms but half the length of its own.

"Haul away!" he yelled, and to Bakker opposite him: "Hard up!"

"Hard up, sir!" The big wheel spun over. A tremendous undulation swept the huge expanse of canvas as the first puff caught it aback. The end of the boom jerked aloft. Then slowly but with gathering speed to its ponderous weight, it started on its way across. The sheet rope of supple Italian hemp flew through the hands of the splendidly trained crew. With the great boom soaring overhead, Bakker roared like an aurochs bull: "Hold hard, everybody!"

There was no time to belay. It was a tug of war between man power, aided by the tremendous leverage of the massive blocks with their multiple sheaves and friction, and the gale in a vast expanse of canvas. There came a terrific crash, a jar that set the schooner shivering in a stricken way. The mizzen-sheet crew was jerked forward, but hung on to a man, some few jerked off their feet. Mr. Johnson, nearest the block, alone let go to save his hands from being amputated in it. And then it held. The last man had deftly caught a turn on the quarter bitts.

"All fa-ast, sir!"

Down went Democracy, down, down, crowding what was now her lee rail under. The sea surged in over it until half the deck was awash. Hapgood caught a glimpse of George Blackstone, who had been sitting stupidly on that side, goggling at them like a big bewildered beast. The rush of water over the lee rail set him spinning about, clutching frantically for a handhold on something.

Democracy swung in a giddy arc, her stern slued round by the drive of the mizzen sail that had been checked with the boom over the quarter. Headsails, then fore and main, began to volley like field artillery. Then slowly the yacht began to right herself. As far as could be seen, everything on deck and aloft had held. She would be sound below also, Hapgood felt sure. He knew what selected stuff had

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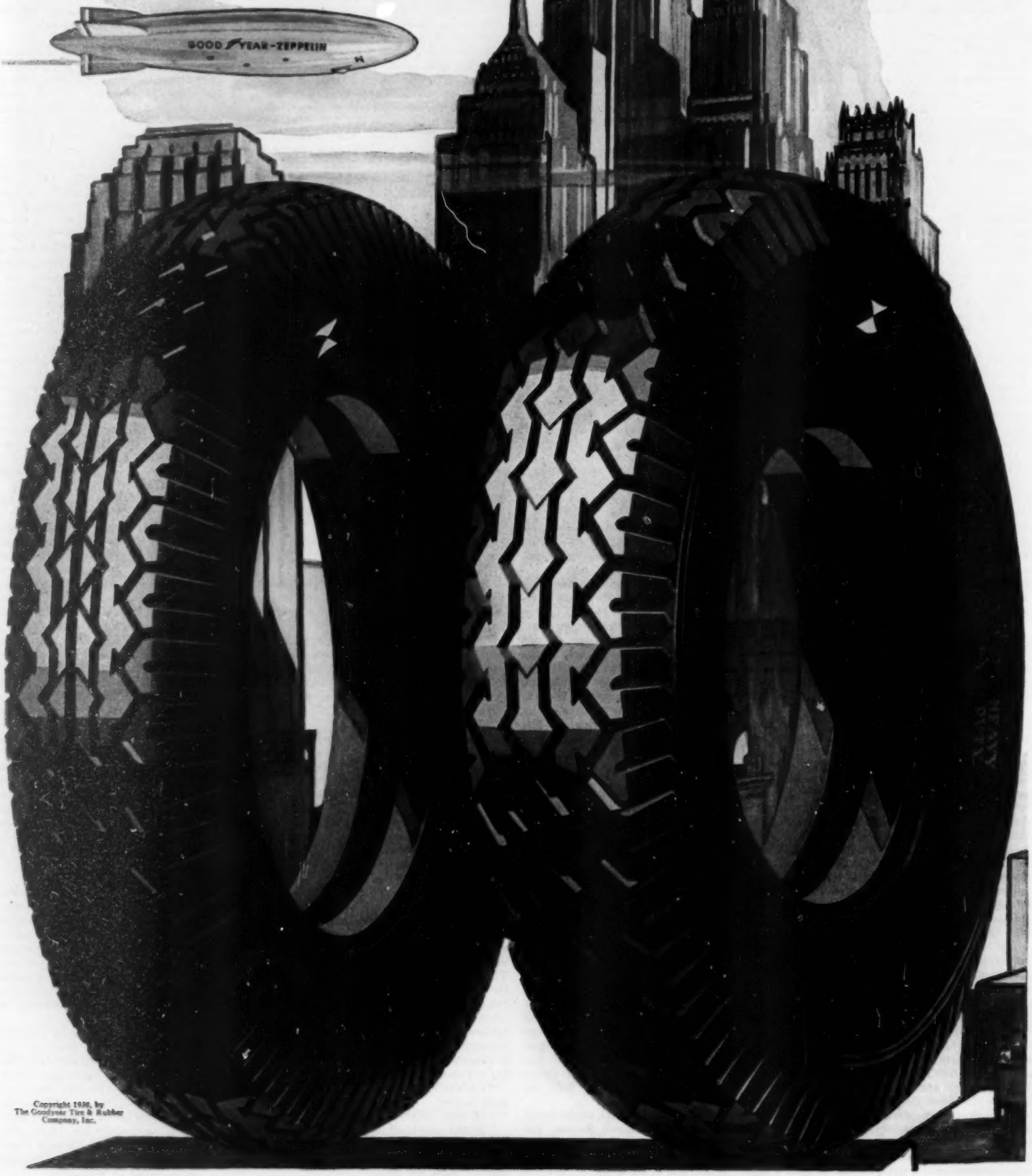
Pathfinder

THE QUALITY TIRE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL



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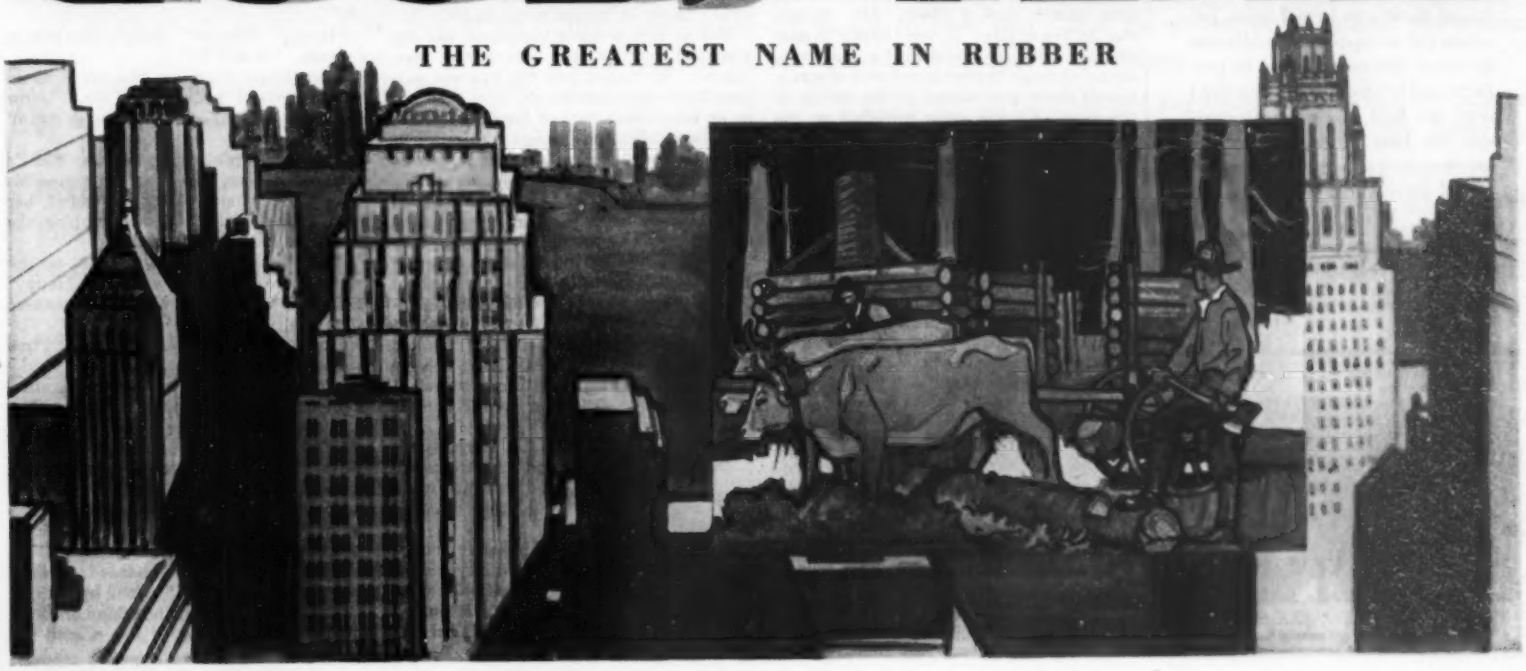

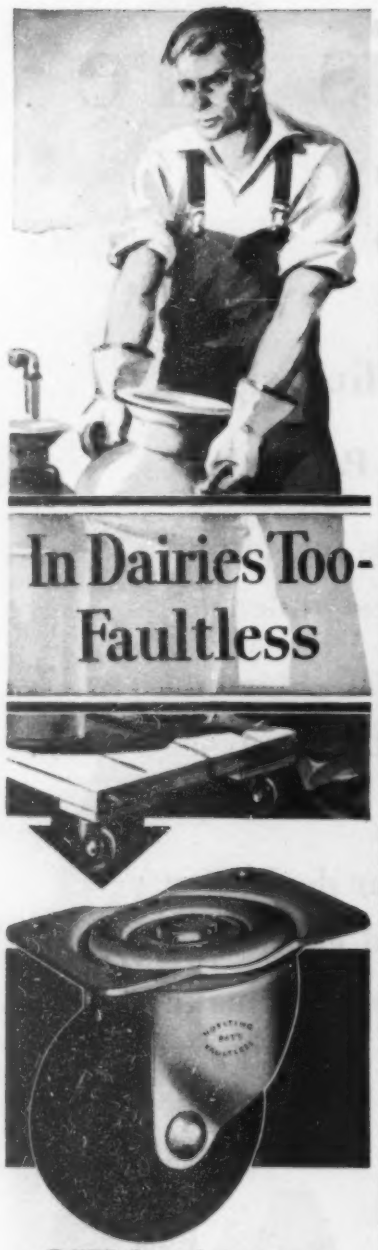

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gone into her, and how it had been joined and fastened.

His jibing maneuver had brought the yacht nearly head to wind with the motor gig, a splendid sea boat, on the lee side. This disposition of the gig had been the chief reason for the jibe. If Hapgood had hauled on the wind and rounded up, he would then have had to put his vessel about and on the other tack in order to lower the gig and get her safely away. That would have been impossible from the weather side. To get about would have cost time and have taken them well off their position, so that the exact bearing of those struck adrift would have been uncertain. Even worse, Democracy was full bowed and comparatively light drafted, and the steep swell might have stopped her way and put her in irons. But Hapgood's sea experience had taught him that a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel smartly jibed would wear round and come head to wind in practically the same position.

He had now another seaman's problem—to drop the beautiful high-powered gig and get her safely away. Once clear, the boat would easily weather wind and sea. Hapgood longed to take charge of her, but he knew that his place was by the wheel, commanding the whole maneuver and the vessel herself.

His orders came sharply and clearly: "Down jib! . . . Mizzen sheet! . . . Close haul! . . . Down the mainsail!" With the schooner under forestaysail, foresail and mizzen sail, she would handle easily. With her head to the wind, the sails came volleying down to rest in the lazy jacks. The mizzen sail was sheeted home. "Swing out the gig!" Mr. Slocum had got into the boat, started the engine and was letting it turn over, idled, then stopped it. "Lead out a sea painter forward, bos'n. . . . Get aboard, Mr. Johnson, with two hands. Your course is due west, a little short of a mile."

The gig was swung out on her davits, her bottom clearing the tops of the swell sweeping past by a few feet. Mr. Johnson took her wheel. "Stand by to slack away the falls," he ordered. "Slack away handsomely! Slack away after falls; slack away forward! Hold forward! You in the stern sheets, slip your block when she rises! . . . Slack away forward!"

Democracy was practically hove to, scarcely forereaching at all. Hapgood gave her a little wheel to make a better lee. The stern falls were cleared as the swell lifted her.

Mr. Johnson sang out: "Stand by to slip the for'ard falls! . . . Hold her on the sea painter; then, when she's clear, heave it aboard! . . . Let go! . . . Shove off!"

Mr. Johnson put the wheel over and the trim launch took a sheer. Mr. Slocum started the engine. It was thrown in gear and the trim gig sliced into a big wave, shored through its crest in a shower of spray, soared down and rushed at the incline of the next. Up she came teetering on the summit of the next, that was scarcely white, and so like a swift arrow sped off into the hazy spindrift.

Bakker came aft to relieve Hapgood at the wheel. He paused to give a couple of kicks to the water-logged George Blackstone, starting him on his way to the pantry hatch. The yacht was slowly edging to windward. The gale seemed to have trebled its force, but that was to be expected, shoving into it. Hapgood's eyes burned as he stared into the binnacle. His face was white and strained, and looked ten years more than his age of thirty-two. His brain was clamoring vain questions: How long had this maneuver taken? What distance had the gig to do? How soon would it get dark or dusky? How strong a swimmer was Avis? Could she keep afloat in those big surges until they should get up to her?

There were some thin rays of hope. The elapsed time could not be very much. They must have jibed over inside of a mile from where the three had gone overboard. The daylight ought to hold. The swell was long and even, not cresting very much, as the wind was with the sluggish current of the stream, or nearly so. And they had the big ring life buoy.

A sailor was going up the fore rigging. The bos'n came aft. "I got a man on lookout in the eyes, sir, and one to the foretop."

"All right." Hapgood walked forward. None of his guests attempted to detain him. The sudden, masterful command of his vessel by their easy-going host had startled and astonished them. They watched him silently as he reached for the foremast shrouds and swung himself up onto the rail, then started aloft.

Halfway up the fore rigging, Hapgood clung to the shrouds and stared at the sea ahead in agony. From that altitude the yacht seemed scarcely to move, but merely to bury her bows, then lift them again. Still, at these latter moments the brine swirled past.

It swept over him then that it was his own life also, out there in the smoky seas ahead, whether on their surface or under them. It had needed this to show him his damnable stupid blindness. The ache in his heart during the past two days should have been more than enough to give him full understanding, but he had been too thick and heavy and spiritually hidebound. He had permitted the apparent to mask the real.

But now he knew. Somewhere out there ahead were the real people, and he an apparent man, but actually a sham effigy of the one clinging here wretchedly trying to discover them. All that was real about him was there with Avis, and if she drowned, that real self would drown with her and leave this shell to continue its automatic motions. At least one thing was certain—that it would never marry and beget more shells.

He had already seen himself a snob, and now he saw himself a coward also—one so afraid of his precious family dignity as to crucify a love that he knew now to be all there was to him that had ever mattered. How could he have failed to appreciate that fact? He had known from the first that, however strong the physical appeal of this woman, it was yet the least of his hunger and his sense of need of her. Her mere presence had made him feel complete as a mortal human being, and her closer contact as an immortal one.

With such love proved to him, he had still been unable to believe in it. Avis had offered him a soul—his own—and he had not recognized the thing. Up to this time he had never made contact with it. He had been, as Sam described, a mere well-bred human animal who in the orderly trend of events expected to produce other well-bred human animals of his particular stock. Love appeared to have no place in this sort of scheme. Race was the important thing. Blue ribbons at human horse shows.

But at this moment bitterness was less Hapgood's portion than a devouring heart hunger. He longed now for Avis not as a love that might and should have been but as an established part of him, a wife that really was. She had penetrated him spiritually without his being aware of it, and he was with her now, out there in the sea.

The tears gushed into his eyes. He tried desperately to blink them away so that he might be able to search the lowering visibility. The best that he could manage was a brief glimpse, and then his throat would swell and a hot flood quench his vision again. He could not think of Avis at all without thinking of her sweetness and courage and cheerful deprecation of herself. It was the pathos of her that blurred Hapgood's sight at this moment, when he needed it most acute.

Even Ralph shared in it. They were a pitiful pair, this father and daughter, even if they asked no pity. And now, just when their skies were clearing, this dreadful thing had to happen.

The shrouds shook in his hands and he looked down to see Sally's dusky yellow head just under his feet. She climbed a few ratlines higher, crowding in against him.

"Cheer up, Happy. We're bound to get them," she called.

"How do you know?"

"Ralph wouldn't have gone after the skipper if he couldn't swim like a seal, nor Avis gone to help unless she had known she wouldn't hinder."

"I wonder why Ralph did that?"

"The skipper had just told us all he couldn't swim. Ralph's a quick thinker and quick actor. Why didn't somebody slip the big flare life buoy?"

"I didn't dare leave the wheel. I'd sent Bakker to grab that crazy cook."

"Well, they had the one Ralph slung over, and that would be enough," Sally said comfortingly. "What could have started that cook to run amuck?"

"God knows." Hapgood stared ahead. His eyes had cleared. He looked down alongside. The big swells were heaving past. "Sally ——"

"Yes, Happy."

"I love her so."

"Don't I know that? It needed this to make you understand. We're going to get her, Happy. All three of them."

"Why are you so sure? Perhaps it's a—a ——"

"Nothing of the sort," Sally interrupted. "Why that cursed Greek cook ——"

"Was he Greek?"

"Yes, and some sort of a hop head, Sam said. Why should he have run amuck just then, and why that magnificent jibe, and everything hang on? Your grand old builders were standing by, Happy, and they're still standing by. So is your dear old dad. Don't tell me it's all for nothing, or a judgment, because you fought against your will to do what you thought was the right thing."

"You're grand, Sally."

"You're going to be that thing, and Avis will help. Look sharp, Happy. Watch the launch for a signal."

They searched the sea ahead. A thicker mass of scud fled over the tops, making it darker. Hapgood groaned. The launch had dwindled to a mere speck, visible only when she rose on the swell.

"The light's fading."

"It will brighten. There's a lot of day left."

"Ralph was worn out."

"A man like that doesn't know it until his job's done."

"Could you last out there, Sally?"

"For hours. Like a bloomin' duck. So can Avis."

"Why are you so sure?"

"I know her type. She's strong and supple, like an otter. She's enjoying this. . . . Don't you see it all makes sense, Happy? There'd be none in drowning them. No use in that glorious jibe. And the yacht twenty years old."

"Twenty-two. I was ten when she slid off."

"Happy—Happy!" Sally's voice rose in a shriek. "HAPPY!"

From above them on the truck there came a hoarse bellow: "Yo-ho, below dere! Dead ahead, sir! Der launch comin' back!"

Hapgood seemed to sag a little. Sally's strong arms were like a lashing across his knees as they buckled for a moment, her sports-hardened little hands gripping the shroud on either side him.

"Hold hard, Happy. Look now on the crest—there—all three. All three, Happy! What did I tell you? Now watch—three waves—all three!"

From over them: "Dead ahead! T'ree wave len'ts!"

"There, Happy. Avis is waving her scarf or bloomers or something." She laughed hysterically. "Am I right?"

"You're a darling. Lemme down."

They slid and scuffled to the rail, swung in and landed in a heap on deck. As Hapgood scrambled up, the lookout aloft hailed again:

"Dey got 'em! All t'ree!"

Quartermaster Bakker bawled: "Slack away forestaysail sheet! Stand by wit' yer sea painter!" He held the schooner nicely to the swell, the hoist of the mizzen sail

(Continued on Page 68)

Tandem driving in extravagantly high gigs was a fashionable sport among the luxury-loving young English aristocrats of the early nineteenth century

Luxurious Transportation

The luxury and distinction of Packard transportation are really no more expensive than the lesser advantages of a lower-priced car of Packard size.

Such a car delivered, say, at sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars costs just as much to operate and maintain as a Packard Standard Eight. After costs are not less because original price was lower! And depreciation—the greatest single cost of car ownership—amounts to as much for the lower-priced car traded in after two years or so as for the Packard driven three years or more.

Most Packard owners keep their cars nearly twice as long as the lower-priced vehicles they previously owned. They *want* to keep their Packards longer. In doing so they offset the difference in purchase price, and gain the enjoyment of Packard performance and prestige.

Consult any Packard man about the comparative costs of car ownership. No doubt you are paying for your present motoring as much as it would cost to drive a Packard Standard Eight. If so, why not *have* the Packard?

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 66)

coming slightly aback. The gig ran past them. Avis waved, and Ralph shouted: "Well done, Democracy!" thereby scoring first in compliments. Captain Murray gave them a dazed look. Hapgood was inarticulate, could not call out. His throat felt stretched and swelled.

The gig rounded up, and Mr. Johnson, warily watching his chance, put her deftly alongside, carefully keeping clear of the slashing overhang as the schooner's stern fell. The sea painter was caught, made fast, and the three struck adrift were handed aboard the yacht. Hapgood managed to say: "That was fine, Ralph." He could scarcely speak at all to Avis. The clasping of her in his arms that he had visualized was modified to a fusing look on his part, and on her part to a faint little smile, with a nod that seemed to say: "I understand, Happy. Don't try to speak, poor dear."

The gig was hooked on and swung aboard with nothing worse than a few bumps. Hapgood ordered the mainsail hoisted and got the schooner on her course again. The wind was lightening, he thought.

A little later he asked the mate: "What about that cook, Mr. Johnson?"

The mate gave him a blank look. In the stress of events he had forgotten all about George Blackstone. Nobody, in fact, seemed to have given the crazy cause of all the agony another thought.

"He ought to be ironed or locked up or something, I suppose," Mr. Johnson said, and turned to the bos'n. "Where is the feller, and what's he up to?"

The bos'n stepped to the pantry hatch and looked below. "He's gettin' the crew's supper, sir."

"Well," Hapgood said, "I suppose he might as well. They must be hungry."

"I was sort of hopin' he might wash overboard when we jibed," Mr. Johnson said.

Hapgood dismissed the topic for the moment by asking, "How were they when you found them?"

"Pretty good, sir. Maj—Mr. Croydon had got the captain inside the life buoy and was holding him steady on one side. Miss Croydon seemed to be swimming clear, just holding by one hand on the hand line round the buoy." He was silent a moment, then said diffidently: "It looks like the skipper and me got to change our opinion about Major—I mean Mr. Croydon, after this."

Hapgood nodded absently and walked aft. He said to Bakker at the wheel, "I'll take her, quartermaster. Go get your supper, when it's ready. Lay off the cook if you run into him."

"Lay off the cook, sir." With equal force of habit Bakker gave the course and went forward. Night came down darkly, but with a bright band above the horizon to the northward. Hapgood steered and thought, and thought and steered.

Sam came up and reported Captain Murray to be little the worse for his immersion. "Not being a swimmer, he soaked up quite a lot of sea water when the broken stuff went over him. Ralph and Avis are all right enough. . . . Happy, what was that locoed cook's big idea?"

"I've been thinking about that. It looks a little as if he were one of Ralph's chickens trying to come home and roost on him."

"Not a Shanghai rooster?"

"No, a Greek dunghill. Ralph once raised the devil in their poultry yard."

"The blighter has been watching Ralph," Sam said.

"Yes, I noticed that. Watching him like a lynx watching a grouse. That song of Ralph's seemed to send him off his chump. He suddenly went loco, or whatever they call it in Greek."

Sam said slowly: "I'd like to know what it's all about. He ought really to be in restraint, though I don't think he's apt to bust out again." He was silent for a moment, then said: "I believe I'll go to the galley and try to psychiatrize him."

"Do it here," Hapgood said. "In camera, so to speak. I'd like to listen in."

"Isn't that taking a chance?"

"Well, let's take it. I think he'll be docile, though. It was sort of an explosion, and after he'd got mauled up and ducked and Bakker fetched him a couple of kicks, he swarmed back into the galley and started making soup."

"All right," Sam said. "I'll get him."

He went forward, and a few minutes later Hapgood saw him coming back with the huge, bulking figure of George Blackstone slouching at his side. In the murk they suggested an itinerant Bohemian and his big bear. Some of the watch on deck seemed inclined to follow, but Sam said crisply, "Never mind. It's all right."

Beside Hapgood, at the wheel, Sam paused. The big Greek stood with thick legs apart, steadying himself against the motion by one hand on an arm of the binnacle, with its iron sphere.

"Now, George," Sam said quietly, "tell us why you tried to attack Mr. Croydon."

"I wanted to chuck him overboard."

"Why?" Sam said.

"He stole my wife. He take her to his house to be housekeeper."

"Where was that?"

"On this island where he live. I got a little restaurant there, in the town."

"When was that?"

"That long time ago—six, seven years. He teach her that song he sing today. She sing it all the time when she come back. When he sing it today I go crazy, I think. Don't know what I'm doin'."

"George," Hapgood said sternly, "you've got the wrong man."

"What you mean, I got the wrong man?" The cook's voice was sullen, suspicious. "I know Frank Croydon. I know that song he sing. It stick in my ears always."

"This gentleman aboard," Hapgood said, "is Mr. Ralph Croydon, the first cousin of Frank Croydon. Six and seven years ago Mr. Ralph Croydon was out in China."

There was a moment's silence. Then George muttered: "Say, I don't think about that. Now I remember he got a cousin look like him, and he got a daughter. He stop here goin' out to China. Say, boss, I never think. I beg pardon."

Hapgood felt inclined to laugh. It had already occurred to him that he owed quite a lot to this stupid Greek giant. George Blackstone's fit of madness had given Hapgood his sense of real values; blown away the fog of indecision that surrounded him and let in the light.

"Why did you wait so long to settle your score, George?" he asked.

"I didn't wait. When my wife send word she ain't comin' home no more, I go up to his house. Everybody laugh at me. They don't let me in and we have a fight."

"With whom?" Sam interrupted.

"His servants. I smash up one man pretty bad and get locked up. When I get out, Mr. Croydon ain't there. I ship for cook on a emigrant ship and go to New York and stay there."

"Why did you ship on this yacht?" Hapgood asked.

"I save up plenty money and by 'n' by get homesick. I been workin' in a Greek restaurant in Sout' Brooklyn. Some sailors off'n this yacht come in and I hear 'em say she sailin' for the Mediterranean, so I think I work my way across."

"Did you know Mr. Croydon was to be aboard?" Hapgood asked.

"No, not until we sail. Then I see him and ask the second steward what name he got, and he tell me Croydon. I don't know 'bout his daughter."

There was another brief silence. Then Hapgood said, "George, if I let this pass, will you promise me to let the matter drop?"

"You bet, boss. I think I been crazy."

"I think so too," Sam said. "That's all, George. Go back and turn to."

The cook looked from one to the other in a bewildered way. "You ain't goin' to arrest me?"

"No," Hapgood said, "you're more useful in the galley than in the brig. That's all."

George made a clumsy salute and shambled forward. Sam sighed.

"I suppose it was our Christian duty to make Greece safe for Frank," he said. "But somehow I don't seem to care much about Frank. I didn't in my sanitarium, and I care even less about him now."

"Same here," Hapgood agreed. "I wouldn't cry myself to sleep if George were to get him some day."

A quartermaster relieved Hapgood at the wheel. He went below and changed for dinner, but he did not want to go to dinner. He craved for the moment to reflect alone on what had just happened, and what had happened himself.

He went on deck again and found Sam standing near the wheel, smoking a pipe. Hapgood said to him, "I don't suppose Ralph and Avis will be getting up to dine?"

"No, I prescribed hot toddy, then broth and rest."

"What would you prescribe for me? I was overboard in spirit all that time, and sunk, until Sally came and hauled me to the surface. She's a wonder, Sam. You've got a real one."

"So have you. I imagine you've found that out by this time."

"I found it out when I was in the rigging. Also that I was the base imitation. I'm going to change all that."

"You'd have done that anyhow, but the process might have been slow and painful instead of a brief agony."

"Not so brief. At least it seemed hours and hours. Before Sally came up, I mean. There's a life buoy of a girl."

"Sally and Captain Gloom couldn't ride in the same boat. She'd heave him overboard. The way friend George did our skipper. She had Ralph's right number too. For once I was wrong, but not for long."

"Ralph had every reason to hate the skipper," Hapgood said slowly, "but when it came to a showdown he went after him before the rest of us got our minds cranked up. All dressed up and tired out and the yacht tearing off before a fresh gale and a heavy sea. And night coming on."

"Yes, it was service. And if you hadn't taken charge and jibed her over, they'd be out there yet. If you had tried to haul on the wind and put her about, you'd have got way off the track and easily missed them. Besides, she might have got in stays."

"I thought of that—missing them, I mean. We could have jammed her round under power. But we couldn't have turned her engines over inside an hour."

"Well," Sam said, "to prescribe for you, I'd advise that you cut dinner and stretch out on the back porch and rest and offer thanks to whatever Power you pray to. I notice that even religious slackers pray to something in a jam like that. What's worth having is worth asking for and, if the favor is granted, worth saying thank you for. I'll make your excuses and sing: 'There are moments when one loves to be alone!'"

"This is one of them," Hapgood agreed. "You are a good psychiatrist, Sam."

He crawled out onto the cushions of the back porch, from under which a lambent comet's tail of phosphorescence streamed out astern. The pale band in the north was getting wider, and through a rift in the thinning scud Hapgood saw Polaris.

He was in a strange state of exaltation. There was Destiny in all this, and it was a kind and patient indulgent Destiny. He had tried to put Avis away from him and suffered horrid pain with no promise of relief, and then she had put herself away from him, in the sea, and his agony had been such as he could never have thought possible. Nothing could ever have cured that.

But his eyes had been opened by it, vision cleared, and that seemed now to be what it was all for. A lesson, not the judgment he had feared, since she had been restored to him. He knew what to do about her now. The impediments that had loomed so formidably looked now to him less than molehills. They did not look like anything worth looking at. Mere strands of spider web across a pathway that was bright.

All along Hapgood had told himself that there was only one fact that might warrant his marrying Avis, and that an all encompassing love. He had not thought himself capable of such a love, but he knew better now. He had learned that lesson in the agony of losing her, and he seemed to have learned another with it, which was that nothing but Avis mattered to him in the least. He had merely told himself that the other mattered, and it had not been the truth.

And there was Ralph, all changed in portraiture. What Ralph had done was more than an act of heroism, because while still invalid, easily tired, he had leaped into that wicked-looking sea to save the life of a man whom he detested and had reason to fear as an enemy who might yet succeed in ruining his prospects. Why? There was only one answer—humanity, in its highest sense. Call it sportsmanship, generosity, *noblesse oblige*.

There could not be much fundamentally the matter with the nature of a man like that. Ralph was no vigorous athletic youngster hungry for credit and applause. All he asked now was for respite from worry, peace, the future assured for Avis and for himself. He had risked all that in acting as he had done. He had done it because an elderly mariner whom he disliked had just said that he could not swim.

Avis' act in going to his aid was entirely to be expected of her, consistent with her devotion and fearlessness and the curious lack of value she placed upon herself as an individual. She had loved her father, not herself, and she had loved Hapgood and not herself. It was not only her life that she offered but the living of it for the happiness of him she loved.

And this, Hapgood reflected, was the woman he had considered unfit to carry on his family succession, have her portrait hung in the space awaiting that of the eighth wife in the direct family line. There had been among these wives and mothers women of distinction, virtues, talents, abilities and beauty, and the family loyalty of none had ever been challenged. But Hapgood would have laid a bet that not one of them would have put the happiness and best future worldly interest of the man she subsequently married ahead of her own, offering to abdicate at any time in favor of one he might find more fit to carry on the succession.

This problem no longer vexed him at all. Nothing vexed him. All that he suffered at this moment was an intolerable longing for Avis' close and immediate presence, and then the continuation of that close contact with no break at all. Even in the knowledge that Avis was safe and sound, and separated from him only by the deck, his impatience to see and hear and touch her was almost insupportable. He felt like the vacuum which Nature abhors, or a man frantic from thirst chained to a bowlder beside a bubbling spring.

Eight bells were struck forward. The bow lookout reported the lights bright, and the watch was called. Then the deck quieted again. The yacht was running smoothly under easy canvas. Below, the cabin party would be assembling for *apéritifs* and dinner. Hapgood was glad that he had excused himself. He could not have stood the chatter, and he wanted no *apéritif*, no dinner. All he wanted was Avis, and he wanted her more poignantly than any man ever wanted food or drink. Sam's prescription of rest and reflection for him was all right enough while it lasted, but that was not very long. Besides, its very character was now becoming a source of torment. In his mounting fever of impatience Hapgood did not give Sam credit for the wise forethought to have anticipated this febrile condition.

Should he now disturb Avis, resting after her ordeal? She had assured Sam that she was none the worse for wear, but the exhaustion in her face had reported differently, made her little smile pitiful. She had looked like a lovely drowned girl animated

(Continued on Page 72)

More miles per quart

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proved by 13 cars on nation-wide road test

THIRTEEN stock cars representing nearly every popular make, were driven from the University of Kansas to leading scientific universities with the new Texaco Motor Oil sealed in their crankcases. It was a strictly scientific test carried on under the supervision of university professors of engineering—impartial men who did not even know the name of the oil they were testing.

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When the cars reached their destinations the seals were broken, the oil drained off and subjected to thorough tests by expert university scientists. The combined reports showed that the cars had traveled a total of 25,881 miles and averaged only one quart of motor oil to every 790 miles! This nation-wide road test conclusively demonstrates the longer-lasting, crack-proof superiority of the new Texaco and leaves no question as to which motor oil is best for your car.

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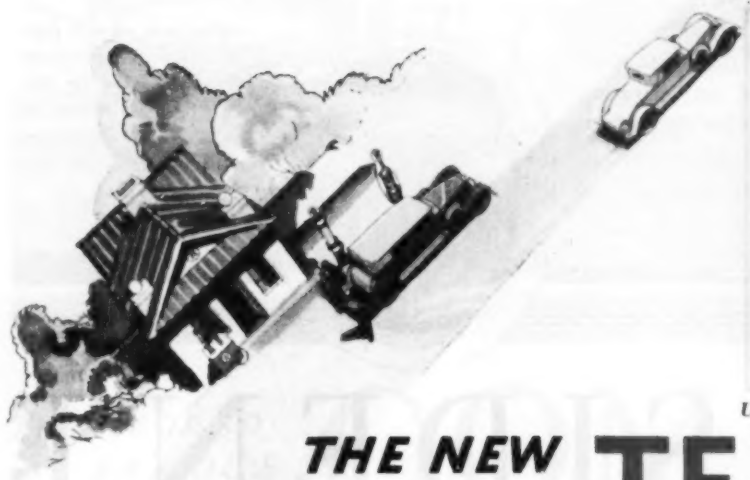

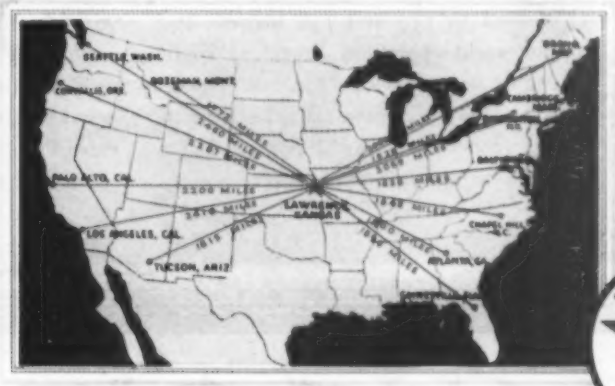

University destinations and distances traveled by 13 test cars.

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STUDEBAKER, Builder of Champions, presents improved, enlarged, more powerful editions of *seasoned* Eights—the world champion President—the world famous Commander—*plus* free wheeling.

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Free wheeling comes to you in a new President and a new Commander—cars even more remarkable than those famous Studebaker Eights which hold the greatest world and international records for speed and endurance and more American stock car records than all other makes combined.

President wheelbases have been increased to 130 and 136 inches—and the world champion President Eight engine now develops 122 horsepower.

The new Commander wheelbase is 124 inches. Its world famous Eight engine is now 101 horsepower.

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Driving a new President or a new Commander is a thrill beyond belief. When free wheeling, you literally float along—with the car in gear and fully controlled—yet free and silent as though there were no gears. Every moment of motion is cushioned and hushed.

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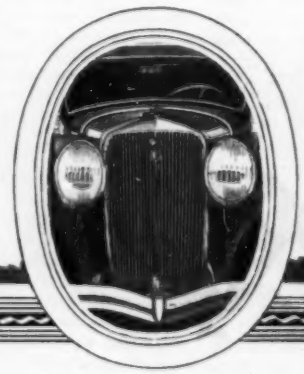


(Illustrated, opposite page) New Series Commander Eight Brougham for five, $1785 at the factory, including six wire wheels and trunk. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

THE WORLD CHAMPION PRESIDENT

THE WORLD FAMOUS

COMMANDER

(Continued from Page 68)

artificially by a galvanic current. It had been rather shocking, unnatural, especially as Avis' provocative features and colorful eyes were of the lovely nymph sort, not those of the lovely martyr or Madonna. That had made her face like a laughing lyric mask set over an actual countenance of pain.

He could wait no longer, Hapgood decided. He had simply got to be with her now, if only to sit beside her while she slept. He sat up to clamber out from the back porch and around the gallows frame, on which a weather cloth had been triced out to shield the helmsman from wind and flying spray, should the wind rise to a full westerly gale. When this was rigged, which was only with a hard fair wind, the back porch was deprived of all view of the yacht except her mizzen topmast, and conversely, the rest of the yacht was deprived of a view of the back porch. But at such times it was apt to need a hardened sailor to enjoy the privacy.

Democracy's designer had been a partisan for breadth of beam, with a fullness of bows and a stern to compensate it. This gave a generous breadth to the back porch, enough to accommodate half a dozen star gazers side by side; even more if, as Payson had said, they were congenial. Hapgood had climbed in on the weather side, because he happened to be on that side, and he had not noticed the usual heap of cushions and steamer rugs on the other.

But now, as he stirred himself, this heap also became animated in a startling way. Banked against the low bulwarks opposite, the mass heaved, then raised itself. A white oval appeared above the rail, and a rug slid down from something pale and shimmering. There came a low-pitched tinkling laugh. This time its magic was not marred by any unpleasant association.

"Avis!" Hapgood gasped.

"Happy, I've had the loveliest little sleep. I must have been all in. And that hot toddy and barley broth Sam made me drink."

"When did you come out here?"

"Sam brought me up when you were below."

They were moving closer, drawn together by that magnetic attraction of which the force increases in so enormous a disproportion to the lessening distance between the separated bodies.

He found himself whispering incoherent assurances, as if they were new and wonderful discoveries instead of axioms, self-evident truths that required no further proof. He realized himself that there was no need of words, but it was a delight to say them, however short they fell of self-expression. They were all the words he knew, and some of them were improvised. He could never have believed that lovers really made such talk, hyperbole, yet inadequate. A silent diction had to supplement speech. It was like trying to describe in talk the glory of a sunrise.

Still, it helped to crystallize his thoughts, so that presently he was able to say more rationally to her what he had said to himself when clinging to the rigging trying to clear his vision of tears, so that he might see.

"Nothing shall ever separate us again. Everything that has any part of me has got to be a part of you. We aren't even separate people. I felt that the first time I kissed you, but didn't know it certainly until you were out there in the sea."

"You knew it before that, Happy, but there were all the thought habits of your lifetime to convince."

"Did Ralph tell you that?"

"Yes, but there was no need. I felt that it would be a mistake to marry you until they were convinced. Ralph put it in a different way. He said it would be unsportsmanlike."

"That would be Ralph," Hapgood said. "The complete sportsman."

"It was a magic word, Happy. The only one that could have made me break my own to do whatever you asked."

"I'd g.t that unfairly," Hapgood said. "You expected something else. But it doesn't matter. All that counts is you, me, us. We are going to be married now, by bell, book and candle—the ship's bell, the log book and a hurricane lantern or two—as soon as the wedding guests flock up."

"But, Happy ——"

"The only 'but' on this sweep of deck is the scuttle butt, and nobody shall have to pledge the bride from that. Afterward, ashore, you can be married again by an ecumenical patriarch of the Greek Church, if you like."

"The skipper isn't able ——"

"The skipper will have to manage it if they lug him up in a hammock, and Mac is a justice of the peace. The ship is far off soundings, a detached civic community of the U. S. A., invested with due legislative authority. Mr. Day can lend a hand. He is a duly ordained clergyman and was never unfrocked. Merely cursed with a roving foot."

Avis' laugh struck its low tuneful chimes. Hapgood loved them now. *Amor omnes vincit.*

Forward, the ship's bell answered it, striking two quick notes. Voices were audible from the head of the main companionway, Sam amongst them, issuing some order. Hapgood hailed him. Sam came aft.

"Feeling any better, patients?"

"I am no longer a patient," Hapgood said. "I am not even a convalescent. I am an A.B., and in command of this yacht and everybody aboard her, especially myself."

"Grand. In a word, you have become the captain of this ship and of your soul. What orders, sir?"

"Go forward and bang the ship's bell. As all hands flock up, say that it is neither fire nor a funeral, but a wedding ceremony to be solemnized on the quarter-deck in an hour, four bells, ten o'clock. My compliments to Captain Murray and ask if he is able to do us the honor to officiate."

"Aye, aye, sir. He will be, if I have to give him a hypo of whoopee."

"All right. Carry on. Then if anybody else gets struck adrift, perhaps this light of the sky beside me may remember that her first duty is to her husband."

Sam saluted and went forward. Hapgood took Avis in his arms again and silenced her feeble remonstrances.

Democracy strove on her gallant way in long, soaring rushes. Somewhere far above her weaving trucks her stalwart, honest builders looked down from the pleasant haven provided for such and showered their benedictions. Interspersed with them there may have run something like this:

"When them spars was stepped I give 'em my guaranty for a lifetime."

"They're good, I grant ye, Jeff. But what about her keel and floor timbers?"

"Yes, and her frames. They were kneed in with natural bends."

"Where'd they been without the plankin'?"

"Say, fellers, that one will deliver the goods when Happy turns her over to his oldest boy."

"Well, looks like she mightn't be any sech Old Ironsides by that time, matey."

And an indulgent chuckle, for there is laughter in heaven.

(THE END)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 24)

environment. The pleasure-pain stimuli weren't correctly balanced and she's developed a negative tropism."

"You behaviorists attach too much importance to environment," exclaimed young Anthony, a new-fledged chemical engineer. "What I think is that she's got a low energy output. She gets the fellows coming her way because of her looks, but what happens then? She doesn't effervesce with interest; she doesn't act vivacious; she just sits around lackadaisically until they wander off again. I've seen her almost go to sleep while one of them was calling. Her metabolism is too low. Nobody's at fault; and there's no remedy, as far as I can see."

"I'm glad there's someone who doesn't blame it on her parents," grumbled Mr. Willett. "If you ask me, she doesn't know how to sell herself. When I started out with nothing but desk room, they all said I couldn't possibly make good with the proposition I had. But I knew ——"

But everybody else had left hastily, and the problem was still unsolved. Edna solved it herself shortly afterward, by meeting a young fellow who had just come to town as a branch manager and marrying him a few months later. She explained the whole thing by saying that he was the first man she'd met for whom she really cared. But none of the family found that very credible.

It sounded so unscientific.

—JEROME BARRY.

A Triolet for Thomas

OUR kitten's life is one of ease,
Involving frequent fish and cream,
Received without a single please
Or thank you. Thomas lives in ease
And luxury, except when fleas
Contrive to interrupt his dream.
Our kitten's life is one of ease,
Involving frequent fish and cream.

—Margaret Fishback.

DRAWN BY CHESTER L. GARDE

"Take 'Em All Back! My Wife Has Changed Her Mind. Y' Know How These Women Are"

My Banker

WHO is it, when I'm feeling blue,
Sends me a cheerful line or two
To say my note is overdue?
My banker.

And who sends back my check again
Stamped "No Funds" in his ghoulish den—
The saddest words of tongue or pen?
My banker.

Who is it, when my notes fall due,
When coin is scarce and friends are few,
Who says, "Oh, yes, you can renew"?
My banker.

Of all my friends beneath the sun
Who, think you, is the only one
Who never says, "It can't be done"?
My banker.

When times are hard and days are black,
When care sits heavy on my back,
Who is it furnishes the jack?
My banker.

Now I've been wicked and I've been weak,
And I've been dumb in the hour to speak,
And I've spoke high when I should ha' been dumb
And missed my chances for martyrdom.
And I've been foolish and I've been fond,
But when I come to the Great Beyond,
When Peter grumbles, "Now, who are you?
And why do you think I should let you through?"
I'll cock my hat and I'll blink my eyes,
And I'll say, "I never was good or wise,
And I can't think up any likely lies,
But brace yourself for a great surprise;
Under the sun here is something new,
So open your gates and let me through—
The first who ever was grateful to
A banker." —*Eugene Manlove Rhodes.*

Yeast brings real *gain in* Vigor..

FINDS PARIS MEDICAL LEADER

Dr. Louis Dartigues says, *"Clean Intestines key to Vitality"*

THIS message from a former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris is addressed to everyone who wants better health without "dosing."

Dr. Dartigues is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and president-founder of the great Franco-Ibero-American Medical Union. He declares:

"The foundations of mental health and bodily vigor lie in a clean intestinal condition. Yet cathartics should not be often resorted to.

"An active yet harmless product is required," he explains. "Such a product is yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

Benefit by this great physician's lifetime of experience! Banish all-day fatigue . . . build up new reserves of health with this remarkable food that thousands eat regularly every day!

Fleischmann's Yeast frees your system from poisons caused by clogging intestinal wastes . . promotes assimilation of energy-yielding foods. Intestines are strengthened. Elimination becomes normal. Your system is purified, invigorated!

Simply eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. You can get it at grocers', soda fountains and restaurants, and directions are on the label.

Scientists explain Yeast's Action:—

PROF. DR. JULIUS CITRON, Berlin metabolism expert, explains: "Medical experience confirms laboratory results with yeast. It purifies the intestinal tract . . . increases energy."

DR. PAUL GASTOU, dermatologist of the famous St. Louis Hospital, Paris, says: "Yeast has a cleansing action in the intestines . . . is useful in the treatment of skin troubles."

HOFRAT PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, noted Vienna nutrition authority, declares: "Yeast stimulates digestion and assimilation. It is a means of building up health and strength."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

"My own doctor urged me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast"

"I was sick and yet not sick," *writes* MISS LORAINE ADAMS *of Los Angeles (above)*. "My doctor said my system was sluggish and suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it, and soon felt and looked ever so much better."

(*Left*) "I had constipation for years," *writes* A. M. COOKE *of Chicago*. "This caused skin eruptions and headaches. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. My elimination became normal. The headaches and skin troubles disappeared."

"Let shoppers see your stock at its best"

Visit 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Ask for Mr. Andres of the Fostoria Glass Company. He will show you one of the smartest sales rooms you've ever set eyes on—and tell you some interesting facts about floors that help the sale. Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 83.

advises W. S. Andres, Eastern Division Manager of the Fostoria Glass Company

"SELLING and showmanship go hand in hand in modern business. A product may be well made. It may be styled by experts. Still its ultimate sale depends largely upon how attractively it is displayed.

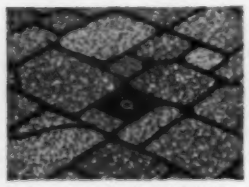
"One interesting thing we've discovered in selling glassware is the importance of the floor to the sales setting. Our Fifth Avenue showroom, from the first step as you enter, presents as fine a floor surface as we could find. Even though glassware, as many products, is displayed on shelves and tables, your eye can't miss that largest single area—the floor. And the public today shops with its eyes wide open.

"For two years now our Armstrong Floor has been doing a creditable sales as well as service duty. Retail friends who visit us comment on its beauty. That is the best of evidence that the floor can help sales, that dressing up with smart effects in Armstrong's Linoleum is good business."

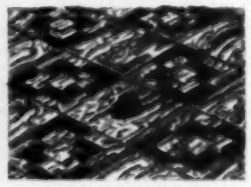
Good business—whether you sell a product across a counter or a service over a desk. Good business—as such leaders as Chrysler Corporation, Hoover Suction Sweeper Company, Minneapolis Heat Regulator Company, and Crane Company will testify. And good business, too, from a wear and care standpoint, for Armstrong's Floors will cut cleaning costs, will shave maintenance bills to a minimum.

They are installed for permanence, trimly tailored and cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. Their surface is spot-proof, stain-proof—it's Accolac Processed. Light waxing and polishing keep it gleaming. Or where frequent washing may be necessary, simply renew the surface when needed with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

JUST OFF THE PRESS—If you'd like a graphic presentation of modern custom-built floors for every type of business, let us send you "Public Floors of Enduring Beauty." This book, just published, shows what America's leaders of business—manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers—are doing to dress up for better



Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6120



De Luxe Marble Inlaid Design No. 13091

sales. It gives you the complete wear, care, service that will help you dress up your own business home. Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 334 West Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Makers of cork products since 1860.

Armstrong's Ⓐ Product

Armstrong's *Linoleum Floors*

for every room in the house

PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPE · PRINTED · ARABESQUE · ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

MEET THE DUKE

(Continued from Page 15)

"A great kid," Mr. Brodie went on happily. "A little pip. I've seen her a hundred times on the screen. I'll enjoy meeting her myself."

"That also is self-evident," Mr. Byrd pointed out.

William Alexander Brodie slapped the receiver jovially into its cradle.

"Even a duke would be superfluous," he chuckled. "Even a grand duke." He let his fancy run in his exultation: "Even a grand duke like Ivan Paul Georges Feodor Michael Popolotkin Alexanderovich, first cousin to the Czar, hereditary colonel of the Imperial Cavalry and governor of Siberia."

III

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH is a day during which, it is generally conceded, things of an unfavorable nature have a consistent way of happening. Until this particular Friday the thirteenth, William Alexander Brodie had only an abstract knowledge of the unfortunate habit ill luck had of marking a certain day and a certain date for its very own.

Up to ten o'clock of the morning preceding A Night at Versailles, he had basked in the sunshine of a large client's grateful appreciation. He had suggested costumes, supplied historical data, approved sketches of decorations and reveled generally in an orgy of creative effort. He had viewed the enveloping mass of orange satin which was to turn the first Bullfinch into the fourteenth Louis and laughed merrily. He had assisted in the choosing of a proper orchestra and arranged with a theatrical agency for a pair of pages, with trumpets, to announce the arriving guests.

And then, at ten o'clock, the telephone rang. It was Alvin Ashley Mudge.

"I just had a call from the Bureau of Important People," Mudge told him, "and the Countess Bulotti is out of the picture. She fell over a chair at a little studio party last night and sprained her ankle."

"Damn," said Mr. Brodie fervidly.

"Just what the countess said—she needs the hundred—according to Hickerson over there."

"I'll have to tell Bullfinch she fell off her horse while riding in Central Park."

"Playing polo on Long Island," suggested Mr. Mudge, who had a penchant for people who played polo on Long Island.

Mr. Brodie hung up with a muttered curse.

And then, before he could get in touch with Mr. Bullfinch and explain about the accident of the hard-riding countess, Mrs. Archy Van Loosen canceled her engagement. In characteristic fashion, according to the Bureau of Important Persons, who were quite put out about it. A rare chance to spend a month at Southampton with a family of notoriously poor bridge players had come up unexpectedly.

"The bureau is very sorry," Mr. Mudge explained in conclusion. "Hickerson is going to call you up personally and apologize. He suggests one of their other members. They have a nice retired rear admiral who makes a wonderful appearance ——"

"But I've already played up these other people," protested Mr. Brodie vehemently. "Besides, there's no appeal in a retired admiral."

"How about a swami?" inquired his associate. "Good for brightening up local color. Hickerson has a dandy."

"Old stuff," Mr. Brodie commented bitterly. "Too prominent in Coney Island circles. I'll call you later about the sea dog."

But he never did. The call to Mr. Bullfinch came through presently. Young Mr. Brodie began to shiver with the first chill syllable that came over the wire. It was obvious that the president of the Wet Smack Corporation was in high ill humor:

"Well, Brodie?"

In the silence which followed his halting explanation, William Alexander Brodie wet his lips and drummed nervously on the telephone base.

"I'm sorry," he concluded lamely.

"So am I," Mr. Bullfinch told him, his voice heavy with menace. "The way it looks to me, so many people are getting sick we should better make it a hospital party. Wilton just called me up and his wife has lar—lar—something the matter with her throat. . . . What's that, Brodie?"

"I—I merely said I was sorry."

"It sounded to me like a groan. Y' understand? I thought maybe you was comin' down with something." There was nothing delicate about the Bullfinch method of conveying joy, sorrow, anger or the bordering feelings. At the moment his sarcasm was as heavy as roadside Hamburg.

In his anxiety William Alexander Brodie forgot the rear admiral.

"How about a swami?" he suggested frantically.

"We got enough entertainment already," snapped his client, "an' besides, the pool we got is only big enough for goldfish."

"Not swimmers," wailed his advertising counsel. "A swami—a sort of an Indian priest. They wear turbans and look into crystal balls ——"

"I wouldn't be interested, Brodie," Mr. Bullfinch assured him firmly. "An' besides, this party is purely nonsect—sect—without any religion in it."

William Alexander Brodie pressed his free hand to his dripping brow. "We—we are doing everything in our power, Mr. Bullfinch. Really, if you look ——"

The voice at the other end of the wire softened suddenly: "Did you say, 'duke,' Brodie?"

Glaring at the telephone in savage exasperation, William Alexander Brodie forgot the softness and veracity due a valued client.

"Yes!" he shouted. "A duke! A grand duke!"

"You can get a grand duke, Brodie?"

"A first cousin to the Czar—the late Czar!" What difference did it make now? William Alexander Brodie grasped the telephone receiver viciously. Damn people who thought the world revolved around their private little vanities. "Hereditary colonel of the Imperial Cavalry!" he continued to shout. Damn people who drove creative minds to the breaking point! "A former governor of Siberia!" They deserved what they got, whatever it was.

"A wow, Brodie! A positive wow!"

His advertising counsel laughed wildly. "You like it, eh?"

"Do I like it? Listen, Brodie my boy, that's what I call service. A coupla minnies jump off your hook, and right away you go and catch a whale. What is his name, Brodie?"

William Alexander Brodie closed his eyes and recited rapidly, "Ivan Paul Georges Feodor Michael Popolotkin Alexanderovich."

Mr. Bullfinch chuckled loudly. "What a fine lot of room that will take up in the newspaper, eh, Brodie?"

"Suits you, does it?"

"I didn't think it was in the woods," Mr. Bullfinch admitted frankly. "How did you do it?"

In his new spirit of freedom, William Alexander Brodie disdained to lie. "Oh, I just picked him out of the air."

"How will he come, Brodie? I mean, how will he be dressed?"

As the question came over the wire, a sudden answer popped into young Mr. Brodie's highly excited brain. Speaking advertisingly, it might be said that Mr. Brodie clicked. Not only an answer but a possible way out of an impossible situation. A daring, adventurous answer, with a lost account the penalty of failure. But there are times when men must be men, even in the advertising business.

"He's coming as the Man in the Iron Mask," he announced.

"What's the Man in the Iron Mast, Brodie?"

"Not mast—mask!" shouted his advertising counsel. "He was a twin brother of the King of France. Because of this and because he looked so much like the king, he was locked up in prison all his life and doomed to wear an iron mask which completely hid his head from the world."

"The poor fella." Mr. Bullfinch clucked sympathetically. "He must have been hot."

"There are lots of things in this life worse than heat," Mr. Brodie told him honestly.

IV

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BRODIE parked his small coupé just within the brightly illuminated gates of The Nest. Both sides of the drive were choked with automobiles. The brightly illuminated windows of the Maison Bullfinch spread golden radiance on a warm still night. Strings of colored lights picked out both pink turrets after the manner of a summer amusement park. Somewhere an orchestra was playing softly as the night.

William Alexander Brodie looked down at the steel casque on the seat beside him and sighed. The wild exultation of the day before had passed, and, in passing, had left him cold and apprehensive. Somewhere within, the little beady eyes of a rotund King of France were waiting to appraise him; somewhere about, T. Tatterasl Byrd, taking poetic license with time, was walking about as Voltaire. Young Mr. Brodie plucked at his plum-colored sleeves and shivered. Then, with the clamped jaw of a man about to do or die, he settled the casque over his head and lowered the visor. A few minutes later he was through the wide entrance and in the presence of the Sun King and his consort—the latter blazing in regal white satin and diamonds; a rope of pearls stretching like a white corral fence across her ample bosom.

His Majesty stepped forward at once and, in his haste to be the gracious host, almost tripped over his golden sword.

"Excuse me, duke. It's the sword. But I knew you right away by your hat. Brodie told me, y' understand."

The Man in the Iron Mask took the extended hand and shook it gravely.

"Very pleased," he muttered gutturally.

"Positively the pleasure is all mine," said His Majesty, and hastily mopped his face where the heavy wig of long dark hair met his bulging cheek. "Let me make you acquainted with Bir—Mrs. Bullfinch. . . . Dear, let me introduce to you the Grand Duke Alexanderovich."

The Man in the Iron Mask bowed low over the extended hand of Her Majesty and then raised it gallantly to the edge of his visor.

"Very pleased," he muttered gutturally.

His Majesty beamed. "Duke," he declared, "this is the happiest moment of my life." The duke winced. "Ain't she a real queen? Don't she make history look like anyhow a can of sardines?"

The duke again bowed low.

"Her Majesty is beautiful," he muttered gutturally.

"You ain't got a cold, have you, duke?" Louis XIV inquired anxiously. "You sound kind of hoarse."

The casque denied it, moving quickly from side to side. With a wide smile Louis XIV linked arms with his alleged twin and began to introduce him right and left to the lords and ladies in the long hall. Then he returned him to Her Majesty, who was busily engaged in wielding a large fan.

"Take the duke out in the garden," he suggested, "an' show him the sights. Maybe he might even like to dance before the entertainment begins."

Voltaire suddenly appeared in a doorway to the left.

"Please take me, madam," the duke muttered, gutturally but hastily.

Out in the open, under the soft, protecting velvet of the night, the Man in the Iron Mask sighed obviously with relief.

"This is wonderful," he muttered gutturally.

Her Gracious Majesty gazed over her domain, twinkling with colored lights, bright with moving patches of color, and smiled.

"It is sweet, isn't it?" she agreed. Beyond the garden, a large tent with its sides rolled up—blue white in the moonlight—furnished a vista of swaying figures.

"They are playing The Blue Danube in your honor, duke," Her Majesty explained. "Would you like to dance?"

The Man in the Iron Mask again bowed low. "It would be a pleasure," he muttered gutturally.

It was toward the close of the dance that young Mr. Brodie saw Ortrude Hedman, gorgeous in yellow brocade and lace. Her little blond head seemed to sit like the shiny top of a Dresden doll upon her billowing costume. The slits in no ancient visor ever framed a more perfect picture. The duke missed a step.

"Pardon, madam," he muttered gutturally.

Presently Her Majesty espied the little group. "Oh," she cooed, "do you know Miss Hedman, duke—our famous moving-picture actress? . . . No? Would you like to?"

His Grace nodded. "It would be a great pleasure," he muttered gutturally. Beneath the ducal visor William Alexander Brodie blushed, and his heart, beneath the plum-colored velvet, hastened to a quicker tempo.

"She's so sweet," said Her Majesty. "Here we are."

Ivan Paul Georges Feodor Michael Popolotkin Alexanderovich took the small slim hand which stole out to meet him and almost forgot his ducal bow. Her Majesty departed to dance with a portly cardinal.

"Would you care to walk in the garden?" His Grace inquired, and almost forgot to mutter gutturally.

The girl smiled up into the narrow steel slits.

"I'd love to," she said softly.

Moonlight is a potent force. The duke found it so during the next hour.

"I—I never met a real moving-picture actress before," he declared, and only maintained his assumed voice with a supreme effort.

"I—I never met a real grand duke before," said the girl, and smiled.

The grand duke smiled back. "And what do you think of the species?"

The girl stopped and laid a friendly hand on the plum-colored ducal elbow.

"I'll tell you," she confided, "if you'll take off that iron hat and quit talking down in your boots."

Without a word William Alexander Brodie lifted off the casque and smiled down at her, crimson-faced, sweat-streaked and smiling.

Miss Hedman, still smiling, appraised him slowly.

"I think you are a fraud," she decided finally—"a rather nice American fraud with freckles. I thought so before, when I first heard your name. When I was a little girl my father was in the diplomatic service and I spent nearly three years in St. Petersburg. Now, Alexanderovich, do I get the story?"

On a low stone bench near one of the eight bird baths, Ivan Paul, and so on, told the girl the story of William Alexander Brodie and the Bullfinch housewarming. When he finished, the girl held out her hand.

"I think you're wonderful," she said.

William Alexander Brodie held on to the hand. He was still holding it when a shrill scream from the tent cut like static through the strains of a new dance tune. And then, above the static, a voice which both recognized as that of the Queen of France assailed the sudden quiet.

(Continued on Page 78)

THE GREATEST VALUE ever offered in a low-priced Willys-Knight

BEAUTY, SIZE AND POWER WIN INSTANT SUCCESS FOR THE NEW MODEL EIGHTY-SEVEN

There has never been a larger, more stylish or more powerful low-priced Knight-engined car than this new Willys-Knight 87. Seldom has a new car met with such immediate popularity. The enthusiastic welcome accorded the Willys-Knight 87—the impressive sales—show how quickly the public recognizes one of the outstanding values of the time . . . The new motor offers improved manifolding for greater power, and more efficient lubrication and cooling. Other important advantages include four double-acting hydraulic shock eliminators and internal four-wheel brakes, fully enclosed.

PRICES FROM

$975

to $1265. Line includes Touring, Roadster, Coach, Coupe, Sedan. Willys-Knight Great Six, each model $1795. Equipment, other than standard, extra. Prices f.o.b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

New WILLYS-KNIGHT 87

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CAN.

THE 115-INCH WHEELBASE SEDAN DE LUXE, SIX WIRE WHEELS, $1265

(Continued from Page 75)

"My pearls! My pearls!" it repeated over and over again in a constantly rising crescendo.

"Police!" some heavy male voice bawled.

The erstwhile Grand Duke Alexanderovich took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow, suddenly moist again.

"I know how this may sound to you," he whispered tensely, "but I can't stay here now. Not that I stole the pearls—they'll probably find them on the floor in a few minutes—but I can't afford to take the chance. If I have to take off this—this iron hat before Bullfinch, I'm through."

"Of course you can't," the girl agreed instantly. "And I believe you, of course. Is there anything I can do?"

William Alexander Brodie leaned across the bench. In his excitement he forgot he was talking to the movie-thriller star, Ortrude Hedman.

"Can you drive a car?" he demanded.

The girl laughed.

Young Mr. Brodie blushed, unseen in the moonlight.

"I forgot," he muttered. Then suddenly: "Will you go and get my car? It's a little green Crescent coupé. It's parked right behind the entrance gates. The keys are in the ignition."

"Right."

"Turn to the left as you leave the gates. A hundred feet down the road is a dirt lane that runs along the wall behind us. I'll be waiting for you."

"Right," repeated the girl, and smiled.

William Alexander Brodie watched her slip away with a happy smile that turned into a sudden frown. The frown was for the people who think of Hollywood as a town made up of silly clotheshorses.

Just as he rose to move toward the wall a great breaker of laughter rolled out of the tent and broke against the night. Above the music, suddenly resumed, could be heard the loud, amused relief of Louis XIV of France.

But William Alexander Brodie crept on.

They rode for the most part in contented silence. Only toward the last did William Alexander Brodie square his conscience for his second act of deceit.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "Just before I left they found that necklace. I could tell by the way Bullfinch laughed. But I wanted to be able to say—I mean, I felt you were so wonderful in helping—I just wanted to know you."

The girl—suddenly, to young Mr. Brodie, she didn't seem like a famous moving-picture actress—looked up from the corner of the coupé where she nestled.

"I want to tell you something," she whispered. "That necklace fell off the Queen of France when we were being introduced and—I kicked it under one of those potted plants."

"Why?" With his foot heavy on the accelerator, the late Ivan Paul swung around a slow-moving truck and faced an empty road. "Why?" he repeated softly.

"Because"—what a wonderful background the open window and the flying shadows of the open road made for a close-up of her small blond head—"because I, too, was curious about—Your Grace."

PENNIES

(Continued from Page 17)

concerned over the environment the girls tolerated and their endless meetings with strange men, took the matter up with authorities of one kind and another. That was invariably troublesome. Dilks felt that the noble impulses of these elderly ladies simmered down to futile jealousy, but that mattered little in the net results.

He watched the uniformed woman at work and knew that she worked harder at the first sound of his "Pennies!" Perhaps he would have to change her. She had too much trouble getting through crowds and exposing herself to contributions. She lacked persistence, did not know how to shame an escort into a gift by playing up to his lady. He must have another frank talk with her.

A dozen times he emptied his own little tin cup into a spacious pocket of the tattered coat Soapy had rigged for him. Each time he left a fifty-cent piece in the receptacle, so that its more resonant tinkle might suggest gifts of nobler proportions. Half a dozen times kindly citizens paused to help him across streets. One of these was a ubiquitous lady who glared angrily at the men near at hand, helped Dilks over and then showered more than a dollar in change into his cup. This sizable gift quite obviously indicated to the men what the lady thought of them. Dilks, though, did not smile. He prated some blessing upon the lady and continued his stricken way.

But even these matters did not constitute the entire purpose of his nocturnal wanderings. He must keep his eyes peeled for beggars not identified with his own organization. When these were noticed he spoke to policemen of his acquaintance—policemen who were not encumbered by uniforms. As a result, these matters adjusted themselves to the liking of Dilks.

Out of this simple but assiduous watchfulness had grown the home he lived in, the two cars he owned, the shares of stock, the bonds and the real estate—five parcels of the latter, and each well chosen and appreciating in value. These things constituted his wealth, and he had them safely in his wife's possession, hidden securely under the mantle of her ownership.

There came something of a lull in business while the plays were in progress. This gave the beggars opportunity of mobilizing for the brief but lucrative intermission period. Each had two theaters that he could work exclusively. When these had been milked dry he might work other lobbies, and there, if he encountered the woman in the uniform, or the armless man, or the deaf-mute, they smiled benignly upon each other, and the camaraderie of adversity made a picture of nobility and understanding sacrifice that edified those more fortunate in life's lottery.

Shortly after twelve, Dilks came again to the alley leading to his lair. His spacious pocket was filled with coins. He estimated nearly seventy dollars as the night's take. If others had done 90 per cent as well, his profits would be generous. From each he could expect about twenty dollars, and there were eleven who worked.

As he clumped along the dark alley he fished into his rags for the key to the outer door. His mind was filled with Soapy and the man's craving for gin; of the uniformed woman who let crowds shoulder her rather than shoulder crowds; of the deaf-mute led by the dog, who, Dilks was certain, had a confederate along the way and so cleverly operated the trick that he remained uncaught. And then, grudgingly, but with satisfaction, of the wealth his wife held for him. After all, he was the smart one of the troupe.

The door opened under his hand and he stumped down the stairs. He gave the knock and waited. Inside, Soapy shuffled about. Dilks knocked again, impatience finding expression through his knuckles. Soapy, blear-eyed and redolent of gin, opened the door.

"Sorry," he mumbled—"sorry, boss. I was dozin', I guess. It's harder fer me to stay awake sober 'n it is drunk!"

"Liar!" Dilks spat at him. "Here, get me out of these things. I'll settle with you for this gin some day, Soapy. I'm a patient man, but some day you'll outwear me."

The alley door above them closed and they heard steps on the stairs. Soapy stepped to the door to be ready at the signal, and this delayed the process of unstrapping Dilks. A sniffing outside indicated that the newcomer was the supposed deaf-mute. His terrier, sensing the midnight meal and rest, ran an inquisitive nostril along the doorsill. The man came into the room.

"Evenin', Jonathan," he greeted. "Fine night to be out, eh? We did right well, and I hope you had luck none the less."

"I always have luck," Dilks retorted. "Success in this racket ain't luck, and well you know it. The smart man is the one who gives himself most chances to collect. You can pass more people than ever will pass you if you just keep hustlin' and movin' around. Move faster than the crowd, that's the trick."

"I move fast," the deaf-mute answered. "I guess nobody's showin' me up on the take, are they?"

"What did you get?" Dilks asked.

"I ain't dead sure, but I figger close to fifty bucks."

"With your layout and that dog, I'd take seventy-five a night, working only three hours!" Dilks exploded. "You'll go too far some day, Rabbit. Mark my words. I'm a patient man, but I got my limits. Either your take picks up or you'll get a territory in the movie section."

"I do all right," the deaf-mute grumbled. "You'd kick if you was in swimmin'. But let's not fight. We can get some more dough tonight if you want to work a bit. There's a big benefit over at Wigger's Theater. Twenty-five-dollar top for the suckers, an' all of 'em big shots. If you wanna go over with me, we can crash."

"What time is it, Soapy?" Dilks asked calculatingly.

"Twelve-fifteen."

"It's a twelve-o'clock show," the mute cut in, "but them benefits never git rollin' till one. I figger we got plenty time."

"I'll give you the break, Rabbit," Dilks agreed after a moment's thought. "I got to see the collector tonight. Promised I'd pay him off. If the take is bad I'll never be able to do it, either," he grumbled. "That's how close I have to work, keepin' things straight for you bums!"

The Rabbit shrugged and dug into his pockets. He tossed a pile of coins onto the rough wooden table and Soapy brought a black bag from a cupboard. Dilks counted the money under the mute's watchful eye.

As the pile diminished he paused now and then to drop some side remark about loafing on the job and what it was necessary to pay to keep outsiders off the mute's beat.

In the end, however, he faced the inevitable process of accepting the count for what it showed and sitting by while the mute undressed and Soapy turned inside out each pocket of his clothing and ran knowing fingers over seams, linings and shoulder padding.

"You ought to get twenty bucks at this benefit, easy enough," Dilks argued. "I'll give you the break. Go on over there. I'll take seven as my end now. If you do better, pay me the rest tomorrow. Right?"

"Can I argue with you?" the mute shrugged cynically. "Supposin' the benefit's a bust? What then? If I don't git as much as twenty, will you gimme back any dough?"

"Don't be foolish!" Dilks snarled. "Imagine anybody, Soapy"—he laughed in harsh aside—"missin' on twenty bucks at a Wigger's benefit! Don't be silly, Rabbit. I'll expect the rest of my share tomorrow. You ought to pay me extra just for the break you get."

The Rabbit, so called for no reason discernible in his appearance, slowly dressed again. There was resentment in his manner, but nothing of rebellion. The man seemed fully aware of the complete control Dilks exercised. He took his fortune as he found it, and let none deprive him of the

(Continued on Page 80)

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Oh, memories that bless and burn . . .

Sometimes, when lights are low, they come back to comfort and at the same time sadden her—those memories of long ago, when she was a slip of a girl in love with a dark-eyed Nashville boy. They were the happiest moments of her life—those days of courtship. Though she had never married, no one could take from her the knowledge that she had been loved passionately, devotedly; those frayed and yellowed letters of his still told her so. How happy and ambitious they had been for their future together. And then, like a stab, came their parting . . . the broken engagement . . . the sorrow and the shock of it. She could find no explanation for it then, and now, in the soft twilight of life when she can think calmly, it is still a mystery to her.

Are you sure about yourself?

How often some trivial gesture, habit or fault alters the course of human affairs. On every side you hear of engagements broken for trifling causes. Of marriages that ride into the divorce court on the strange complaint "incompatibility."

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: Stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

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Being antiseptic, Listerine checks food fermentation. Being also a remarkable germicide,* it attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

BACK HOME TO BUSY DAYS

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FIND WHERE TO BUY IT IN YOUR CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

(Continued from Page 78)

comforting knowledge that he made an excellent living without arduous labor. Quite casually he dressed again.

Others came and went. The legless man, who propelled himself by his hands and paused in the process to raise a twisted face and a horny hand in supplication, brought to Dilks the takings of the uniformed woman.

"She got more than that," Dilks complained instantly.

"If she did," the other whined, "she's still got it. I never touched a cent, boss. Word of honor. Never a cent. Don't set me back on account o' her. I never touched a cent. There it is, boss, right in your hand. Every cent she give me, I give you."

"What was she doing all night?" Dilks groaned. "Look; thirty-nine dollars and twelve cents! I'd rather close the beat than waste it for that much money."

"Make her bring in her own take," the legless one urged. "Every time you bawl me out 'cause she don't satisfy you. I got my own troubles, boss. Make her come herself."

"I've told you," Dilks snarled, "that no woman is ever going to set foot in this place. That goes. Women are dangerous. I use her there to make the rackets look natural, that's all. I give her a real break, then she robs me!"

He pocketed the money she had sent, however, and realized that it was a substantial sum. Then he turned to the accounts of the legless man. This netted him fourteen dollars and the beggar a verbal lacing that left him whining, but hateful; subdued, but vengeful.

So they came and went. Over the garments of each of them Soapy ran his dirty hand. Pockets were shaken out, undergarments searched. When this had been done those of the mendicants whose afflictions were artificial donned their street clothes and went their sullen way. The others cared for themselves as best they might, listened to various orders that Dilks had for them, and left through the shadowy stairs and the dark alley beyond.

"You've been drinking so much, Soapy," Dilks growled when the last of his troupe had gone, "that you couldn't find a dog collar in a plate of hash. You're going to do better or I'll fire you."

"They ain't foolin' me none," Soapy swore. "I'd find a dime on them birds if it was a nickel under each eyelid, boss. They ain't foolin' me none. No, sir-ree! Not Soapy, they don't fool."

"Well," Dilks grumbled, "beat it. Never mind helpin' me out of my junk. I'll look after myself. You beat it."

Soapy reached instantly for a sweat-stained hat, which he hooked rakishly over the long, curly hair that swarmed about his ears. He was glad of a chance to get out of the lair and replenish his supply of gin.

"Remember," Dilks called in final warning, "not another shot of that white lightning tonight! I warn you, Soapy. Drink any more of that galloping death and you're washed up with me."

"Nary a drop," Soapy avowed with a long face and a tongue tingling with anticipation. "No, sir-ree! Nary a drop, boss. Not for Soapy!"

Then he passed quickly through the door, and Dilks heard his shambling steps on the stairs leading to the alley. The man had gone as though he hurried to avoid a change of Dilks' orders. The outer door clicked softly shut. Dilks was alone in the lair. Overhead lay a big warehouse, and now he could hear the scurrying of rats, as Soapy always heard them when he was there alone. But the sounds interested him little.

From the moment the Rabbit had mentioned that Wigger's benefit, Dilks had been obsessed with an idea, a determination. For himself, he was going to check up on the Rabbit. For himself, he would see what sort of trick the man might be working to pass money out of the reach of just accounting. He smiled at the thought. What a feather it would be in his cap to catch this smart and silent Rabbit! How the others in the troupe would squirm; how they would hesitate to try their fancy dodges for the pilfering of the pennies they begged!

"I'll see for myself," Dilks muttered. "I'll go there just as I am, but I won't work. I'll hide away and watch. If this Rabbit has a confederate I'll spot him."

He smoked a fragrant cigar and waited almost half an hour before he snapped off the lights and stood alone in the abysmal silence of the deserted building. Overhead, the rats scurried softly, and at the sound Dilks smiled. In much the same way he would creep up on the unsuspecting Rabbit. With his own eyes he would watch. Then he would question the Rabbit and watch the fellow squirm as he brought him closer and closer to the facts. In due course, he would sentence the Rabbit to one of the beats about the movie theaters where the take was smaller. In this way the man would pay for his pilferings and serve as an object lesson to the others as well.

Dilks clumped up the stairs and into the alley. All the city seemed wrapped in the deepest shadows. Not a sound greeted him except the driftings of extraneous clamor that came from the distant railroad, or the hoot of a ferryboat whistle that had lost its resonance in flight across space. He walked to the street and gazed a moment in all directions. No one moved near at hand. He walked on toward Wigger's Theater. His thoughts were divided.

In addition to the clever little plot he had to catch the Rabbit, he thought a good deal of the situation at home. Jane was older, as his wife had said. She would be branching out into marriageable contacts soon. Her schooling was virtually finished. She had broadened with amazing rapidity of late. Her thoughts were mature and she was observing to a degree that worried Dilks.

But, as he had said, they were both cared for—this mother and daughter. Wealth was theirs, safely stowed in the wife's name. Even if something should happen to drive him off his beat and chase his helpers into oblivion, the point of worry was past. Dilks and his family always could live.

Perhaps the day would come when he might quit. It was selfishness, of course, that kept him working—selfishness and excitement. He loved the suspense of deception; loved to mock into the very faces of his inferiors. His was a business of clever impersonation, genuine drama. It was hard to think of quitting.

He did not offer his customary "Pennies!" as he neared the brightly lighted section of Wigger's Theater. Instead, he kept close to the walls of buildings, where the shadows were most friendly. In this manner it was easy for him to reach a point of vantage where he could watch the lobby of the theater. This point was just outside the stage door, some fifty feet from the entrance to the theater itself.

Motors arrived and discharged their cargoes of beautifully gowned ladies and their escorts. Diamonds flashed as the ladies swept under the lights, and Dilks, accustomed to nocturnal wanderings and the happenings of the dark hours, glanced apprehensively about him in quest of possible footpads. Then he heard the soft barking of a dog. That would be the Rabbit. He drew deeper into the shadows and watched.

The Rabbit appeared, his sign glistening on his chest and the terrier picking a way through the crowd. When this became difficult and the Rabbit gave two short jerks on the leash, the dog barked gently. Instantly the way would open and ladies would speak to their escorts.

The Rabbit was doing well. His cup filled as he walked past this first time that Dilks watched. He finished his beat and rested against a building about a hundred feet beyond the theater. When the first group had practically vanished into the lobby, the man wheeled back and passed again. Once more the response to the sign and the soft barking was generous. Dilks smiled. (Continued on Page 83)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, the physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

King James I was a brave and brilliant horseman until his knees became stiffened by "rheumatism"—the result of infected teeth.

"Rheumatic diseases do abound"

—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1

Medical science knew little about "rheumatism" when William Shakespeare wrote this line more than 300 years ago. Since then great strides have been made.

Today the symptoms that people refer to as "rheumatism" are recognized by the doctor as signifying any one of over twenty separate rheumatic diseases. And most of these diseases differ widely in the kind of treatment they require.

Rheumatic diseases range all the way from a child's "growing pains," which parents are so apt to pass over lightly, to chronic arthritis, which remorselessly turns its victim's joints into chalky, rigid masses.

The cause of "rheumatism" in most of its many forms is infection—which means that disease-producing bacteria have gained a foothold somewhere in the human body.

Frequently these bacteria grow on an infected tonsil or in the root of a tooth or in a chronically inflamed appendix. From the primary site of infection they may travel in the blood stream to other parts of the body, usually the joints, where they cause inflammation and pain. "Rheumatism" may also be a sequel to some of the contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever.

A menace to the heart

The most serious menace of the roving bacteria is the likelihood that they will attack the lining of the heart. So, whenever anyone, child or adult, complains of indefinite wandering pains, or suffers from swelling of the joints, a physician should be consulted without delay.

It is reassuring to know that, as a result of systematic research conducted by scientific workers in many lands, the physician of today is effectively equipped, with knowledge and medicines, to treat "rheumatism" in its many and various forms.

* * *

Recognizing the tremendous importance of the problem, Parke-Davis scientists have long been engaged in bacteriological studies of rheumatic infections. This work is being actively pursued by our Research Laboratories in the hope of making still further contributions to the control of these diseases.

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[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]

Back of the beauty of hundreds of homes right in your community—back of the paint protection that shields the dollars and cents investment in them—is Dutch Boy White Lead + + For eight painters in every ten use Dutch Boy. Use it because they know it couples beauty with protection for a longer period of time—because it makes possible a wide variety of attractive tints and colors—because Dutch Boy never gives a home owner cause to complain about scaling and cracking and, for the same reason, it does not demand burning and scraping at repaint time + + And, finally, eight painters in every ten use Dutch Boy because in every sense of the word it gives a custom-made paint mixed to order for *your* particular job + + Write for free booklet . . . "The House We Live In" . . . which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Please address the branch office nearest you.

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AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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But through the smile he watched; watched with the skill of long practice and a thorough knowledge of every move that the Rabbit was apt to make. He saw nothing. No suspicious character approached the beggar. There was none upon whom Dilks, with his ready eagerness to detect, could fasten guilt.

Back and forth the Rabbit worked. Each time, he slipped the offerings of his cup into a pocket, waited for the crowd to change, then worked back. His efforts were above suspicion. This rankled in the very soul of Dilks. He was on the point of slipping into the open and working in opposition to the Rabbit, when the appearance of a shambling woman stayed him. She seemed to have an eye on the Rabbit, and Dilks watched her edge close to the man. Here was what he long had suspected. He was glad, now, that he had been patient.

The crowd at the lobby, unfortunately, had thickened and a portion of it somewhat obscured the Rabbit from view. Dilks, determined to see without being seen, stepped onto the open sidewalk and clumped toward the curb. At any moment the Rabbit might slip to the woman confederate most of the money he already had collected. He was a suspicious man, this Rabbit, and would take no chances on returning to the lair only to find Dilks awaiting him unexpectedly to count the take. So Dilks must watch closely.

The crowd in the lobby overflowed to the sidewalk and there milled incessantly. The little terrier barked the more often. In order for Dilks to see clearly, he had to move nearer and nearer the curb. This he did, and as he moved he kept his head turned and his eyes fastened upon the Rabbit. He was paying no attention to his own steps. Without realizing that he did so, he reached the curb. With his insensitive, twisted foot, he failed to note the drop. Thus he lost his balance and pitched forward into the street. A limousine timed its arrival at the spot exactly with that slip. The radiator struck Dilks full on the head and shoulders. The car was moving slowly, just coming to a stop at the theater entrance, but the blow was of sufficient force to knock Dilks into the street and stun him.

"Stop!" someone cried. "Look out! Accident! Man run over!"

These cries and others came hazily to Dilks as he lay in the street. He fought diligently to gather his wits and get away. To be lifted up by those who might make too close an inspection of his person was unthinkable. As he struggled to rise, the twisted brace he wore seemed suddenly unwieldy. An excruciating pain tore up his left side.

It was the fake leg. He reached for it and moved it with his hands. A groan of anguish crossed his lips. The leg inside that grotesque shoe and unrelenting brace was broken. Dilks' returning senses told him that. He groaned again. People gathered quickly about him.

"The poor fellow!" one woman said. "Help him, Jimmy! Help him up! Look, he's already a cripple! That's how he got hit."

"Poor devil," another witness muttered. "Here, old man, take my arm. Let me help you up. You were in tough enough shape before that car hit you, heaven knows! Why did they have to pick on you?"

The owner of the limousine broke through the crowd. Beside him was an inquisitive-appearing youngster with a notebook ready in his hand.

"Who are you?" the owner of the car asked. "What is your name? Good heavens, man, you're a cripple! No wonder you got under the car. Here, officer"—to a policeman who had been attracted by the crowd—"get an ambulance for this fellow. See that he gets to a hospital at once." He was opening a leather bill fold and extracting a card as he spoke. "I think you know me," he snapped. "I'll guarantee payment of bills. You will please get the details of this accident from my chauffeur."

The officer glanced at the card, elevated his brows and saluted. "Yes, sir," he nodded. Then, to Dilks: "All right now, old-timer, git a leg under you. We'll have you fixed up in a jiffy. You, Sponge," he suggested to the lad with the notebook, "call an ambulance quick. Come, come, folks; step back," he urged the crowd. "There ain't nothin' to see. Give this poor old devil a chance for his breath."

"I don't need an ambulance," Dilks protested through white lips. "Honest, officer, I'm all right. Never mind the ambulance. I can't go to a hospital."

"Tut, tut, tut," the policeman challenged. "Sure, it'll be a fine break fer you! Rest, good food, a fine soft bed to sleep in the clock 'round. Tut, tut! You're playin' in a fine bit o' luck and you look like you need it. Know who that gent is—that gent who's standin' your bills, old-timer? That's Elliott P. Spoger. He owns most of the tea in China, that old bird. Millionaire fifty times over, so he is. . . . Come, now, folks, move back an' give this old codger a chance here. There ain't a thing to see. Just an old feller knocked off'n his feet, that's all. . . . Yes, sir! That's old Spoger himself, so it is—multimillionaire. You're a lucky devil it was him that hit you. Might of been a taxi, easy as not."

Dilks was thinking with every mental resource. Where was his escape? What could he do? His leg was broken and he could not run away. Yet, under no imaginable circumstance could he go to a hospital. That was worse than death. They were calling an ambulance to rush him straight to his doom. The removal of his coat in the operating room would suffice to reveal him as a faker. There would be immediate scandal. His wife, his daughter —— Perhaps prison!

"Wait a minute, officer," he said throatily. "For the love of everything you believe in, wait a minute. I can't go to a hospital. I'm not hurt."

"Daffy from the wallop he got," a sympathetic bystander muttered. "Poor old geezer. At that, the cop is right. He'll eat regular for a while, anyhow. He's a beggar. I've seen him around town half a dozen times."

"Just a touch of delirium," the officer announced importantly. "Stand back, folks, an' give him room to breathe. He'll be well cared for. That was Mr. Spoger himself. Spoger, the big banker, you know. Here's his card, right here in my hand. He's takin' care of the bills. Mebbe he'll settle money on this old coot; though, as a rule, bankers ain't got many of them habits."

He chuckled to himself at the thought and turned a deaf ear to Dilks' pleading not to be sent to a hospital. Everyone, in fact, thought the prostrate man was suffering from nervous and mental shock. Some in the crowd looked upon him almost enviously because Spoger had entered his pitiable life. The banker might, as the policeman said, settle a modest fortune on the beggar and so make a romance for the daily papers. It would be great advertising; a real human-interest yarn for the pen of a sob sister.

When the ambulance bell sounded, Dilks made a mad and futile effort to break away. But that leg brought him to the pavement in a welter of agony. From the rear of the conveyance a surgeon dropped. He bustled through the crowd, glanced at Dilks, then at the officer.

"Load him in," the latter snapped. "It's a safe shot this time, doc. Here; this is Spoger's card—Spoger, the big banker. He guarantees everything. Says to take this egg in an' go over him from keel to truck light."

III

DILKS came to consciousness with his maimed leg strapped high above him and weights attached to his foot. He was lying in a white bed in the public ward of a hospital. On either side of him were other patients, and his first evidence of sensibility brought from them chuckles of anticipation. He groped mentally a moment, then embraced realization.

There was a dull ache in his leg, but this was quickly absorbed by faintness and nausea. The man on his left was leering at him scornfully. He turned away to meet the broad, knowing grin of the man on his right. They were laughing at him. After twenty years the world had at last discovered his lamentable secret. Shame was heavy upon him. He closed his eyes and lay quite still.

"Hey, bilious," the man on the left called out to the man on the right, "the faker has got his senses back. The one-armed wonder with the bum leg is ready to see all those newspapermen an' tell his story."

"Aw," the man on the right grumbled, "leave the poor crook alone. There'll be plenty time to hear his story. The croaker says he'll be in bed six to eight weeks, an' mebbe die of pewmonie just from layin' down. We got plenty time to rib up the poor guy."

"Sure," the other agreed complacently, "we got time, but that young news writer that rode in on the ambulance with him ain't goin' to waste any minutes. Not him! Did you see them papers? Them pictures?"

"Certainly I seen 'em," the other grunted. "My trouble ain't with my eyes, you dummy. It's my belly that lays me out."

"They had him like he was made up," the first patient gloated. "Them twisted nostrils and padded lips; that leg that was so phony it made you ache to look at it, and the empty sleeve ——" His voice trailed off into a chuckle, but he added: "Then they took him just as he left the operatin' room. Two good arms an' nothin' but a busted leg. They're tryin' to find out who he is now."

"Mebbe he'll tell 'em," the man on the right grunted. "Leave the poor guy alone. We gotta live with him a long time. We might as well try to git along good together."

"I fell pretty low," the other carried on, "but never so low I faked bein' a cripple an' put the pan on people."

Dilks lay quite still during this conversation. He was deathly sick, but he did not know whether this was attributable to the anæsthetic or to the dilemma in which he found himself. How long had he been here? What was all this talk about pictures? What had the newspapers written of his accident? Had his wife seen? Jane? Did they, too, finally know his secret?

And, what was more important, what had they done? Would they tell who he was; perhaps come to see him and make a scene? Women, he knew, were fools for sentiment. Emotionally they undoubtedly were insane. If his family revealed themselves, could the authorities take away from them all that Dilks had accumulated in his twenty years of labor in the streets?

Cold perspiration broke over his brow as this thought came to him. Surely, he prayed, they would have sense enough to stay away. It was that very thing which had actuated the man in placing all his worldly goods in the name of his wife. If they were smart this would all blow over and they could move away to new fields and a new life. Nothing is so old as a yesterday's newspaper.

Shortly a male attendant came to him with water. Dilks drank thirstily.

"Here, faker," the attendant said sneeringly, "take a sip of water. Sometimes I wonder why they don't just let some people croak and be done with it. Bringin' 'em in here is a waste of time an' money."

Dilks attempted no answer.

Perhaps an hour passed, during which he made no effort to speak. Then the young reporter called. He walked up to the cot, nodding and smiling at the men in the ward. Under his arm he carried a newspaper. Dilks recognized him as the lad the officer had called Sponge.

"Hello, peg-leg." He grinned down upon Dilks. "I hate to bother you when you got a belly full of ether, but you better have something to say to square yourself, if there is anything to be said. I'm always fair about these things. I'll print anything you want to say."

(Continued on Page 85)

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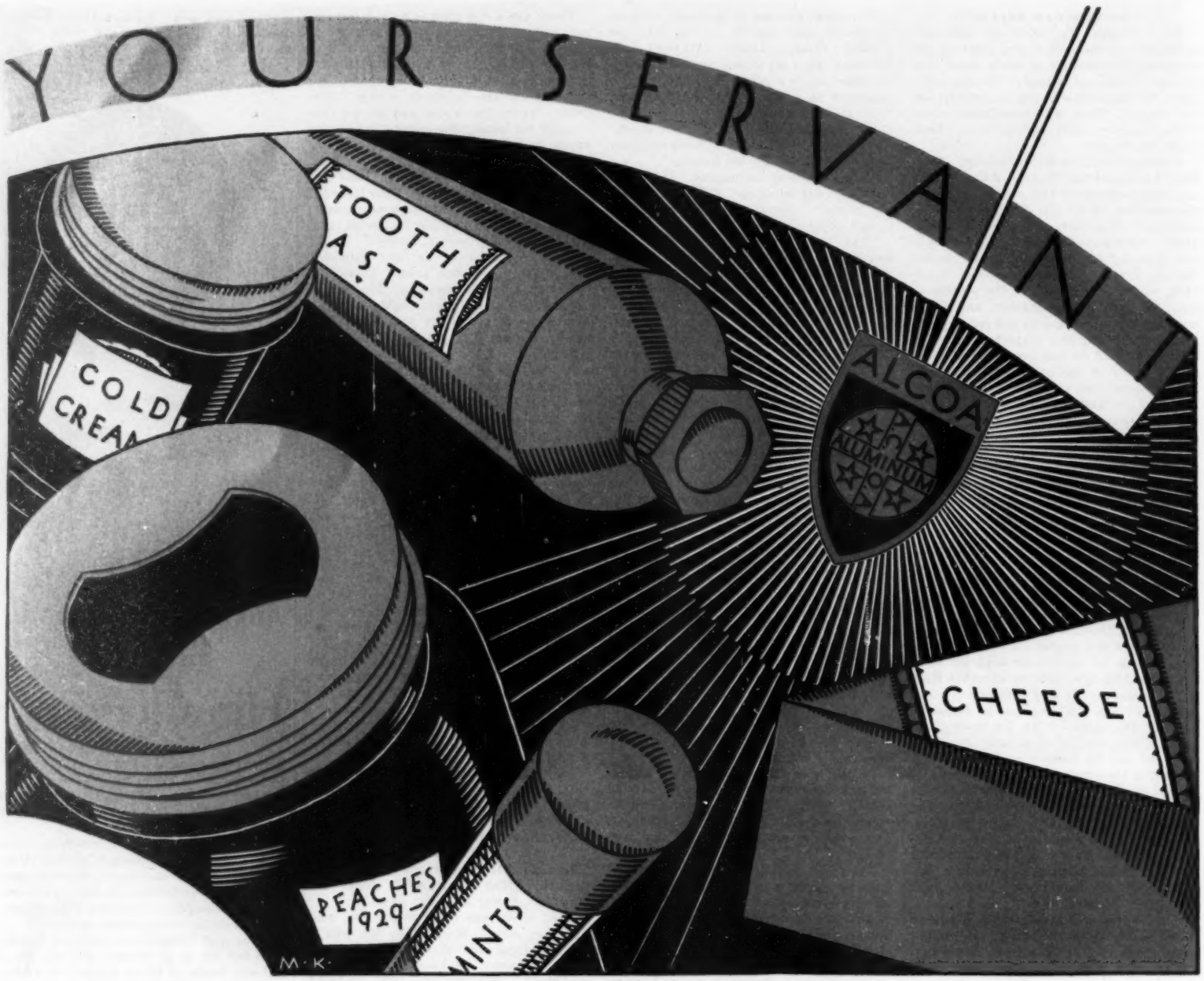


. . . as a complete container . . as an air-tight seal . . as a paper-thin wrapper

All unnoticed, aluminum, which means "pots and pans" to most of us, has taken new forms and uses. Now, a dozen times a day, you use products packed, sealed or wrapped in aluminum.

You want a dab of face cream. You squeeze it from a collapsible tube of Alcoa Aluminum. You decide to use the peaches you canned last summer, and unscrew the cap made of Alcoa Aluminum from your mason jar. The grocer fills your order for packaged cheese, tea, yeast, chocolate—their paper-thin wrappers are Alcoa Aluminum Foil. The silvery sheets with which many manufacturers seal in the delicate flavor of their tobaccos, cigars, and cigarettes are Alcoa Aluminum Foil too.

For a multitude of packaging necessities Alcoa Aluminum has become almost indispensable. Safe to use in direct contact with food, it serves both the home-canner and the food manufacturer. Soft, yet tough, it is of definite help to the packer of creams, salves, toothpastes. As foil, it wraps and protects myriads of perishable products.

Painstaking research work by Aluminum Company of America has developed these, and various other uses of Alcoa Aluminum. Many of them are described in the booklet, "The Story of Aluminum". Write for a copy; address ALUMINUM COMPANY *of* AMERICA; 2497 Oliver Building, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

ALCOA ALUMINUM

(Continued from Page 83)

"Go 'way," Dilks moaned. "Can't you guys give a man a break? Why pick on me?"

The youngster spread the paper he carried under his arm. On the front page center appeared two photographs of Jonathan Dilks. In the one he was the beggar. In the other he was himself. The exposé was complete. There was not the slightest chance that his wife and daughter could have missed seeing and identifying him. Had they, in turn, been discovered, identified?

He reached for the paper, to read what was printed under the pictures. The youngster drew it back with a smile. "After we talk," he grunted. "I'll show you everything after I get my interview."

"I got nothing to say," Dilks avowed. "I won't open my mouth."

"What is your name?" Sponge demanded.

"Find out," Dilks retorted.

"Have you any relatives? Don't you want them notified? You better get yourself adjusted, beggar. When Spoger heard the truth he laid off on paying any more of your bills. You're here now as a derelict patient. If you've got some money you better make it known and benefit accordingly."

"Nothing to say," Dilks pouted sullenly.

"Witnesses lay all the blame for the accident on that fake leg of yours," Sponge pointed out. "But for that, you'd never have been hurt. Sympathy for you is all gone, beggar. You'll be tried as a faker and punished as soon as this leg heals up. In the meantime you'll lie here in a ward unless you tell us."

"Get out," Dilks growled. "Get out, I tell you. I've nothing to say. I'm sick."

Sponge shrugged and tossed the paper on the bed. "All right," he muttered, "here. See yourself as others see you. If you've got any relatives, I'll bet they're proud of you now! Nothing personal, understand. News is news, and we print it, that's all."

Dilks, though his leg throbbed and his head sang, managed to read the story. He heaved a sigh of relief. His wife had not come forward. Thus far none had publicly identified him. So far as was known he had no relatives. Something akin to a smile wreathed his pale lips and he sneered at the men on either side of his cot. The paper fell to the floor, and Dilks told himself that his reticence of past years, his secretive method of living and his aversion to social contacts had right then well paid for themselves.

IV

THAT seven weeks in the hospital was a veritable inferno to the man. He changed a great deal, as even the attendants could see. He spoke little; seemed like a man wrapped completely in thoughts of the future. His communications with others in the ward were those of sheer necessity only. He ate what was given him, accepted the routine treatments prescribed and gazed through sullen eyes upon all and sundry.

Never did he mention his past; never did he forecast what his future might hold. He was a man apart. He lived unto himself, sustained wholly by the intelligence his wife had shown in remaining hidden.

He planned no little upon his manner of disappearance when finally he was able and free to go. He pondered the laws against mendicancy. There was no law against wearing an arm hidden or a shoe too big for a foot. They could arrest him, perhaps, for disorderly conduct. A fine, probably, which would have to be worked out in the penitentiary. But that was a small matter. Once done with, he would contact again with his family, gather some of his luxurious possessions, then meet them elsewhere and enjoy the wealth that was theirs. By suffering now in silence he would win their lasting appreciation.

He faced the judge exactly as he had anticipated. His head hung in shame as he listened to the magistrate:

"There should be a more drastic law," the official complained, "to curb this wheedling of money from the unsuspecting generous. You are a thief if ever one lived, but not so within the meaning of the law. For that I am sorry. I warn you, in the future, keep out of this city. I do not speak of redemption, because in your craven heart that is a desolate impossibility. I sentence you to sixty days in the workhouse, and wish that I could give you more."

They led him away. Uncomplaining, because he had the sustaining thought of the future in his cunning mind, Dilks waited and worked through that sentence. His body was shrunken when he stood, at last, a free man once more. Thoughtfully he walked away from the gibes of fellow prisoners. In his pocket he had a single fifty-cent piece. The money that went with him to the hospital had been taken for the treatment given him.

He caught a bus and went to the center of the city. Nothing had changed. The old familiar corners, the beats upon which Rabbit and the legless man and the uniformed woman had worked, were all as usual. But what of the people who worked them? What would they say to him?

Of course, he never again could beg himself, but he might easily enough direct the others. He could deputize the Rabbit and Soapy to manage and collect, and so get, if not a full measure of the take, at least some share. It was a bluff well worth the trying. There would be joy in once more making suckers pay for his recent humiliation and discomforts.

He went first to the garage where he had left his car. There he was met by none other than the Rabbit.

"Beat it, Dilks," the mendicant said confidently. "You're all washed up with the mob. By trying to pry into our racket you got us all in a bad spot. The story they printed about you kept us off the streets for a week and cut the take 50 per cent when we did go back. I'm runnin' things now. You beat it."

Dilks looked at the man, and the fight was gone from his eyes and his bearing. When he answered, his voice whined. "All right, Rabbit," he said. "You and I always were friends. We always will be. I just came to get my car, see? The coupé I left here."

"Beat it," the Rabbit sneered. "We sold that to square the losses your pinch brought us. Screw, Dilks. If you don't, we'll do plenty talkin' about what you got salted away."

Without a word Jonathan Dilks walked out of the garage. At a distant lunch counter he got himself food. The whole affair had become clear to him the moment he found Rabbit there at the garage. They knew exactly when he would be released from the workhouse. They had followed his case hourly. They knew he would go for the car too. They had him beaten.

He walked around town the rest of the day. He must wait until dark to return to his home and get money. He would creep in quietly, explain what must be done, give explicit instructions to his wife, then leave town. Later they would meet and settle in a new place, a new life. She had been smart to sit tight through it all. For this, Dilks respected her. It came to him there at the grease-stained lunch bar that he would be glad to see his wife, glad to caress her. A man needed that sort of thing.

It was nine o'clock when he walked into the familiar neighborhood. No doubt his wife, too, knew that this was the day of his release. She doubtless had followed his case as had Rabbit and the others. She would be expecting him. Perhaps she had found it necessary to bribe the servants. Smart, she was, after all, to keep herself and Jane entirely out of the mess.

As he approached the house he was tired. His leg still bothered him no little and he had thrown unwonted strain upon it walking all over town to pass the weary hours of that endless day. He rested a moment at the hedge, gathered himself for the emotional scene ahead. He would tell his wife that life lay bright beyond the dawn. Take her in his arms.

She was smart, all right; expecting him. The house was dark.

He mounted the wide porch and rapped softly on the shining glass of the door. He waited with fretful impatience. The peaceful atmosphere of home was about him. Gone the leers of the hospital, the jeers of the jail. Gone the coarse food, the restricted activity, the constant shambling of feet and sound of voices. He was home again. Flowers sweetened the air about him; the familiar porch warmed the aching feet under him with a welcome of recognition. Home.

He knocked again, louder. When there was no answer, he leaned closer to the glass and spread his hands about his eyes, that he might peer into the familiar hall. As he did this a card in the lower corner of the glass caught his eye. It was a small card, and he had to bend very close to make out what was printed upon it. But at last he read:

FOR SALE
PART OF ESTATE BEING LIQUIDATED
SEE AGENT
EXECUTRIX IN EUROPE

PHOTO, FROM WILMINGTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Airlie-on-the-Sound, Near Wilmington, North Carolina

LIGHT

as a feather

"Light as a feather"... the touch of a Christy Razor on your face gives a new conception of shaving comfort.

Not a new razor . . . hundreds of thousands already in use.

But something decidedly new in your experience, if you have not already enjoyed the comfort of a Christy shave.

The lightness of the razor itself is one reason for the lightness of touch of the Christy. And another reason is the wonderful Massage Bar.

« »

The Massage Bar smooths the skin, permitting the blade to cut the beard squarely at the base on a taut surface. This insures a clean, close shave without roughening or scraping the skin . . . a shave "light as a feather."

And that featherlight touch of the Christy Razor is enhanced by the Christy Blade, the product of a generation of fine razor blade specialists.

« »

For a new shaving experience, try the Christy Razor. Step into any local store. Ask to see the Christy Razor with the Massage Bar. Get the feel of it. Better yet . . . shave with it. Real shaving comfort is worth this simple test.

Christy Razor with the Massage Bar, $1 and $5. Christy Blades (package of 5) 35c

The Christy Company • Fremont, Ohio

CHRISTY
SAFETY RAZOR
WITH MASSAGE BAR

TO THE BRIDES AND GROOMS OF 1910

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OLD HOME BEAUTIFUL ... COVER UP EVERY CRACKED PLASTER WALL AND CEILING WITH THE LASTING CHARM OF UPSON BOARD AND UPSON FIBRE-TILE.

NO home need be shabby because it was built some years ago.

Old cracked plaster is always a source of apology. Nearly every home has one or more rooms of this kind.

You can give those cracked walls and ceilings permanent beauty. The beauty of distinctive paneling that has always marked the luxurious home!!

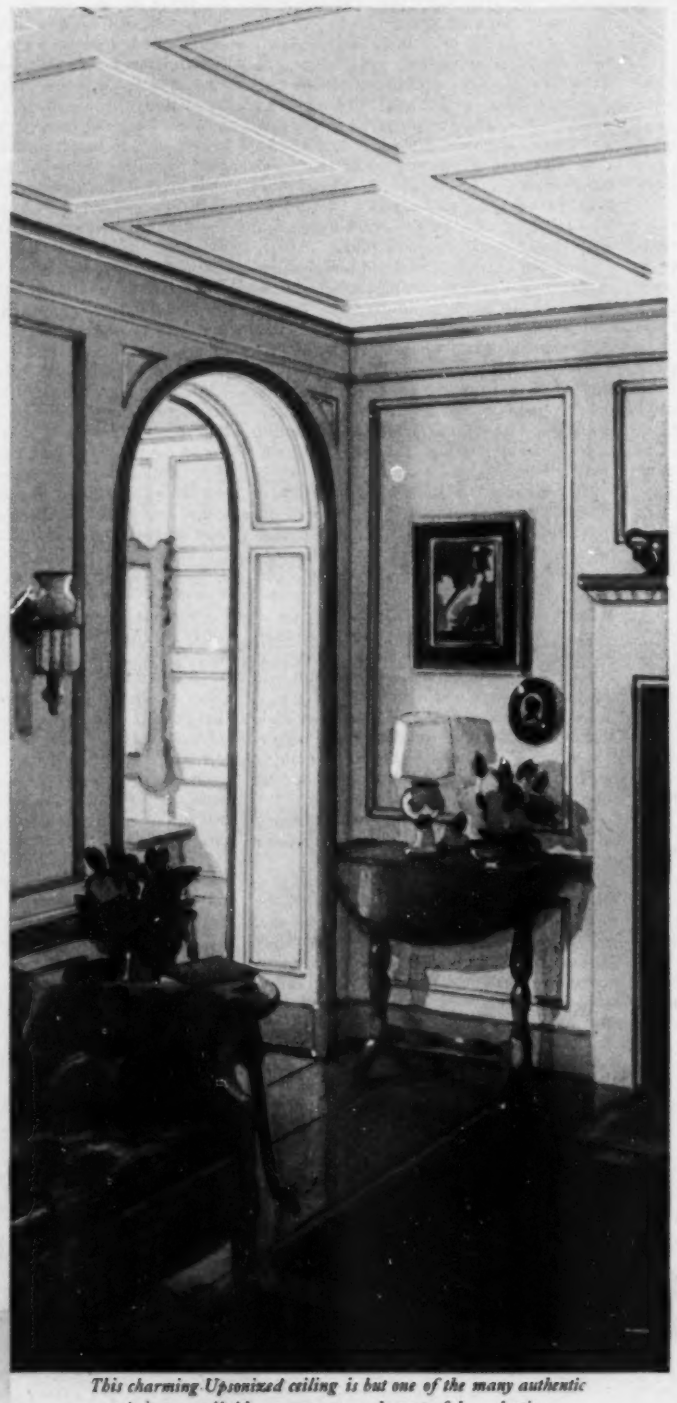
The big sturdy panels of Upson Board... wood-like in character... are quickly applied right over cracked plaster or old wainscoting ... without the dust and delay of replastering. Any good carpenter can do the work in just a few days.

Old Baths Easily Renewed

Colorful Upson Fibre-Tile glorifies old baths and kitchens at about 1/10 the cost of ceramic tile. Its tile-like surface may be finished in any color... and is easily cleaned.

One caution... be sure your carpenter uses the genuine Upson Board and Fibre-Tile. Look for the blue center that runs through each panel edge. This famous blue center insures superior resistance to jars, blows, heat and cold... even ordinary leaks... as compared to other boards tested.

This is remodeling year. Try Upsonizing one old room... and you will want Upson Board throughout the house!



This charming Upsonized ceiling is but one of the many authentic designs available... smart... characterful... lasting.

THE UPSON COMPANY, *830 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.*

Offer No. 1: ☐ I should like to enjoy the beauty of modern color in my home. Send me your new, 32-page book, "Characterful Walls and Ceilings" and 12-page "Upson Relief Ceilings," also samples of Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board. I enclose 10 cents for postage.

Offer No. 2: ☐ Enclosed find one dollar for copy of "Distinction in Home Decoration," and offer No. 1 FREE. Money refunded, if I am not satisfied.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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Helpful Hints for MODERNIZING *your Home*

Personality makes a home interesting, just as it makes people interesting. If you decorate a room yourself, it expresses your personality quite definitely, whether you intend it should or not.

•

Your individual way of doing things makes your home *you*. You can easily learn the essential fundamentals of interior decoration by taking advantage of offer No. 2 in the coupon below.

•

Nowadays, nearly every homeowner wishes he had an extra bathroom. Colorful Upson Fibre-Tile turns a closet or other waste space into a radiant bathroom at about 1/10 the cost of ceramic tile.

•

Your attic is just the place for finishing off an extra bedroom or play room. Done with Upson Board ... there is little muss and no delay.

•

Now it is often possible to modernize a home on small convenient payments. Many progressive lumber dealers and contractors do remodeling work, for just a few dollars a month.

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Redecorating your dining room? Here are four color suggestions of Henrietta Murdock, nationally known interior decorator. For north and west rooms: Greyed yellowed walls with ivory ceiling; rich ivory antiqued walls with ivory ceiling. For east and south rooms: French gray-green walls with ivory ceiling; pale turquoise walls with ceiling lighter tint of same color.

•

Have you an awkward shaped room ... that looks too long and narrow? The Colonial design in an Upson Relief Ceiling will give it the appearance of better proportion...as well as new and added beauty.

•

Furniture looks better when arranged against a background of paneled walls. Upson Board can easily panel your walls, so that the furniture is "framed" to its best advantage.

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Did you know you can get a complete, simplified course on home decoration for only $1.00? "Distinction in Home Decoration" tells how to decorate successfully any room in the house ... is profusely illustrated with suggestive color schemes, charts and actual photographs. Written by Henrietta Murdock, director of the Upson Studios of Decoration and Color.

•

Tune in on the red network of the N.B.C. every Wednesday morning at 10:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, for the Upson Studio talks on remodeling and redecorating.

UPSON PROCESSED BOARD

MAID MOST DEAR

(Continued from Page 9)

rolling. The string of cars followed and buried them in blackness.

Eddie Early pounced on the fallen gun and whirled. "You needn't put your hands up," he observed, speaking to Slagle's companions. "Shootin' you boys would be just murder, full as you are. Just hold steady."

The card players rushed behind the bar and grabbed their guns; Eddie rubbed his knuckles ruefully and turned to contemplate his fallen foe. His fist had caught Slagle on the jaw, but as Slagle had crouched with his head turned, right fist had crashed into right jaw—a thing which may never have chanced before. The results were disastrous. Slagle struck on head and neck. His body followed, rolling on, feet up with the impetus of that diving fall, to poise precarious on its own shoulders. He toppled over; his legs straddled the disused stove and brought it down; he lay with his head under him, the stove on him, and a cloud of soot from the fallen stove pipe blackly glorious over all. The victor regarded him with some perplexity.

"I never saw him do that before," said Eddie.

Two cowboys dragged the fallen from the wreck. One knelt and listened. "No, he's breathing, sort of," he said. "That's too bad!"

"You fellows had better get your waggish friend away from here," said Eddie. "Advise him a lot. Somebody's going to sever his jocular vein for him, if he doesn't mend his ways."

Stumbling, muttering, the festal party carried Slagle out to the mulberry. The big man paused at the door to say: "No grudge. He had it a-coming."

Eddie turned to Lithpin' Tham. "Sam, you threw that chair. I saw you. Didn't think you had it in you."

"I'm thurprithed mytheif," said Sam sheepishly. "Mither Early, that ith the firth dethent thing I've done thinth I robbed a lawyer. But you never wath tho damned thuperior ath the reth of your crowd, and I thort of hated to thee you thot. . . . Mithter Early, thith ith Bud Wilthon, that threw the other chair."

"Much obliged, Bud," said Eddie.

"Pleased to meet you," said Wilson. "And these three poor dumb-bells are Shorty, Sooner and Dutch. No matter which is which. They're all poor fish. We're the whole C A P outfit."

"Dumb," agreed one of them. "Bud's the boss; so you can see how triflin' we are."

"I thuppoth," said Sam ruefully, "I might ath well be movin' on?" He looked up at Eddie with a vague wistfulness in his eye.

Wilson clapped him on the shoulder. "Shucks, Sam, we was all onto you long ago. You didn't win any of our money, did you? Why, you dealt me four cold jacks a while ago and I didn't even stay."

"Oh!" said Sam. "I thought I'd thlipt."

"And we held out four cards on you," said Wilson. "One little spade, heart, diamond and club; passing 'em around under the table as needed. So that's all right. You stick around, Tham. I'll tell you what; you come out and wrangle horses for us a spell. I sort of like the way you handle a chair—real prompt and earnest."

"Mithter Wilthon, you've done hired a wrangler," said Sam.

"Now for the unfinished business," said Eddie.

Dutch stared at him. "Great Scott, what you goin' to do now—start a morgue? I'd say you did a complete job already."

"Not at all," said Eddie. "Introduce me to the bartender."

"Ben Hill, you come here!" said Dutch.

Ben Hill shambled out from behind the bar, wiping his hands and smirking nervously.

"This is it," said Dutch.

Eddie regarded Ben Hill in silence; Mr. Hill's oily smile faded. Eddie thrust out a long arm and a pointing finger, and paused. Ben Hill cringed. "'Look out, Slagle!' says you! Me unarmed; you with plenty guns under the bar and a sawed-off shotgun, too, or I miss my guess; Slagle worked up to murder me. . . . 'Look out, Slagle!'" He clutched Ben Hill's collar and jerked him down to his knees. "Roll out a whisky barrel, boys. Spread-eagle him and I'll put the belt to him. Gimme a belt, somebody."

"Maybe we oughtn't to do that," said Wilson dubiously. "We have to live here, you know."

"That's why you want to teach him to protect his customers. Live here myself, maybe," said Eddie. "I like Shard. Liveliest little town south of the Smith and Wesson line. Want to make the home town better and brighter. Stretch him out."

"You tempt me," said Bud. "We really ought to get a permit from the forest ranger, but here goes. Grab him, boys!"

They stretched the luckless wretch across a barrel. He yelled, screamed, threatened death and fire. Eddie punched the cartridges from a heavy belt and grasped it firmly by the buckle end. "One for all and all for each! About three licks apiece? Want in, Tham?"

"Not me," said Lithpin' Tham. "He detherveth it, of courth. But what if I got my dethervinth? Count me out. I'm gone. And you'd better take that thawed-off thotgun when you go. Get me?"

"I get you," said Eddie. "Fifteen, it is, then. You keep count, Mr. Hill, and if I don't stop when I get to fifteen, you mention it."

"Slagle and his friends are gone," said Bud. "Guess he wasn't hurt much."

"Just between us girls," said Sooner Dow, "what are you going to do with that shotgun? You'll look right quaint ridin' down the street with that thing across the horn of your saddle."

"Yes, but think how quaint I'd look being carried along with the Dead March and no mourners," said Eddie. "Even if folks laugh at me, it'll be quite some comfort to know that I'm still able to hear 'em. That will help me to put up with it. Well, I got to get my gun from the store and saddle up."

Bud walked along with him. "It's high time we was pulling out for the ranch ourselves. Won't you side us, Mr. Early? 'Bout thirty miles out."

"Thanks just the same. By good rights, I ought to be going, but my idea of true politeness demands that I stick around a spell. Barkeep or this man Slagle may not be just satisfied. Guess I'll lay over twenty-four hours; say, till after dinner tomorrow. They can't expect me to hang up here all fall to wait their convenience."

"Ben is just trash, but you might keep an eye on him," said Bud. "I really can't say about Slagle. All that bunch are K P men. Queer outfit. Been here two, three years. Tough, but they ain't friendly. Don't mix. Never ask anyone to the ranch, and if you drop in, they're just barely civil. Little bunch of cattle, just off the forest reserve. They're not stealing cattle. Don't half work their own, and twice the men they need. Half of them ain't hands at all, and the best are none too good. They hell around the little towns, but they don't ever all leave the ranch at once. Never less than two of 'em right there at the home ranch. Kirby and Payne—they're the owners—they're citified, but they're tough too. Only not our kind of tough. Not our sort of people, none of 'em. Don't belong here. Something off-colored about the whole kit and bilin' of 'em. I don't see as you've got any call to wait to see how Slagle likes it—not if you don't feel that way. He asked for it."

"Oh, I'll wait a reasonable length of time to see if he wants some more. But it's a nuisance. My lunch got spilled too," grumbled Eddie, saddling Cry Baby. "One swell place to get hung up—Shard. What kind of a name is that for a town, anyway? Shard! How come?"

"Indian pottery. Shard Springs, it was. Fritz Aude settled there and gave it the name. But, man, this isn't Shard. This is Hell's Bend. Just the offscourings and riff-raff. Hop that horse and I'll show you the cleanest, greenest little burg between hither and yon."

They doubled a sharp hill corner; Bud reined in and threw out a hand. "There! Cowboy, you don't know your luck!"

The creek made half a mile of sweeping curve, the road followed the creek, and thrifty trees made the road shady; beyond the trees was a crescent of pleasant homes, some twenty in all, set well back from the road, crowded by orchard, garden and yard.

Bud held his head high, his eyes sparkled. "Don't that look like home? Hear them bees, and the turtledoves cooing!"

Eddie listened and shook his head. "Shucks, them doves ain't cooin'. They're just gritting their teeth!"

"Don't that look some different from Hell's Bend?"

"Oh, yes; if you insist. Maybe, a little. This so-called hotel now—can you steer me to it?"

"We go over the hills," said Bud. "You come to a store, a barber shop and a blacksmith shop. Third house beyond. Finest grub you ever flopped a lip over. And say, Early; you seem the right sort. Listen, hard! You buy you a shave and a new shirt."

III

BEES hummed in the yard, the turf was thick and elms made gracious archways. Apples reddened in the little orchard, grapes hung from a sheltered trellis, moss roses, marigolds, cockscomb, hollyhocks and yellow dahlias were thick beside the path. The house was adobe, long and low; a double house with a broad gallery between, roofed, open at the ends, gratefully cool and airy. There were spacious armchairs of wickerwork; a rocking-chair, brightly blue; another of cherry; a corded and covered water jar—a Mexican *olla*—hung cooling from the *vigas*, swinging in the light breeze. A gay Navaho blanket covered a low table where magazines and papers were stacked. This was evidently the lobby. No one was visible and there was no bell. On either side of the gallery were open doorways with screen doors. Eddie knocked at the nearest door. No one came; he knocked again, more vigorously. A door opened behind him.

"Oh, are you the traveling public?" cried a clear and youthful voice.

Eddie turned and swept off his hat. A girl came across the passageway; a girl of twenty, dark, slender, bright-eyed and flower fresh.

"Right," said Eddie. "And you, I suppose, are the hotel?"

"Just now I am. My aunt and uncle—in about the order mentioned—are chumming around somewheres. You've left your horse at the gate, I see. Come on, and I'll show you where to put him—if you're staying all night, that is."

"Oh, yes," said Eddie. "Longer, maybe. This is certainly one beautiful little place, Shard is. I expect you think it's the finest ever."

The girl walked beside him, unembarrassed and frank. "I am scarcely a judge," she said, smiling. "You see, Mr. Public, I've lived here all my life. Except for a few trips to Silver City and El Paso, I've never been out of these hills." Her head lifted, her eyes lingered on the long horizons lovingly. "If it is any better outside, I'm willing to be cheated."

Eddie looked again at this back-of-beyond girl. Her face, which might have been sad, was joyous; her eyes, which might have been wistful, were mirthful and confident.

"I was born here," she said. "Just over the Continental Divide, at an old sawmill above Grafton. And ——"

"You were!" said Eddie. "Why, Miss Hotel, I was at that very sawmill Sunday. And let me tell you, that old wheel is turning yet, singing in the sun. I stopped there a long time and wondered who ever used to live there. And here it was you all the time."

"My parents died there, and then my aunt brought me here to Shard. There you have my whole history. How about yours?"

"I've been delayed," said Eddie, "but here I am."

"Miss Eva, soon after supper, what say if I hurl your saddle on your Wisenose horse and we go for a little saunter in the hills?" asked Eddie. "I hear rumors of a moon."

The supper in question was not the one which followed immediately after the exchange of autobiographies outlined above. It was several suppers later. Two or three suppers later—Eddie was not quite sure as to the number—that was the time. The place was a cheerful living room, with an old piano which wore the unmistakable look of use—much different from the air of pianos which are only to be looked at, thank you. There were long shelves of old, old books—Dickens, Scott, Charles Reade, Cooper, William Black, The Three Guardsmen, Lorna Doone, David Balfour, Stedman's Anthology, Alice and the Autocrat and Huck, John Halifax, The Story of an African Farm, Innocents Abroad, Don Quixote, Whittier, Longfellow, Tennyson, Byron, Poe, Burns, Shakspere—that sort of thing. Lincoln's face looked from the wall—a steel engraving. A flag hung there, an old sword. Venice, glowing through a thin, drifting mist, crowding feluccas at the wharves, their gay sails furled to the tilted yards; a fezzed and tasseled Arab, with a villainous grin, squatted in the sand and proffered a Dead Sea apple to a skeptical camel. By the window, a jaunty canary, eager, egotistical and brave, poured forth a high and soaring melody of uncaged song. That was the place. As for the girl, she was the same dark girl whom Eddie had met as Miss Hotel; better known in private life as Eva Scales.

"That will be fine, Eddie."

"Well!" said an indignant voice. Skid Jackson stood in the doorway. An accusing finger covered the culprits alternately.

"The curse is come upon me," remarked Miss Eva Scales. She folded her hands and took on the saintly aspect of a martyr.

"What's Aunt Gerda thinking about, and that mizzable Pete Jensen, lettin' you roam around with this Early creature, and him with a crest like a cockatoo?"

Miss Eva's eyes roved to that amber crest and she made a little, twisting movement with her fingers.

"Why, it's Skid!" said Eddie, beaming. "Didn't know you, Skid; you was all spruced up so."

Skid stalked tragically into the room. Ignoring Eddie's welcome, he turned his finger on Eva.

"Aren't you my own woman—mine to me, as Frank John says?"

"I didn't say so," said the martyr.

"You never said you wasn't, and I said you was. That makes it practically unanimous. I'm surprised. No, not surprised. Grieved, pained, affected."

He turned on Eddie. "You, Early—did I recommend this hotel to you?" he demanded, glooming. "Not much. I took a lot of pains to send you on to the O Bar O. Didn't you know, right off, that I wouldn't want you hanging around here?"

"I suspected it, sort of," said Eddie meekly. "But this fatal gift of beauty ——"

"I'll fix that!" said Skid eagerly. "How about that hotfoot hustle of yours, off

(Continued on Page 90)

There's something more than "BIG TALK"

TALK is cheap. It always has been. And if you are looking for tall talk about tires, there are many places where you can find it.

But somehow, talk has not been able to bury the outstanding facts revealed by the Silver Fleet.

• • •

No one has been able to wave away nearly two million tire miles without a blow-out. One cannot dismiss easily 30,000 miles of public road test.

A public demonstration before thirty millions of people—a ten-month tour through 46 states and 2,000 cities, towns and villages—refuses to be ignored, or to be classified as mere "big talk."

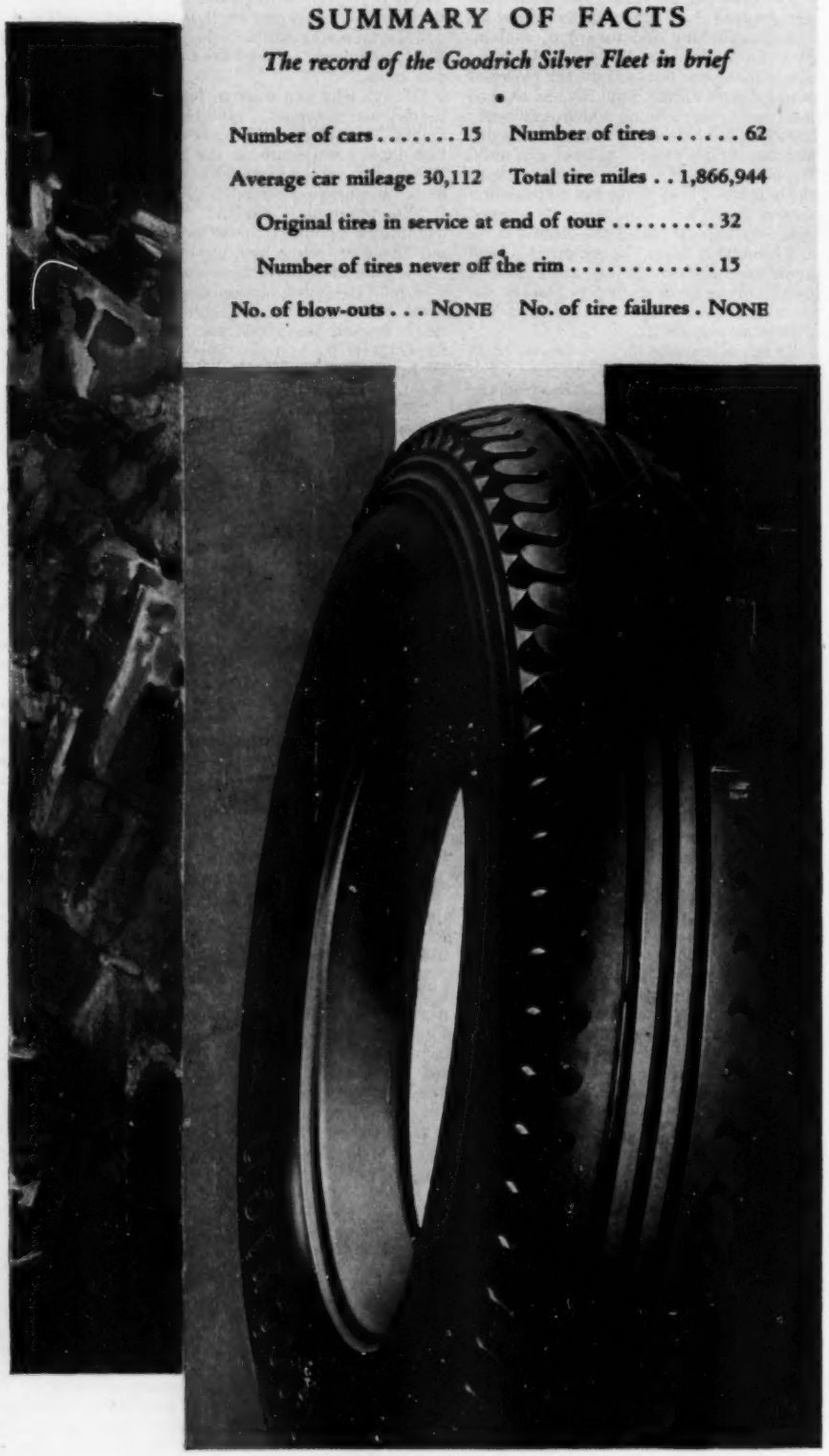
• • •

So the results of the Silver Fleet stand unquestioned. And with them stand the facts of Silvertown performance. For the Silver Fleet was, and still is, Silvertown performance, publicly displayed.

The Fleet record, in terms of specific figures, has been published many times—is here published again. We suggest that you study that record.

You may find it refreshing that one tire maker, at least, is willing to forego the extravagant, the blustering, the sweepingly general—and rest his case on a thing so simple, so understandable, so full of meaning as actual performance on the road.

Have you listened to "THE STORY OF UNCLE ABE AND DAVID," the daily radio feature sponsored by The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company? It tells of the amusing adventures of two lovable old characters learning how to play. Broadcast every week-day evening over Station W E A F and the Red network of the National Broadcasting Company; your local paper will give you stations and time. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Calif. *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario.



SUMMARY OF FACTS

The record of the Goodrich Silver Fleet in brief

•

Number of cars . . . . . 15 Number of tires 62

Average car mileage 30,112 Total tire miles . . 1,866,944

Original tires in service at end of tour 32

Number of tires never off the rim 15

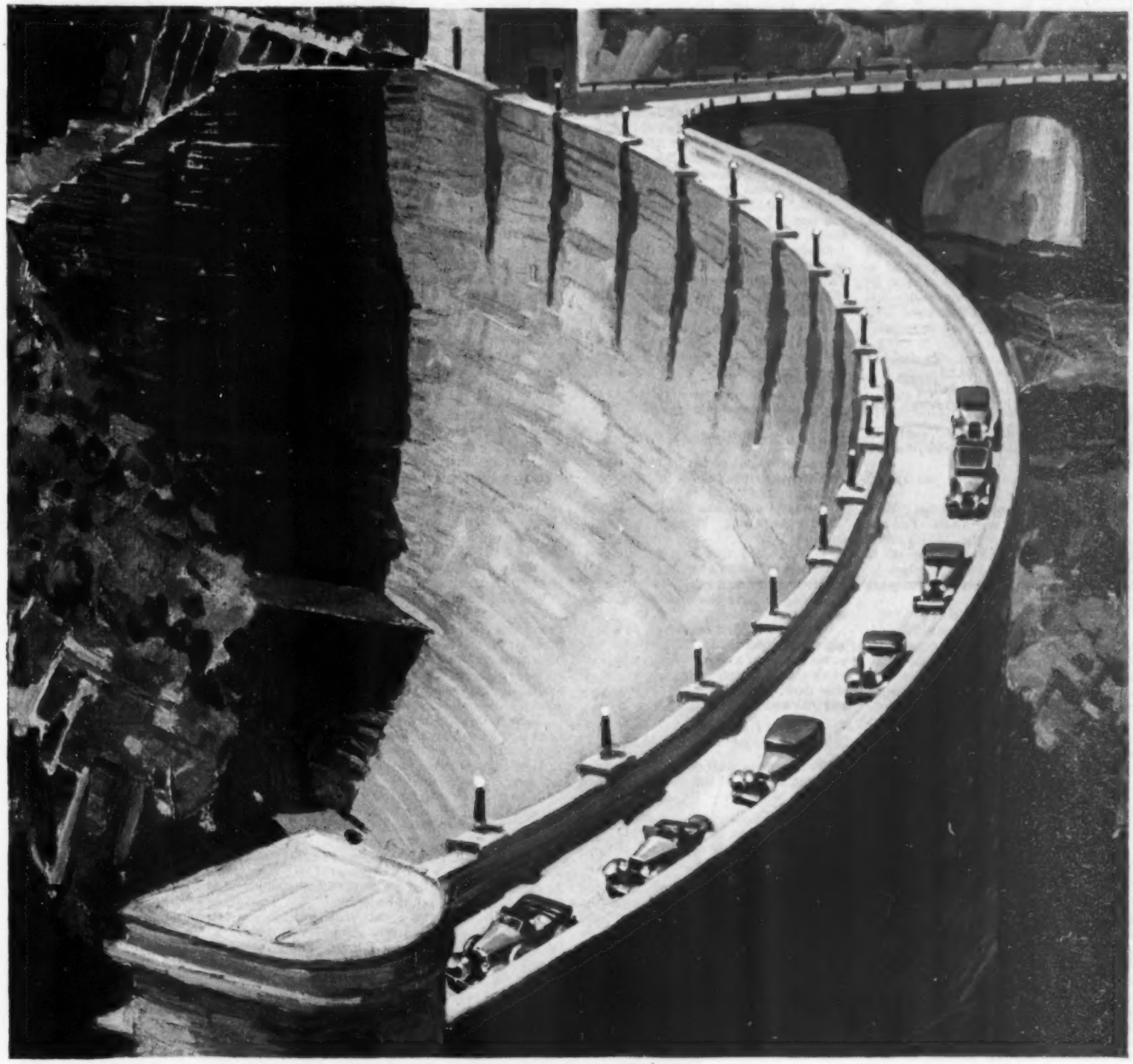
No. of blow-outs . . . NONE No. of tire failures . NONE

32,000 DIFFERENT RUBBER ARTICLES representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products—Goodrich Silvertowns—Zippers—Rubber Footwear—Drug Sundries—Soles—Heels—Hose—Belting—Packing—Molded Goods

Goodrich

—ANOTHER

in the 30,000 mile Silver Fleet road test



CROSSING THE FAMOUS ROOSEVELT DAM in Arizona on the westward trip of the Goodrich Silver Fleet. This great project is just one of the numerous national landmarks visited by the Silver Fleet in its record-breaking tour through 46 states

Silvertowns

B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 87)

where duty called you? You might have been in Holbrook right now."

"How time does slide away!" said Eddie.

"And that good man waiting for you, too; strainin' his riggin', watching the slow days drag by, and no Eddie Early."

"Life," said Eddie, "is full of trouble."

"You don't know how right you are," said Skid. He took a rocking-chair and rolled a cigarette. "You're not riding out searchin' for no moon, fellow. Far from it. Soon after supper—and I'm most starved now—you and me, we're going to take a turn behind the old red barn, or words to that effect."

"I'm too heavy for you," said Eddie regretfully.

"I'm not so big, but I'm nimble," said Skid. "Spry as a cat. You'll be surprised."

"Not practical. I got forty pounds on you, Skid. And," said Eddie, "if you have writ your annals true, like Miss Eva was reading to me about, 'tis there that I'm reasonably spry myself, for a big man. And it isn't fair. You lick me, and I'm a big awkward lummox. I best you, and I'm a big overgrown bully. Never do at all. Have to think of something else. I'll tell you what! I'll take on that big forest ranger—he takes dinner here regular as noon comes. Silly old fool, Lamar is; thirty if he's a day! And you tackle Bud Wilson. He's just about your size."

"I named it to Bud, week or so ago," said Skid gloomily.

"Oh, did you?" said Eva. She dimpled. "What did Bud say to that?"

"He said for me to go to hell!"

"Don't you do it!" cried Eva. "The idea!"

"Then, if you down Bud," continued Eddie, ignoring the interruption, "and if Lamar downs me ——"

"I think you're a lunatic, you know," said Skid.

"I've got it!" announced Eddie. "We'll let Miss Eva have a say in this. You just give us a friendly hint, girl. Which one of us might just as well be on his way out to the far-off world? But why, and where to, and what earthly difference would it make to the unlucky devil?"

"Is this a proposal?" said Eva.

"It might be twisted to some such meaning by a designing mind, if you want to hold us to a careless word," said Eddie loftily. "But we would prefer you to consider it—ah—more in the light of a certain natural curiosity."

"I will give the matter careful consideration," said Eva, "and I'll let you know my views—oh, well—say, two years from now."

"Fine and dandy," said Eddie.

"Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain."

A shaded lamp made a small golden cone by the old piano. Her voice was a natural contralto, rich and deep, flexible, poignant. An untrained voice, it is true, but also an unspoiled voice. Those were simple songs that Eva knew, a marriage of words and music, magic and beauty; songs that meant something. Her tunes were simple, too; homemade, oftener than not. Skid Jackson had not even the excuse of leaves to turn. He stood beyond that glowing circle of light, leaning on the piano, and his eyes were all for her.

Old Pete Jensen sat by the fireplace, where a cedar fire snapped and crackled, not for warmth but for delight; his lined face changed to time with every song. White-haired and serene, Aunt Gerda rocked with her knitting at the light's edge. As for Eddie Early, he was in the window seat. The moon rode high, and beyond the green mountains white clouds rose and billowed—the fringes of the banners of the gods. He sat silent, incredulous; the enchanted night without, and within the sorcery of song. Unawares, he had stepped from the blazing noon of life into this unguessed kingdom of beauty and wonder and delight.

"Frank John's song," Skid ventured hopefully. "Can't you give us that? 'Pale hands I loved beside the ——' something or other, Palomar? Couldn't be Palomar. Something long ago."

"Samovar?" Eva twinkled as she made this small suggestion.

"Eva! Aren't you ashamed?" said Aunt Gerda. "It was the Shalamar, I think; and the Shalamar was a river, maybe, somewhere. . . . Don't mind her, Skid."

"Oh, let the little lady have her sport," said Skid, unabashed. "I had it coming. San Antone to Bakersfield—that's my limit. Shalamar, eh? Sounds like the good old Bible. And what's a samover? Oh, I know. Tea urn. Yes, yes! That's right, girl; kick him when he's down. 'Pale hands I loved beside the Samover.' Frank John will like that—nix! He's nuts on that ditty. How about it, Eva? Do we hear it?"

The girl flaunted her slim brown fingers at him. "Don't you know any song about freckles, Skid? Doesn't anybody love freckles?"

"I do," said Pete Jensen stoutly. "Don't you sing it for him. Give us Sir Patrick Spens."

So she sang of the King's daughter of Noroway; of "Now we have harried all Bamboroughshire"; and of the bonny Earl of Murray, who was the Queenis luve. Then her voice rippled softly from Scotland to a ballad of Old England: "I loved a forester, gay, bold and free." Heartbreak was in it, and the breath of the greenwood; a mother crooning to her child:

"And I will dream thee Alan Percy's son,
And dream poor Alan guards thy sleep with me
Lull-a-by! Lull-a-by!"

Aunt Gerda put up her knitting briskly. "Lullaby time it is," she said. "This singing is now done."

"Just one more, auntie," begged Skid. "McCartney's song. Please! Then we go dreaming."

"Never heard that one," said Eddie. "McCartney? Who's he?"

"He wrote it—an Australian. He seems," said Skid, "to have been a lucky guy. Listen, Eddie."

Her fingers drifted caressingly to a prelude where night winds whispered and long waves broke on a white beach; a prelude which changed, rang clear and high, dawn after dark, joyous; the lark on the thorn and Pippa on her holiday:

"Once I loved a lads,
And put her in a song ——"

The accompaniment danced on, gay and youthful, defiant of loss and change and death:

"First we loved with laughter,
Then we loved with tears;
And that's the way a life goes by
The dreaming years."

The interlude was longer now, the strong beat of chords, steady, relentless, like the inexorable march of the years. It faltered, and failed, and died away to silence; her hands lay idle on the keys.

Eddie's heart leaped with longing and the world centered on one small dark face in that golden circle. The brown hands stirred slowly, reluctantly, and strayed along the keys to a small, low melody, brave and faint and elfin; she took up the words again, an echo, wandering, hushed and far:

"She and I are ghosts now,
Haunting an old song;
I belong to nowhere.
Where do you belong?"

So he remembered her in years to come, and in his dreams he heard that song again.

IV

ROSENTHAL'S store was flanked on either side by long hitch racks. Between rack and store certain mimic craters, each centered by an iron peg, showed where Shard pitched horseshoes when the shade was right. Open horse sheds stood in the rear, with a walled feed corral of fabulous acreage between store and blacksmith shop. The store was built on a high stone foundation, making a vast basement storeroom, half underground. On the downhill side a level doorway led to great sliding doors. Rosenthal's freight wagons rolled into the basement to unload, passing on, when empty, through a second set of doors, to scramble up a steep pitch on the high side. Rosenthal did not believe in waste motion. Moreover, when a wagon came late and weary, it was left there under lock and key, safe from weather, to be unloaded in the morning. There was also a platform farther back where goods might go directly to the store proper, when desired.

The front porch perched on stilts at a level with the store itself—that is to say, the edge of the porch was as high as the box of a lumber wagon without side boards. High, wide and substantial, that covered porch; known to affectionate derision as the town hall. Three-inch planks made the floor; broad steps, the full width of the porch itself, rose to it at either end; and the columns which upheld the roof were peeled logs, time-checked and weather-gray, carved by industrious knives to brand book and social register. Long benches stood beneath the windows; mid-porch, at casual, hit-or-miss intervals, were three tables. Negligent tables, confident, entirely at home, with satellite wooden chairs—roomy, round-backed chairs with time-polished arm rests. Surviving chessmen threatened and warded on the first table. Checkers and dominoes made little sprawling piles on Two and Three.

This was mail day and Rosenthal was postmaster; Shard tripped and minced, stalked, hobbled, hurried and crept, up the steps and through the doors, gulped its mail greedily, chattered and bantered and bought; made large eyes or glanced sidewise, by accident, under drooped lids, from the ambush of a shoulder. Twice a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—the stage came in from Silver City, passed on to Summit and Clear Creek. You and I have a beggarly dozen of holidays for each year, but Shard had all these and a hundred great days besides.

Skid and Eddie, who did not patronize the mail, had the great porch to themselves. Scornful of chair or bench, they faced each other on the platform's edge, each with his back against a trusty tree. Eyes half closed, his legs drawn up, Eddie leaned luxuriously against his particular porch column—the corner one—and nursed his ankles. His hat hung from one knee and he smoked a droop-shouldered pipe. Skid lopped sidewise against his post. He sat tailor fashion and braided a cigarette, hat aslant, his forelock dangling over one eye.

"This is all very well for you, J. Pierpont, but I'm supposed to turn a day's work for the Tumble T every now and then. 'Tain't right!" said Skid.

One of Eddie's shoulders quivered to an almost imperceptible shrug. A corner of his mouth drew down. One eye propped open for a slow stare. It opened wider.

"Brush your bangs back, sister," advised Eddie. "You look positively gallus—debauched, if you know what I mean—depraved, wanton."

"My Jig hawse eating his fool head off too," Skid complained. "You oughta move on, fellow. You'll lose that job."

"Jobs are a nuisance. Just like you say, they want you to work. . . . Gosh, what's that?"

A blond giant came slowly through the door, paused, nodded, moved slowly to the other end of the porch and sat on the bench there, slowly, cautiously. He unfolded a slender newspaper and conned it earnestly, his lips moving with the words. His big blue eyes were slow and dreamy; a yellow oxhorn mustache drooped dejectedly; his big, bony face was patient and melancholy; his massive hands were startling. Eddie's eyes opened wide now, incredulous.

"That's Windy Bill Nelson, our deputy. Look him over, Sober-sides. Sheriffs come and sheriffs go, but Bill goes on forever. One new-hatched sheriff come up and told Windy there was complaints about him being too high-handed, week-ends. Asked him to resign. Windy looked at him a spell, bit him off a chew of plug, and says, 'No.' Sheriff made a pass at him and Windy threw him in the cooler over Sunday for disturbin' the peace. Held his job too. Firm, Bill is. After you, likely. Hear you stole Ben Hill's shotgun and beat up Slagle."

"Yeah," said Eddie. "I really ought to buy Slagle a hat or something. Only for him, I wouldn't be here now. Just getting myself a bite when —— Hey!"

Without perceptible start, Windy Bill was halfway across the porch, his gun flaming. Eddie rolled from the porch in a four-foot drop. This account is not chronologically exact, for these events were simultaneous. To be sure, the first bullet had whistled close above Eddie's head, but Eddie was already twisting out and down. Skid dived headlong, lighting on fingers and toes. They crouched beak to beak, glaring. The gun roared again.

Eddie found voice. "What you grinnin' about, you heather cat?"

"Thought I heard something drop," Skid explained.

"Take that nose away, or I'll bite it," said Eddie. His groping hand closed on a smooth round cobblestone the size of a pink sugar bowl; he rose up behind the sheltering corner post, glimpsed his assailant and heaved mightily.

As the cobble arched across, Eddie saw that the deputy had returned his gun to the holster, and now stood pensive and peaceful, his eyes intently following something across the street and down the street. Not so intent but that he saw the flying cobblestone; he inclined his head gently and the stone crashed through the window. An impressive silence came from the store.

"Whaddy you mean, you ox-eyed walrus?" shouted Eddie, and took the steps at a gallop. Windy Bill gazed benevolently and thrust out a long arm, pointing obliquely across the road. Impressed by this large tranquillity, Eddie paused in his charge to look. He saw a long low dust beyond the trees, a something before the dust—a bulk that shaped to a running horse and a man crouched along that horse's neck. Windy Bill beckoned and led the way diagonally across the porch. He paused, searching; laid his finger on a freshly splintered bullet hole. The bullet had struck the bench at a sharp angle. Keeping that finger there, Windy Bill pointed with the other hand.

"Saw a rifle poke around that far willow, takin' slow aim. You take a sight!"

Eddie knelt and squinted. The line of sight ran directly in front of the post where he had been sitting. "Oh, that way? You wanted me to move?" Windy Bill nodded. "Then why didn't you say so, you Siberian wart hound?"

"You moved, didn't you? If I'd told you, you'd just ha' said, 'Why?'" said Windy Bill. He spoke grudgingly. "And I maybe discouraged him from a second shot. Missed him. Too far for a six-shooter."

Rosenthal's shiny bald head appeared cautiously at the door casing. He saw three men in friendly converse; his brows lifted.

"Was there somethings?" he asked with a rising note.

"Snake," said Windy.

Rosy's eyebrow arched higher yet, his lips pursed. He thumbed his chin thoughtfully and peered up at the shattered glass.

"Somebody breaks my windows," he observed.

"I broke your window," said Eddie. "Snake. I threw too high. I pay for what I break."

"I run along now," said Rosenthal politely.

Windy punched empty shells from his gun and reloaded, glancing at Eddie. "You're Early? . . . Thought so. . . . K P came to town yesterday. Whigamaleerie outfit, the K P is. Don't just figure

(Continued on Page 92)

A Venus fairly flows over the paper

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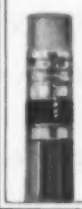

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JEDDO · PENNSYLVANIA

H B C C

(Continued from Page 90)

them out. . . . Seems like you might maybe go visiting a spell. I would."

"I been telling him that," said Skid.

"You and Bud Wilson friends?" Eddie nodded, fascinated by the way the deputy slow-spaced his words and made each word count. "Then you go stay with Bud a coupla nights." Windy drew a chunk of plug tobacco from his pocket and gnawed at a corner. "Ben Hill, he was saying something about a shotgun—sawed-off shotgun." He returned the plug to his pocket and ruminated. "You keep that shotgun. Ben Hill ain't fit to manage such."

A horseman drew abreast; a far-stepping, blue roan horse, a tall rider with a dark, still face. The roan's ears twitched; the rider turned eyes to the porch and waved a hand in heart-high salute. The conferees waved back.

"Who's that?" asked Eddie. "Haven't seen him before."

"Tom Copeland, K P boss," said Windy. The words were half a sigh, and Skid looked up quickly. The deputy's eyes were narrowed, musing, saddened. "Only for the men he works for, and the men that work for him," said Windy Bill Nelson, "I'd kind of like to like that man."

"Windy, you're either drunk or in your second childhood. You haven't talked that much, all told, these last seven years. But you're right about Copeland," said Skid. To his own surprise, he found himself speaking from a heavy heart. "Copeland might have been a real man. He had the makings. Spoiled like a good horse is sometimes." He shook his head impatiently. "Eddie, old man! You don't know how I hate to see you go!" His voice was gushing, cooing, tender.

"I know," said Eddie. "But you're going to hate it a heap worse to see me come back."

A towhead of ten sidled from beside the store and mounted halfway up the steps. His wide gold-brown eyes, sorting strangely with that flaxed hair, looked up adoringly at Eddie Early, hero in chief for two days now, because of a bronco riding in the Jones corral.

"I saw him," stated the towhead shyly.

Eddie's hand went to his pocket. When it came out, a silver coin clung in the shaped palm. "Know what that is?" asked Eddie.

The towhead nodded vigorously. "It's a dollar."

"Well, then," said Eddie, "what did you see?"

The gold eyes sought the steps, considering, their silken lashes drooping; a toe scratched thoughtfully at a brown ankle. Then the eyes lifted trustingly.

"A snake," said towhead.

"Right!" The dollar changed owners. "We men have to stick together," said Eddie.

"Didn't I hear you say you was going out to Bud's or something?" said Windy.

"No, you didn't. But you do now. Good weather for visiting," said Eddie. "You cheer up, Skid. Don't look so blue. I'll be back."

"Yes," said Skid, "that's what I'm blue about."

V

AFTER the other men caught their mounts, Copeland roped out his private horse—a stocking-legged sorrel. Wilcox twisted his mouth at this, and spoke low for Slagle's private ear, sneeringly: "The big boss don't ride with us today, it seems." He did not look as if his name was Wilcox. He looked more like a Lippi.

"You boys ride Horse Mesa and brand up what calves you find," said Copeland. "Slagle and Wilcox and me, we won't be with you today."

Five men rode away. "What's up now?" asked Wilcox suspiciously. The first shaft of the sun touched the K P ranch house; the corral, lower down the slope, was still in shadow.

"Making medicine with the chief. Come on."

They clanked into the house. Kirby heard them come down the hallway and threw open his door. His plump fingers were pink against the casing.

"Anything wrong?" His small eyes glittered.

"Not a thing, Little Chin," said Copeland.

"Come in, then. What's on the mind today?"

Copeland drew back and let his companions precede him. They threw their hats on a table and sat beside it, but Copeland stood by the door. His saturnine face wore a trace of mockery. His gun holster hung low and well forward. Kirby noted this and his plump face grew a shade less pink.

"I'm quitting," said Copeland. "I brought Slagle and Wilcox so they could square you with the boys. They're here to witness that you hand over my share."

"Quit? You can't do that! You'll spoil the best machine ever put together. Don't be a fool! In five years we'll have Jesse James lookin' like a piker!"

"I give you five months to go smash," said Copeland coldly. "It may be five weeks. Slagle tried to murder this man Early yesterday—from ambush."

"Well?"

"I warned him not to. . . . Just start when you're ready, Slagle, if you feel that way, and I'll practically spoil your entire forenoon. . . . I'm done, Kirby. I know Early by rep. He stands well with the best men in the desert country. Murdered that way, with no chance—well, it's like that lisping jasper told Slagle when he tried it before. They'll just naturally take the K P apart, if local talent doesn't do it first. They're ripe. Too much whisky and mouth and your special brand of gun play."

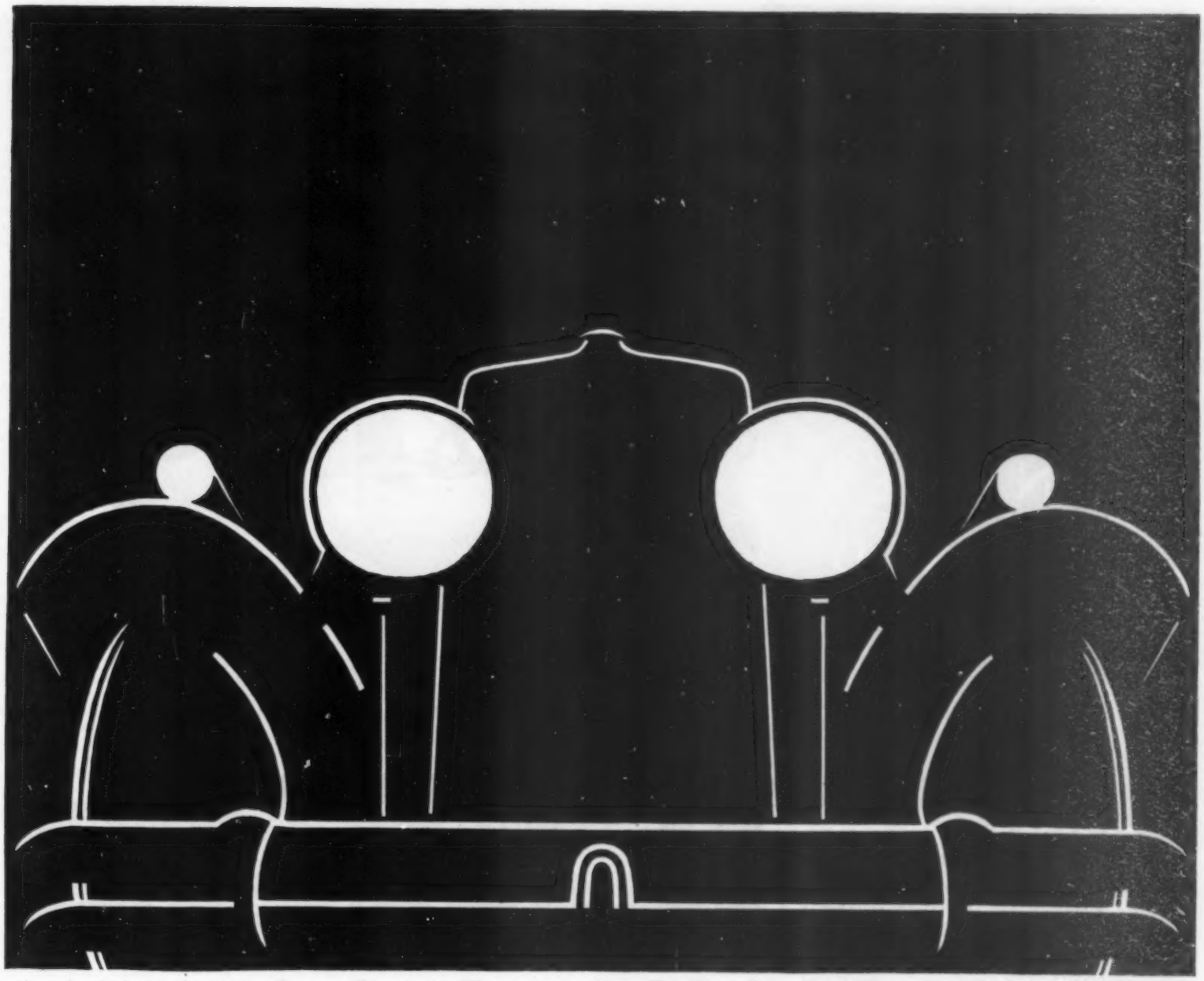
"We figure that we're pretty smooth gunmen ourselves," said Wilcox. "Too smooth for these yokels."

"You three think you're good. I know you're not. You kill, but you can't take it. You lack the essentials. Here I am, one to three, and what are you going to do about it? I'd hate to have any one of you catch me asleep from now on. But now, you see," said Copeland softly, "I'm awake. If you don't believe I am, hop to it. But if you're wise, you'll slip me and look pleasant. If the bunch was real bright, they'd give Slagle his piece, too, while the subject was up, and kick him out of this. With him gone, you might last quite a while yet, if you only knew how to act halfway human."

"You're turning your back on the best chance you ever had," wailed Kirby. "Other gangs hung close to one stamping ground and got sold out by friends or skirts. We come way out here, buy up this place and stock it, and live quietly a whole year to establish ourselves. Then, when Payne tips us off, a bunch of us slip out and hop the cars—some from Silver City, and some from Magdalena—pull a job in California, Oklahoma or Nebraska, and slip back quietly, one at a time, no one the wiser. Nobody comes and nobody cares. We don't touch the mail cars, we don't work near home or twice in the same state. Best of all, we have no friends to sell us out. And there is no splurge afterwards—no girls. We bring the loot here, burn the give-away stuff and deposit it to the credit of the K P Company, in Silver City, El Paso, Magdalena, Albuquerque, a little at a time; never too much. Draw out some now and then, and deposit it in other banks a thousand miles away. Never any suspicion; slow and steady. It took real brains to work that all out. We'll have a million to the good in no time at all. Men hand-picked, no two from the same town, and you picked especial to deal with these hick backwoodsmen and put up a front like a cattle ranch. And here you want to spoil it!"

"Yes, I know all that. About sixty thousand in there from local banks and as much more salted away back in Illinois. I'm not spoiling it. Your thugs spoil it, because they won't take the trouble to fit in with the scenery. I'm done, and I don't want to hear

(Continued on Page 95)



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MOTOR OIL

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(Continued from Page 92)

any more talk. Produce. You've got nearly forty thousand right here in the safe from this last lay. If you had any sense at all, you'd give me and McCabe the ranch and cattle for our part. I'd risk it with McCabe. The rest of you had better take the cash and split up before you get yourselves hung. That's good advice. These hicks are going to get you, and they'll get you good! Cattle ranch, my eye! I try to tell these slickers of yours just the A B C of running cattle. They won't listen. The cows are wise to 'em, the horses are wise to 'em and the hicks are wise to 'em. They know there's something phony. And this Windy Bill Nelson is just the guy to hang it on to you, I'm telling you! I'm going. I'm gone. But honest, I wish the bunch would break up and call it a day. You haven't got a chance. You don't know how to treat folks. . . . No? Well, I've told you. Bear that in mind later.

"Talk's done. Shell out. I'm not going to be picayunish with you. Count me out one hundred and fifty of them hundred-dollar bills. That is well under what's coming to me, and you know it. That is why I pitched on that figure—round numbers. Hand it over!"

"And if we don't?" sneered Slagle.

"Then I'll take it all!" Copeland's gun leaped to his hand. "Slagle, your left hand! Unbuckle that belt. Back over to the wall. . . . Wilcox, left hand! Careful! That's better. Back over to the wall!" He picked up the dropped guns cautiously, one eye on Kirby. "Now, Kirby, open that safe!"

Kirby opened the safe and counted out the desired sum.

"Walk ahead to the corral, you three," said Copeland. At the corral, Copeland tossed the captured guns into the tank; he swung into the saddle. "Let's go, Sox!"

Sox raced down the canyon at full speed till a bend hid them from possible rifle fire. Beyond this bend Copeland slowed down, but held a brisk gait until he could quit the narrow canyon for a short-cut trail across open hills. From there he held to a gentle fox trot.

VI

"WISENOSE hasn't plumb forgot old Jig yet, has he?" observed Skid.

"Wisenose isn't that kind of a horse," said Eva.

"Well, I didn't know. Pirouettin' over the pinnacles with that Early pony that way, me and Jig might have slipped his mind real easy. Mighty interesting beast, that Early horse."

"Skid, I do wish you'd act sensible."

"Me?" Skid tapped his chest inquiringly. "Lady, I ain't been just right in my head since that day. Here was me, hurrying on my way from Minneapolis to St. Paul, and I just dropped in to get me a bite, and here I am yet! Shard is certainly the delaying-est place, and all on account of your Aunt Gerda being such a good cook."

They rode briskly up the big road in the early morning. They were en route to visit Kitty Leffingwell, nine miles out. Black Jig and black Wisenose had made this little journey together more than once; they stepped out cheerfully.

"These mounts of ours know where we're going. Well-matched pair," said Skid. "We'll get us a buggy."

"You didn't pay close attention to what I told you," said Eva severely. "I said that I wanted two years to make up my mind. I said it very loud and clear."

"When you was taking the matter under serious consideration? Why, I took that to mean, natural enough, that you was just lettin' Eddie down easy. Good heavens, girl, you don't want to miss no chance like me! Two years, and me with my trusting disposition; you don't know what might happen."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, and caroled blithely:

"And for any Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee!"

"Woman," said Skid, "there spoke your jealous heart! No use to argue about it. You're bespoke." He paused, reflecting. "I never did accumulate money much—me bein' right busy. But from now on, you just watch my smoke! We'll go out and see that world Eddie was mentioning. . . . Poor old Eddie!"

Shard boasted one telephone—a wire ran to Silver City and to the Forest Service. The bell rang now. Rosenthal answered it.

"Hello! That you, Rosy? . . . This is Lamar. Bill Nelson around? . . . Right there? Call him to the phone, will you?"

"Deputy wanted," said Rosenthal.

Windy took up the receiver. "Hello. This is Nelson."

"Lamar, at the Forest Service. Hell to pay. Big fire over west, towards Catlin Hill. Send out every able-bodied man in Shard and get word to the ranches."

"I'll be right out."

"No, you won't. You got another job. Man murdered—Tom Copeland. McCabe come in just now to have me phone for him. They found the body in Squawberry above the Cienega, he says—about six miles south from here. Someone's going back to the K P for a wagon. Rest of 'em off following the murderer, tracking him. Ambushed, McCabe says. He wants you to come right out. And for Mike's sake go easy on your posse. This fire's going to be hard to handle. Make them loafers from the Bend come out."

"You don't want 'em. I send you good men right off. S'long!"

He hung up the receiver. "Fire," said he calmly, "and murder." He outlined the situation in fewest words. "Wait. I pick me a posse. Then the rest of you get goin'. Send the boys to tell the farmers, but don't you let no boys go to the fire. . . . I want you, Hi Benton. And the blacksmith. . . . Where's Skid Jackson?"

"Rode off soon this mornin'—him and his girl," said Benton.

Windy scowled. "Then I take Myers. Get movin'!"

Ten minutes later, Shard was straggling up the telephone line. Long since, Windy was climbing the stony trail above Hell's Bend; the trail that led to the west country; a dozen miles shorter than the wagon road through Horseshoe Canyon.

The posse rode fast. Eight miles out, trail and road met—twenty by the wagon road. A little farther up, the canyon forked three ways and the wagon road forked with it. The southern prong led to the C A P; the central road followed up the main canyon of the Squawberry to the K P, and the right-hand road led due north, curving steeply to the camp of the forest rangers. They pushed up Squawberry. Just below the Cienega—the swamp where the creek had its beginnings—they saw two riders, north of the Cienega, climbing the steep hill. Windy shouted and waved them down. They came breakneck and the posse loped to meet them. It was Bud Wilson and Sooner Dow.

"Where you think you're going, Bud?" said Windy.

"Goin' to the fire. Saw a big smoke over there a piece. Going to help."

"No, you ain't. Come along. Need you. Tell you as we ride. Plenty gone to the fire."

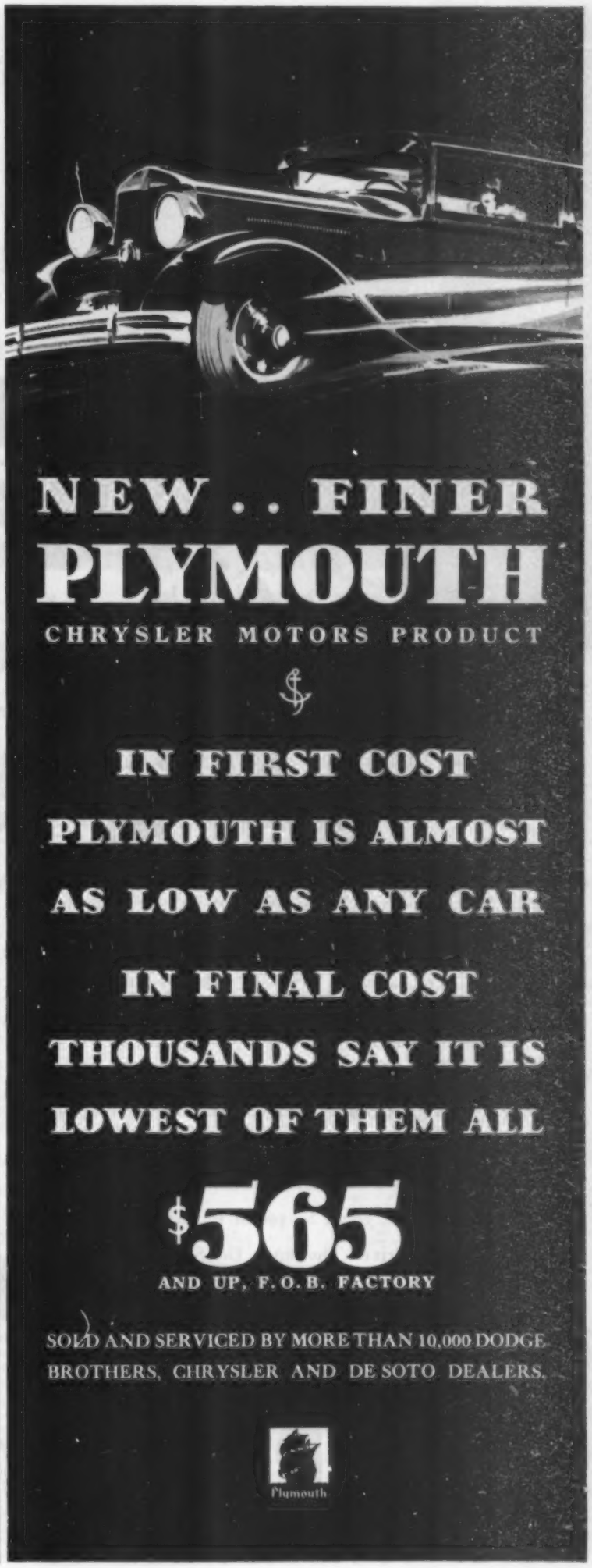
In the road again, Windy explained to his new allies: "Thought you was K P men. Copeland got killed; they're after the murderer. So they claim. Six, eight K P men, and I ain't right easy in my mind about them. No knowing. You're on the posse. Where's the balance of your outfit?"

"Lost 'em in the brush. Early stayed at the shack; going back to Shard this afternoon."

"Wish they was here," said Windy. "Trouble comin'. My bones ache me."

McCabe sat beside the dead man. His eyes and face were dull with misery. Copeland's face was covered, his limbs straightened decently.

Hats came off as the riders dismounted. "What's the story, Mac?" said Nelson gently. (Continued on Page 97)



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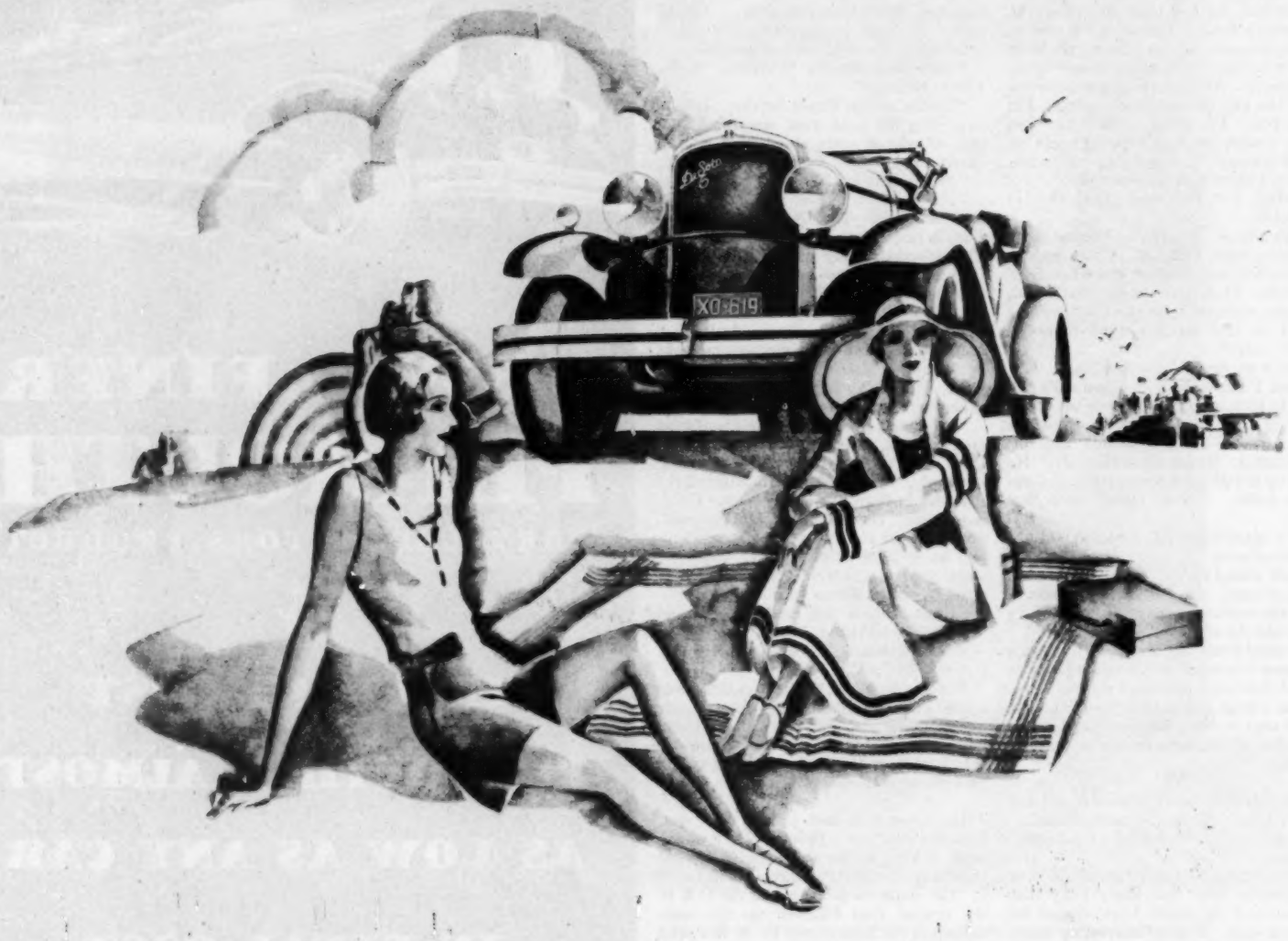

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(Continued from Page 95)

"Wilcox and Slagle found us about nine o'clock."

"Found who? Start at the beginning, McCabe. Steady does it."

"Five of us left early to work Horse Mesa—about sunup. Tom and Slagle and Wilcox stayed at the ranch for something. Kirby never rides with us. Tom started to town. Some later, Blackie Wilcox and Slagle, they started for the Cienega to pull bog. Cows getting stuck there some. They found Tom here, and found where he'd been ambushed." He jerked his chin toward the bush-covered ridge, south of the road. "Hundred yards or more, they said. Plugged him plumb center. Never had a chancet. They found where the murderer had come down and looked him over, and then went back on the top of the hill, where he left his horse. Then he rode back the way he came."

"Which way was that?" Benton asked him.

"Down the ridge. Then they hunted us up and brought us down here. Cramer stayed with the body while I rode over to the phone, and the rest went to follow up the tracks. When I got back, Cramer went for the wagon."

McCabe's words came slowly. Sincere and undemonstrative grief lent the man a dignity he had never shown before.

"How many times was he shot?" asked the deputy.

"Just once. Right through the lungs. He fell behind those bushes yonder, where he couldn't be seen from the hill. I carried him over here in the shade."

"Shouldn't have done that," said Windy. "You're supposed to leave the body where it was."

McCabe looked up. His eyes were strained with grief. "I don't care what I'm supposed not to do. I wouldn't have him layin' out there in the sun. He was the only one of us worth hell room. Tom was always mighty good to me."

"I hate to bother you any more, Mac, but there's things I have to know. Did you find any ca'tridge shells?"

"I don't know. Seems like they'd have said so if they had. It was a .30-40, I think, the way the wound looks. I didn't go up. I was fixin' Tom up decent. He was all doubled up."

Windy lifted Copeland's hat. The dead face was quiet and still, as in life. Windy had long felt a dim foreboding that this dead man and himself were destined to face each other in smoke, and he was glad it had chanced otherwise. Twisting the hat, his fingers felt a pronounced hump beneath the sweatband, another. He felt again, stealthily. Two lumps! The deputy's iron face quivered, his hair tingled with a guess at the truth. "Over here, you said?" he questioned. Without waiting for a reply and still holding the hat, he walked across to the clump of bushes where Copeland had fallen. With his back turned, he drew something from beneath the sweatband. It was a yellow bill, folded twice and again. He unfolded it. A hundred-dollar bill, and on it, in scrawling red letters, he read a single word: "Slagle."

His fingers trembled as he unfolded the second bill. The letters were feebler, uncertain, staggered; the blood had spread and blotted. But the word was clear: "K P safe."

Windy Bill's head rose in pride. This had been a man! In his death agony, as the world dimmed to his dying eyes, he had written this message with a twig dipped in his own blood, had found a way to destroy his assassin while that assassin still floundered on the hillside. And the murderer had not climbed down that steep and thorny hill merely to view his handiwork, or even to make certain that his victim was dead. Nelson knew the story now. Knowing the man, and with these bloodstained bills to guide him, he knew why the murderer had sought out the body. There had been other bills like these.

Except for the one fact that Copeland had renounced the fellowship and was leaving the country, Windy learned nothing later that he had not guessed. He refolded the bills and replaced them as they were; he went back and laid the hat over the dead man's face.

"Leave your horses, you fellows, and we'll go take a look," said Windy. They climbed that painful hill, leaving the dead man with his only mourner.

It was long before they came back; not until they saw the wagon coming, far up the canyon.

"Copeland was your friend, Mac?" said Windy.

McCabe hesitated.

"Am I the sort that makes friends? Did you ever see a stray dog? Some is kind and some kicks 'em. He was always kind to me. All I want is to see the man hang that killed him."

"He'll hang. Copeland left word." Windy lifted the hat and handed it to McCabe. "Feel under the sweat leather and see what you find there."

McCabe spread out the bills. He leaped up with a strangling shout: "Slagle? That sot?"

"Yes. He passed Copeland and laid in wait for him."

McCabe broke out in a torrent of black imprecations, not to be set down.

"Did Slagle ride a gray horse?" Windy held out a few gray hairs from a horse's mane. "These was hung in a bush up the ridge. One man came that way and went back the same way. The bunch rode down the ridge. Of course, there was never no track there to follow. They was fixin' to fool me. You too. They didn't take you in on the play. Leery of you. Leave Slagle to us," said Windy. "This other bill, now. What is it about the K P safe? You might as well tell me. We'll find out anyhow."

"Find out, then," said McCabe. "That's your business. I'm not talking. Tom always said you'd get us sooner or later. You've got us. I don't care. Glad of it, more than not, after what they done to Tom. But I'm not talking. Cramer'll talk."

"Cramer will not get the chance. We don't need him. We didn't need you either, but I thought ——"

"I get you. Much obliged, but I'm not talking. Tom would like it better this way. Say, don't you want my gun?"

"It might look better," said Windy Bill gravely.

"I want your gun, Cramer," said Windy. "You're pinched and covered. Don't act foolish."

"What for? What do you want me for?"

"Oh, I just got a hunch. You see your lawyer. You may be able to get big damages out of me. Kirby to home?"

"Go and see!"

"I'll do that. Leastwise, I'll send. H'm! Let's see now. Ten miles to the K P; maybe twelve. Twenty to Shard. Six of us, two prisoners to guard, dead man to carry all the way round by the wagon road, Kirby to arrest ——"

"McCabe talked!" yelled Cramer. He shot a murderous glance at his fellow.

"McCabe didn't talk and you won't be let. Shut up. I'm thinking. One more yelp and I'll gag you with a prickly pear. . . . Kirby to arrest, five K P men—let me count: Slagle, Ames, Blackie Wilcox, Davis ——"

"And Butch Whitaker," said Sooner.

"—— and Whitaker. Five K P men squandering around at random. All this to do immediate with six men, and no answer in the back of the book! . . . Bud, you take your waddy and drag it for K P. Get Kirby; get what's in that safe, whatever it is; take it with you; take Kirby, round up all the saddle horses in that pasture, light out across the hills to your place and keep two of your men on guard. Come on in tomorrow with the lot. Them K P peelers will go to Shard, go somewhere else, or come back home. If they come home, they have nothing but badly worn-out horses to ride and they can't go far. If they're in town, we got 'em. If they've gone elsewhere, we'll get 'em!"

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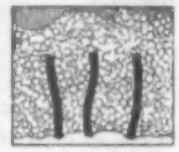

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"Well, so long!" said Bud. Windy looked at the blacksmith. "Storrs, I guess you're elected to drive the wagon. We're riding hard, full chisel, and you're not used to it."

McCabe rode up beside his friend's body. "Nelson," he said, "I want you to get Slagle. If you feel like taking a chance, I'll drive Tom to town. That'll leave you one more man. I'll take him in too."

"I believe you'll do it!" said Windy. "This will make plenty of talk, but she goes as she lays. . . . Lift him in, boys. Gently! . . . Mac, you find Rosy and get him to let you in the jail. Cramer will ride your horse. . . . Myers, you keep an eye on Cramer. If he makes a false move, fill him full of lead. . . . Come on, boys. Getting late. This is sure going to be hell on horses!"

VII

"HE HAD to be killed," said Slagle, "or else we were all set for a noose or a life term. He said as much when he had us stuck up."

Blackie Wilcox nodded confirmation. "Copeland aimed to hide up safe, God knows where. He was always harpin' and speculating around about the Argentine, off and on, for the last two years. Then, when he was all hunky, he sends a little letter to John Law, and we're fixed proper. He didn't say so right out, but he hinted. He went sour on us. Nothing else to do."

"Suits me," said Butch Whitaker. He laughed brutally. "Only you don't want to let that sap McCabe get wise to you. Tom was his little tin god."

The K P men made a huddled clump on the winding ridge. In the deep canyon, small and far below, Cramer and McCabe stood by the dead man. As they looked, McCabe mounted and rode up the hill on the north side of the canyon.

Davis spat. "There he goes now, makin' for the telephone. The poor fool! He believed every word of it."

"Cramer's on," said Ames. "He sized up your horses mighty fish-eyed. Shape they was in was a dead give-away to anybody but a nut like McCabe. That guy, gentlemen, is the stupidest one man I ever saw. He can shoot, at that."

"Something might happen to McCabe, maybe," said Wilcox. "He might come to remember, later on, how sweaty and jammed up our horses was—mine and Slagle's. The only reason I didn't put a slug in Copeland myself is that I was about five miles back. Couldn't keep up with Slagle in the roughs. Chi doesn't give a guy training for no such hell-on-end country as this. I'm no brush popper!"

"Well, let's go," said Slagle. "We got to make a bluff. We ride down this ridge a ways and turn south till we come to the wagon road for the C A P ranch. Make a noise like we was trackin' down the murderer, see? After he struck the road, he followed it down, and his track got mussed up with all the other tracks, see? After we ride down the same road nobody'll ever be able to tell any different. It's a plain, straight story. The murderer made a clean get-away. Why not?"

"You're missing one small bet," said Davis. "What did you two do with your rifles?"

"Dumped 'em up the line in a safe place," said Slagle. "We was out working. Not natural for us to have rifles. Copeland was killed with a .30-40, and we've got nothing but our six-shooters."

"But what if somebody found 'em?"

"Who? These hicks? That boob sheriff?" Wilcox laughed scornfully. "I should worry! Pooh, hoo and pish-tush; likewise ha-ha! We'll get these rifles back to the K P later, after the dust settles. Come on, let's track down this desperado of ours."

Slagle, an hour later, in the lead, wheeled swiftly at a hilltop and turned back. The others reined up. Slagle leaped off and crawled back to the crest, where he peered through a bush. His face lit up with a fiendish joy.

"Better and better! We've overtaken the murderer! I never expected that. Here's that fresh guy, Early, whistlin' down the road alone. That leaves us in the clear. We turn back and follow this draw down, hell for leather, leave our horses in the gulch and wait for him where the road cuts through the cedar brakes."

"Snuff him out?"

"Hell, no! After following his tracks all this way? We hold him up and take him in to Shard for killing Copeland."

"Killed Copeland, did he?" said Ben Hill. His eyes lit up with malicious mirth. "Think of that, now! Well, I'm not surprised—not one bit. This man Early acted real quarrelsome right from the start." He leered at the captive.

The K P men shouted with laughter. A few ancient and wrecked Hell's Benders, who had followed from curiosity and for the chance of free drinks, tittered a feeble echo.

Taken by surprise as he rode past a low cedar into the muzzles of five cocked guns, and with no guess as to what was intended, Eddie had offered no resistance. His hands were tightly tied behind his back. His lips were swollen and a livid bruise showed on his cheek—a bruise made since that binding. Since that bruise, he had held grimly silent, wasting no breath in defense.

Ben Hill mopped the bar with a towel. "Too bad everyone's off to the fire. I bet you boys is tired, and here you have to stand guard on your prisoner. You gotta be careful, or somebody'll be takin' him away from you and stretchin' his neck under that old mulberry out in front. . . . Have another drink, boys. . . . Early, he ain't in on this, Slagle. He's particular who he drinks with. This one's on me. How about it, Slagle? Ain't you a little afraid of a lynchin'?"

"Huh? Say, that's an idea!" said Slagle. "We got this guy with the goods. Why should we give him a chance to get off if he gets him a smart lawyer? What say, boys? Here's five of us to pull on the rope."

A bleary-eyed old prospector scrambled up from a chair, his legs atremble from drink. "Hey, we won't stand for no lynching!" he piped.

Ames struck the old man's mouth with the full swing of a backhand blow. In that same blink of time, Eddie Early leaned his shoulders to the wall; his booted foot caught Ames full in the stomach and hurled him against the bar. He caromed and fell, clutching, howling with agony.

"That leaves four to pull on a rope," said Eddie Early. The barrel of Slagle's .45 struck his head a glancing blow. He staggered back. Blood gushed along his bright hair.

"We'll have this trial right now," said Slagle. "Get a rope, Ben. . . . Wilcox, you're the first witness."

It was nearing suppertime when Eva and Skid reached the Jensen gate. The girl ran up the winding walk. Skid led Wisenose and Jig down a lane to the corral and unsaddled them. To him there came Rosenthal, puffing and breathless.

"Hello, Rosy! Where's everybody? Town's empty."

"Woods afire!" gasped Rosy. "Me and my clerk, Bauer, Pete Jensen and old Jamison—we are all. And friend Early—up at the Bend—they're fixin' to lynch him—for killing Copeland. One of the Benders just came and told us."

"Copeland dead?" The saddle went again to Jig's back. Skid drew the cinches swiftly.

"Didn't I say so? Are we talking? Go on, you young man, with a horse. Hold 'em till we come, and what five old men can do, we'll do!"

Skid swung into the saddle. Eva came running to the fence. Every vestige of color was drained from her face. "Skid! They're lynchin' Eddie at the Bend!"

Jig flashed down the lane, a hand waved and Skid Jackson thundered down the empty street of Shard.

He wheeled up over the hill and came to the First Chance by the rear door. He tiptoed, swiftly and noiselessly, through the empty saloon. Slagle was on the high platform with Ben Hill. They were holding Eddie—Eddie, silent, with bound hands and a noose to his neck. Skid's gun pressed at Slagle's ear. The K P men were in the road below with a few of the baser Benders.

"Hold everything! . . . Hill, you untie those hands. . . . Careful, men. Slagle would never regret it if you make a break. . . . Beat it, Eddie. Take Slagle's gun. Hop your Cry Baby and beat it back to Bud's place. Be with you in the morning."

"I'll stick it out with you," said Eddie, mumbling through puffed and bleeding lips.

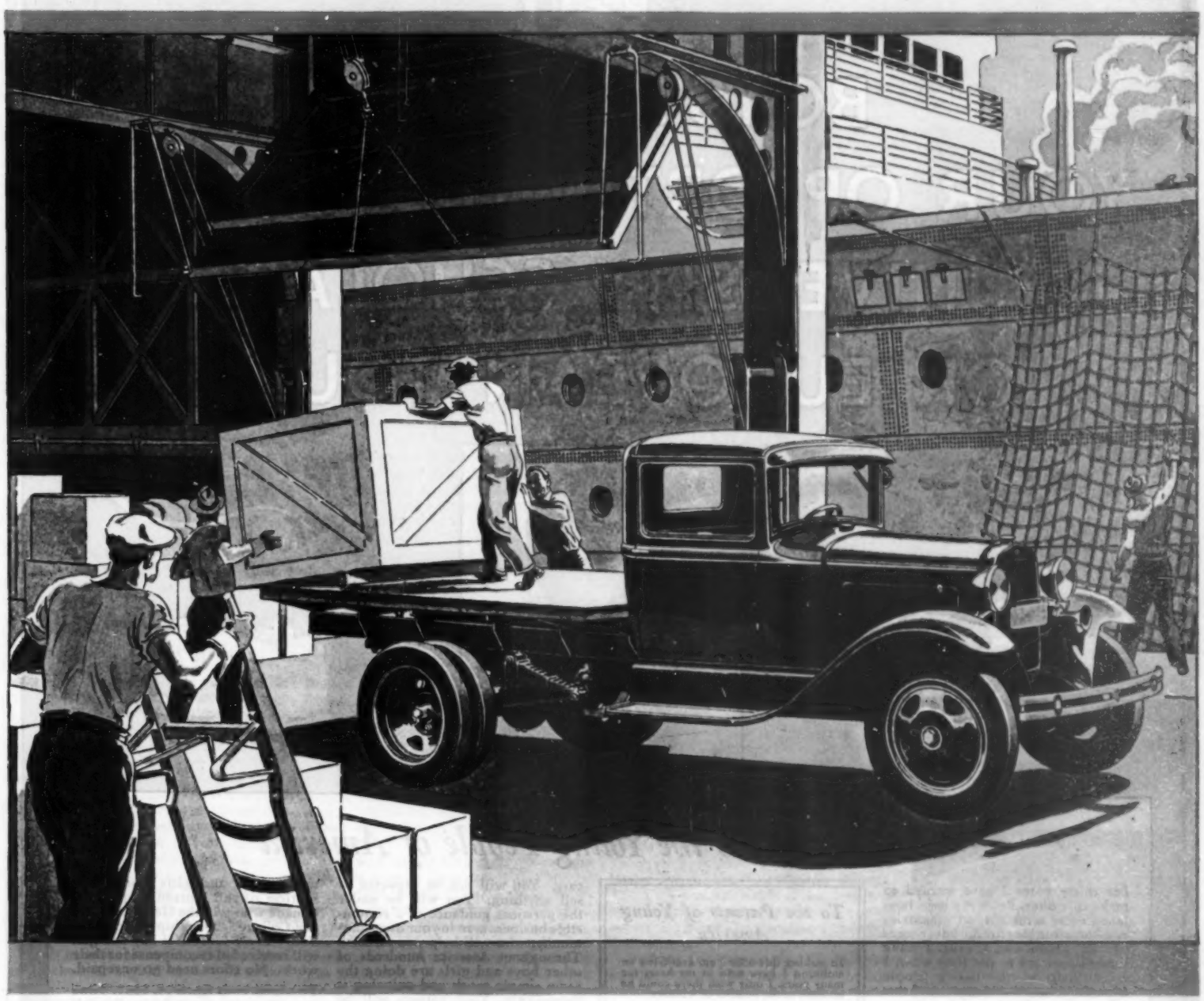
"It's you they're after, simple! Get out of here! Make a dust. They don't want me. I've got 'em. Do your stuff!"

Cry Baby clattered up the stony hill. "The next number," said Skid, holding firmly to Slagle's coat collar, "will be for Ben Hill to collect the K P guns, real careful. . . . Don't you try it, Wilcox!"

Wilcox dived and drew. A cold wind passed by Skid's ear and Wilcox fell on his face in the dust, shrieking his life away. As Skid fired, Slagle tried to jerk free. The heavy gun barrel crashed down above his ear and Slagle fell, stunned, rolling from the porch. A mighty dust whirled from the bend above, a black bulk charging down upon them. Wisenose! Eva! She heard the shots, she saw those writhing shapes. They slid by the saloon porch. Skid was behind the saddle. Wisenose leaped again, his mighty muscles bunched in a last desperate effort. Bullets puffed beneath them, whined beside them, left them untouched. His arms were about her, her head upon his heart. They passed from sight beyond the hill, on their way to the far-off world.

The Ford at Jacques Lake, Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

The Ford Truck is a faithful worker



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W. Sparks

A rare offer to the Young People of America

For thirty years I have wanted to make this offer. From my own boyhood there remain vivid memories of bitter struggles for the advantages of education and travel. I have looked forward to the time when I might help worthy young people over the same rough spots, and this offer is the realization of that dream.

I hope every boy and girl in this land between the ages of 12 and 19 will learn about this plan. I believe it to be the most extensive educational and travel opportunity ever offered.

Next summer a happy crowd of boys and girls will receive from The Sparks-Withington Co., either a $750 College Scholarship or a tour of Europe with all expenses paid from the time they leave home until their return. My friends have prevailed upon me to conduct the tour personally. But this is not all. Every boy or girl who works for one of these awards will be paid for whatever success they have, whether or not they win a Scholarship or Tour.

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It costs you nothing to take advantage of this offer. It isn't a game where only a few win and others receive nothing. It is an opportunity for you ALL to work, to produce results, to earn money and to be rewarded in exact proportion to what you accomplish. In addition to the boys and girls from every section of the United States and Canada who win the Grand Awards of a College Scholarship or European Tour—every successful boy and girl will receive full recompense for their work. No effort need go unrepaid.

This offer ends April 15, 1931. Time is precious, so don't delay. For full information mail this coupon direct to me. The mailing of this coupon may lead to the greatest opportunity you ever had—one which may never come again. Remember, there is no cost to you. Nothing to buy—nothing to sell. No training is required. Get the details, then talk it over with Dad and Mother. Decide right now to enter.

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Jackson, Michigan, U. S. A.
Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario, Canada.

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Please tell me how I can work for one of the Sparton Scholarships or European Tours, and how I can earn money at the same time. I understand that this request is for information only. I am not obligated to do anything unless I officially enroll.

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CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

(Continued from Page 21)

morning. I don't believe he ever left his cabin."

"He told me he got to know Mr. Drake quite well during the crossing."

"He was kidding you. I stood between them when we were drawing up to the pier at Southampton and introduced them. I'm certain they'd never spoken together before."

"That's interesting," said Duff thoughtfully. "Did you take a good look at Honywood this morning?"

"I did," nodded Kennaway. "Like a man who'd seen a ghost, wasn't he? I was struck by it. Not well, I thought. But Lofton tells me these tours of his are very popular with the sick and the aged. I'm expecting to have a merry time of it."

"Miss Potter's a very charming girl," Duff suggested.

"So she is; and this is where she gets off. That would happen to me. It's the famous Kennaway luck."

"How about this fellow Minchin?"

The young man's face lighted. "Ah, the life of the party. Oozes money at every pore. He gave three champagne suppers on the way over. Nobody came but the Benbows, Keane and myself, and old Mrs. Luce. She's a good sport—never misses anything, she tells me. That is, we all went to the first soirée. After that it was just Keane and some terrible passengers Maxy picked up in the smoking room."

"Party was too gay, eh?"

"Oh, not that. But after a good look at Maxy—well, even champagne can't atone for some hosts."

Duff laughed. "Thanks for the tip about Keane," he said, rising.

"Don't imagine it means anything," Kennaway answered. "Personally I don't like to tell tales. But poor old Drake was so nice to everybody. . . . Well, see you later, I imagine."

"You can't help yourself," Duff told him.

After a few words with the managing director of the hotel, the detective went out to the street. The little green car was waiting. As he was about to step into it, a cheery voice sounded behind him:

"Say, listen, inspector. Just turn around and face me, will you?"

Duff turned. Mr. Elmer Benbow was on the sidewalk, smiling broadly, his motion-picture camera leveled and ready for action.

"At-a-boy!" he cried. "Now, if you'll just take off the benny—the hat, you know—the light isn't so good."

Cursing inwardly, Duff did as directed. The man from Akron held the machine before his eyes and was turning a small crank.

"Let's have the little old smile—great—just for the folks back in Akron, you understand. Now, move about a little—one hand on the door of the car. I guess this won't give them a kick back home—famous Scotland Yard inspector leaving Broome's Hotel in London, England, after investigating mysterious murder in round-the-world party. . . . Now, get into the car—that's the stuff. Drive off. Thanks!"

"Ass!" muttered Duff to his chauffeur. "Go around to Vine Street, please."

In a few moments they drew up before the police station that is hidden away in the heart of the West End, on a street so brief and unimportant it is unknown to most Londoners.

Duff dismissed the car and went inside. Hayley was in his room.

"Finished, old man?" he inquired.

Duff gave him a weary look. "I'll never be finished," he remarked. "Not with this case." He glanced at his watch. "It's getting on toward twelve. Will you come have a spot of lunch with me, old chap?"

Hayley was willing, and presently they were seated at a table in the Monaco grill. After they had ordered, Duff sat for some moments staring into space.

"Cheerio!" said his friend at last.

"Cheerio, my hat!" Duff answered. "Was there ever a case like this before?"

"Why the gloom?" Hayley wanted to know. "A simple little matter of murder."

"The crime itself—yes, that's simple enough," Duff agreed. "And under ordinary conditions, no doubt eventually solved. But consider this, if you will." He took out his notebook. "I have here the names of some fifteen or more people, and among them is probably that of the man I want. So far, so good. But these people are traveling. Where? Around the world, if you please. All my neat list of suspects, in one compact party, and unless something unexpected happens at once, that party will be moving along. Paris, Naples, Port Said, Calcutta, Singapore—Lofton just told me all about it. Moving along, farther and farther away from the scene of the crime."

"But you can hold them here."

"Can I? I'm glad you think so. I don't. I can hold the murderer here the moment I have sufficient evidence of his guilt. But I'll have to get that immediately, or there will be international complications—the American consulate; perhaps the ambassador himself; a summons for me from the Home Office. 'On what grounds do you hold these people? Where is your evidence that one of them committed the crime?' I tell you, Hayley, there's no precedent for this situation. Such a thing has never happened before. And now that it's decided to happen at last, I'm the lucky lad it has happened to. Before I forget it, I must thank you for that."

Hayley laughed. "You were longing for another puzzle last night," he said.

Duff shook his head. "The calm man is the happy man," he murmured, as his roast beef and bottle of stout were put before him.

"You got nothing from your examination of the party?" Hayley asked.

"Not a thing that's definite. Nothing that links any one of them with the crime, even remotely. A few faint suspicions, yes. A few odd incidents. But nothing that I could hold anybody on, nothing that would convince the American Embassy, or even my own superintendent."

"There's an unholy lot of writing in that book of yours," commented the Vine Street man. "Why not run over the list you talked with? You might get a flash—who knows?"

Duff took up the notebook. "You were with me when I interviewed the first of them—Miss Pamela Potter, a pretty American girl, determined to find out who killed her grandfather. Our friend Doctor Lofton, who had a bit of a row with the old man last evening, and with whose strap the murder was committed. Mrs. Spicer, clever, quick and not to be trapped by unexpected questions. Mr. Honywood ——"

"Ah, yes—Honywood," put in Hayley. "From a look at his face, he's my choice."

"That's the stuff to give a jury!" replied Duff sarcastically. "He looked guilty. I think he did myself, but what of it? Does that get me anywhere?"

"You talked with the others downstairs?"

"I did. I met the man in Room 30—a Mr. Patrick Tait." He told of Tait's heart attack at the door of the parlor. Hayley looked grave.

"What do you make of that?" he inquired.

"I suspect he was startled by something, or someone, he saw in that room. But he's a famous criminal lawyer on the other side; probably a past master at the art of cross-examination. Get something out of him that he doesn't want to tell, and you're a wonder. On the other hand, he may have nothing to tell. His attacks, he assured me, come with just that suddenness."

"None the less, like Honywood, he should be kept in mind."

"Yes, he should. And there is one other." He explained about Capt. Ronald Keane. "Up to something last night—heaven knows what. A fox in trousers, if I ever met one. Sly and a self-confessed liar."

"And the others?"

Duff shook his head. "Nothing there, so far. A nice young chap who is Tait's companion. A polo player with a scar—a Mr. Vivian. Seems somehow connected with Mrs. Irene Spicer. A lame man named Ross, in the lumber trade on the West Coast. A brother and sister named Fenwick—the former a pompous little nobody who has been frightened to death and seems determined to leave the tour."

"Oh, he does, does he?"

"Yes, but don't be deceived. It means nothing. He hasn't nerve enough to kill a rabbit. There are just four, Hayley—four to be watched: Honywood, Tait, Lofton and Keane."

"Then you didn't see the remaining members of the party?"

"Oh, yes, I did. But they don't matter. A Mr. and Mrs. Benbow from a town called Akron; he runs a factory and is quite insane about a motion-picture camera he carries with him. Going to look at his tour around the world when he gets home, and not before. But stop a bit—he told me Akron was near Canton, Ohio."

"Ah, yes; the address on the key?"

"Quite so. But he wasn't in this, I'm sure; he's not the type. Then there was a Mrs. Luce, an elderly woman who's been everywhere. An inevitable feature, I fancy, of all tours like Lofton's. And a pair from Chicago—quite terrible people, really—a Mr. and Mrs. Max Minchin."

Hayley dropped his fork. "Minchin?" he repeated.

"Yes, that was the name. What about it?"

"Nothing, old chap, except that you have evidently overlooked a small item sent out from the Yard several days ago. This man Minchin, it seems, is one of Chicago's leading racketeers, who has recently been persuaded to interrupt—perhaps only temporarily—a charming career of violence and crime."

"That's interesting," nodded Duff.

"Yes, isn't it? In the course of his activities he has been forced to remove from this world, either personally or through his lieutenants, a number of business rivals—to put them on the spot, I believe the phrase goes. Recently, for some reason, he was moved to abdicate his throne and depart. The New York police suggested we keep a tender eye on him as he passes through. There are certain friends of his over here who, it was felt, might attempt to pay off old scores. Maxy Minchin, one of Chicago's first citizens."

Duff was thinking deeply. "I shall have another chat with him after lunch," he said. "Poor old Drake's body wasn't riddled with machine-gun bullets, but then, I fancy the atmosphere of Broome's might have its chastening effect even on a Maxy Minchin. Yes, I shall have a chat with the lad directly."

VI

WHEN they had finished luncheon, Duff went with Hayley back to the Vine Street Station. Together they unearthed a dusty and forgotten atlas of the world and Duff turned at once to the map of the United States.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "what a country! Too big for comfort, Hayley, if you ask me. Ah, I've found Chicago, Max Minchin's city. Now, where the deuce is Detroit?"

Hayley bent over his shoulder and in a moment laid a finger on the Michigan city. "There you are," he remarked. "No distance at all, in a country the size of that. Well?"

Duff leaned back in his chair. "I wonder," he said slowly. "The two cities are close together, and that's a fact. Was there some connection between the Chicago gangster and the Detroit millionaire? Drake was

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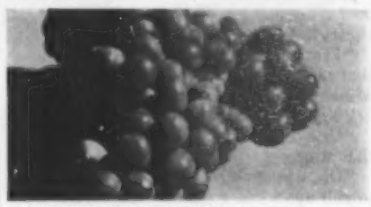

TABLE GRAPES, RIPE AND TENDER

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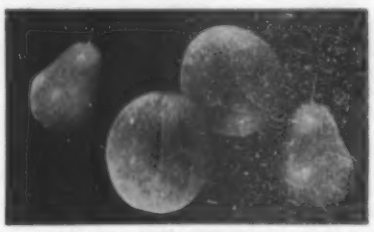

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an eminently respectable man—but you never can tell. Liquor, you know, Hayley—liquor comes over the border at Detroit. I learned that when I visited the States. And liquor has been, no doubt, at least a side line with Mr. Minchin. Was there some feud, some ancient grudge? How could the pebbles figure in it? They may have been picked up from a lake shore. Oh, it all sounds devilish fantastic, I know, but, in America, anything is possible. This angle will bear looking into, old chap."

With Hayley's encouragement, Duff set out for Broome's Hotel to look into it. Mr. Max Minchin sent down word that he would receive the inspector in his suite. The detective found the celebrated racketeer in shirt sleeves and slippers. His hair was rumpled and he explained he had been taking his afternoon siesta.

"Keeps me fresh, see what I mean?" he remarked. His manner was more friendly than it had been earlier in the day.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," Duff said, "but there are one or two matters ——"

"I get you. The third degree for Maxy, hey?"

"Something which is not practiced over here," Duff told him.

"Yeah?" remarked Maxy, shrugging. "Well, if it ain't, that's another thing you got on us Americans. Oh, we think we're on the up and up in our country, but I guess we got a few things to learn. Well, what's the dope, officer? Make it snappy. We was just talking about going to a pitcher."

"There was a murder in this hotel last night," the detective began.

Maxy smiled. "And who do you think I am? Some hick that just got in from Cicero? I know they was a murder."

"From information received, I believe that murder is one of your avocations, Mr. Minchin."

"Try that again."

"One of your pastimes, if I may put it that way."

"Oh, I get you. Well, maybe I have had to rub out a few guys now and then. But they had it coming, get me? And them things don't concern you. They happened in the good old U. S. A."

"I know that. But now that there has been a killing in your immediate vicinity, I am—er—forced to ——"

"You gotta prowl around me a little, hey? Well, go ahead. But you're wasting your breath."

"Had you ever met Mr. Drake before you took this journey?"

"Naw. I useta hear about him in Detroit; I went over there now and then. But I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I talked with him on the boat—a nice old guy. If you think I put that necktie on him, you're all wet."

"Kindest man in the world, Maxy is," his wife interposed. She was slowly unpacking a suitcase. "Maybe he has had to pass the word that put a few gorillas on the spot in his day, but they wasn't fit to live. He's out of the racket now, ain't you, Maxy?"

"Yeah, I'm out," her husband agreed. "Can you beat it, officer? Here I am, retired from business, trying to get away from it all, just taking a pleasure trip like any other gentleman. And right off the bat a bird is bumped off almost in my lap, you might say." He sighed. "It just seems a guy can't get away from business, no matter where he goes," he added gloomily.

"At what time did you retire last night?"

"When did we go to bed? Well, we went to a show. Real actors, get me? But slow! Boy, I couldn't keep awake. When I take a chance and go to a theater I want action. This bunch was dead in their tracks. But we didn't have nothing else on, so we stuck it out. Come back here about 11:30 and hit the hay at twelve. I don't know what happened in this hotel after that."

"Out of the racket, like he told you," added Sadie Minchin. "He got out for little Maxy's sake. That's our boy. He's at a military school, and doing fine. Just seemed to take naturally to guns."

Despite the fact that he was getting nowhere, Duff laughed. "I'm sorry to have troubled you," he said, rising, "but it's my duty to explore every path, you know."

"Sure," agreed Maxy affably. He stood up too. "You got your racket, just like I got mine, or did have. And say, listen. If I can help you any way, just hoist the signal. I can work with the bulls, or against 'em. This time I'm willing to work with 'em, get me? There don't seem no sense to this kick-off, and I ain't for that sort of thing when it don't mean nothing. Yes, sir." He patted Duff's broad back. "You want a hand on this, you call on Maxy Minchin."

Duff said good-by and went out into the corridor. He was not precisely thrilled over this offer of assistance from Mr. Minchin, but he reflected that indeed he seemed to need help from some quarter.

On the ground floor he encountered Doctor Lofton. With the conductor was a strikingly elegant young man who carried a walking stick and wore a gardenia in the buttonhole of his perfectly fitting coat.

"Oh, Mr. Duff," Lofton greeted him. "Just the man we want to see. This is Mr. Gillow, an undersecretary at the American Embassy. He has called about last night's affair. . . . Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard."

Mr. Gillow was one of those youthful exquisites who are the pride of the embassies. They sleep all day, then change from pajamas into evening clothes and dance all night for their country. He gave Duff a haughty nod.

"When is the inquest, inspector?" he inquired.

"Tomorrow at ten, I believe," Duff replied.

"Ah, yes. And if nothing new is disclosed at that time, I presume the doctor may continue his tour as planned?"

"I don't know about that," muttered the detective.

"Really? You have some evidence then that will enable you to hold the doctor here?"

"Well, not precisely."

"You can hold some of his party, perhaps?"

"I shall hold them all."

Mr. Gillow lifted his eyebrows. "On what grounds?"

"Well, I—I ——" For once the capable Duff was at a loss.

Mr. Gillow gave him a pitying smile. "Really, my dear fellow, you're being rather absurd," he remarked. "You can't do that sort of thing in England, and you know it. Unless you have more evidence after the inquest than you have now, your hands are tied. Doctor Lofton and I have been over the entire case."

"Someone in that party killed Hugh Drake," protested Duff stubbornly.

"Yes? And where is your proof? What was the motive behind the killing? You may be right, and, on the other hand, you may be talking nonsense. Perhaps some hotel prowler ——"

"With a platinum watch chain," Duff suggested.

"Someone who had no connection with the party—just as probable, my dear sir. Even more so, I should say. Evidence—you must have evidence, as you well know. Otherwise I am sorry to tell you that Doctor Lofton and his group will continue their tour at once."

"We'll see about that," Duff answered grimly. He left Mr. Gillow's presence with ill-concealed annoyance. He did not approve of elegant young men, and he disliked this one all the more because he foresaw that, unless light broke quickly, Mr. Gillow's prediction would undoubtedly come true.

The inquest on the following morning revealed nothing that was not already known. The hotel servants and the members of the Lofton party repeated all they had told Duff on the previous day. The little bag of stones roused considerable interest, but since no explanation of it was available, the interest quickly died. There was obviously no evidence sufficient to hold anyone on, and the inquest was adjourned for three weeks. Duff saw Mr. Gillow smiling at him from across the room.

For the next few days Duff worked like a madman. Had someone in that travel party purchased a watch chain to replace the one torn in the struggle at Broome's? He visited every jeweler's shop in the West End and many in the City. Had the gray suit with a torn pocket been disposed of through a pawnshop or a secondhand clothing emporium? These, too, were thoroughly combed. Or had the suit been made up into a bundle and carelessly tossed away? Every lost package that turned up in that great city was personally examined by Duff. Nothing came of his efforts. His face grew stern, his eyes weary. Rumblings from the region above him warned him that his time was short, that Lofton was preparing to move on.

Mrs. Potter and her daughter were planning to sail for home on Friday, just one week after the morning when Drake's body was discovered in that room at Broome's. On Thursday evening Duff had a final talk with the two women. The mother seemed more helpless and lost than ever; the girl was silent and thoughtful. With a feeling of chagrin such as he had never known before, the inspector bade them good-by.

When, after a fruitless day of it, he came back to his office at the Yard late Friday afternoon, he was startled to find Pamela Potter waiting for him. With her was Mrs. Latimer Luce.

"Hello," Duff cried. "Thought you'd sailed, Miss Potter?"

She shook her head. "I couldn't, with everything unsolved, up in the air, no answer to our question. No, I engaged a maid for mother and sent her home without me. I'm going on with the tour."

The detective had heard that American girls did pretty much as they pleased, but he was none the less surprised. "And what did your mother say to that?" he inquired.

"Oh, she was horrified, of course. But I'm sorry to tell you I've horrified her so often she's rather used to it now. Mrs. Luce here agreed to take up the old-fashioned rôle of chaperon. You've met Mrs. Luce?"

"Of course," Duff nodded. "I beg your pardon, madam. I was so taken back at seeing Miss Pamela ——"

"I understand," smiled the old lady. "The girl's got spirit, hasn't she? Well, I like spirit. Always did. Her mother and I happened to have mutual friends, so I helped put it over. Why not? Naturally the child is curious. So am I. Give five thousand dollars right now to know who killed Hugh Drake, and why."

"Two questions that are not going to be so easy to answer," Duff told her.

"No, I judge not. Sorry for you. Hard case. I don't know whether you're aware of it or not, but Lofton's round-the-world party is moving on next Monday morning."

Duff's heart sank. "I expected it," he said. "And I can assure you that it's a bit of bad news for me."

"Cheer up," the old lady answered. "Nothing's as bad as it seems to be—I know. I've tested that out pretty well in the past seventy-two years. Pamela and I will go along, with eyes and ears open. . . . Wide open, eh, my dear?"

The girl nodded. "We must get to the bottom of this. I shan't rest until we do."

"Bravo!" Duff said. "I'll appoint you both to my staff. The entire party's going, I presume?"

"Every last one of them," Mrs. Luce replied. "We had a meeting at the hotel this morning. That little Fenwick creature tried to start a mutiny, but it failed. It ought to fail. Never had any use for anyone who can't see a thing through. Speaking for myself, I'd go on if they'd all been murdered but me."

"So Fenwick kicked up a row?" Duff reflected aloud. "I should have been invited to the meeting."

"Lofton didn't want you," the woman told him. "Funny man, Lofton. I can't understand him. And I don't like men I can't understand. Well, anyhow, Fenwick tried to wreck the tour, but when he saw he was alone he let the rest shame him out of it. So we're all going on—just one great big happy family, and a murderer right in the middle of it, or I miss my guess."

Duff smiled at her. "You don't usually miss your guess, I fancy," he said.

"Not as a rule. And I'm not missing it this time, am I?"

"I'm rather inclined to think you're not," he assured her.

She stood up. "Well, I've been traveling all my life. Getting a little sick of it, but this is like a tonic. I expect to enjoy Doctor Lofton's tour to the hilt—oh, I'm sorry, my dear."

"It's quite all right," smiled Pamela Potter, rising too. "I'm not going along as a skeleton at the feast. I'm going along to help solve a mystery if I can, and I mean to be cheerful despite the nature of that mystery."

Duff regarded her with keen approval. "You're a sportsman, Miss Potter," he remarked. "It's put new heart in me to know that you are continuing with the tour. I shall see you both before you leave on Monday, and I'll be in touch with you after that, too, no doubt."

When the two women had gone the inspector found a memorandum on his desk requesting him to see his superior at once. He went to the superintendent's office, knowing in advance the reason for the summons.

"It couldn't be avoided, Mr. Duff," the superintendent said. "The American Ambassador himself took an interest in the matter. We have been forced to grant that party permission to go on. Don't look so disappointed, my boy. There are, you know, such things as treaties of extradition."

Duff shook his head. "The case that isn't solved promptly is likely to go unsolved," he remarked.

"An exploded theory. Look over the records of the Yard. Think of the months spent on many important cases. For example, the Crippen affair."

"All the same, sir, it's hard to stand aside and watch that crowd wander off heaven knows where."

"I appreciate your position, my boy. You wouldn't care to hold this fellow Keane? We might arrange for a warrant."

"There'd be nothing in that, sir, I'm sure. I'd rather have Honywood, or even Tait. But of course I have nothing to take them on."

"How about Mr. Max Minchin?"

"Poor chap. Trying to put all this sort of thing behind him."

The superintendent shrugged. "Well, there you are. You will, of course, secure from the conductor a complete itinerary of the tour, with the understanding that he must notify you at once of any change. Also, he must let you know immediately if any members of the party drop out en route."

"Of course, sir," nodded Duff. "A fat lot of good that will do," he reflected.

"For the present you had better pursue your inquiries in London," his superior continued. "If they come to nothing we shall send a man to keep an eye on the party—someone who is unknown to them. I'm afraid that bars you, Mr. Duff."

"I know it does, sir," the inspector replied.

He went back to his desk, baffled and in despair. But he did not let his state of mind interfere with his activities, which were many and varied. All through Saturday, and even under the handicap of Sunday, when all shops were closed, he searched and questioned and studied his problem. Hayley lent his staff and his cheery comment. It was all to no avail. The murder in Broome's Hotel remained as far from solution as it had been on the foggy morning when the little green car first drew up before that respectable door.

On Monday morning Duff went to Victoria Station on as odd a mission as a Scotland Yard detective had ever been

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 102)

called upon to perform. He was there to say good-by to a round-the-world party, to shake hands with them all and wish them a pleasant journey. And among the hands he must shake, he was quite certain in his mind, was one of the pair that had strangled Hugh Morris Drake in Broome's Hotel on the early morning of February seventh.

As he came onto the platform beside the 10:45 train for Dover, Doctor Lofton greeted him cordially. There was elation in the tour conductor's bearing; he was like a schoolboy off on a long vacation. He gripped Duff warmly by the hand.

"Sorry we must tear ourselves away," he remarked, with what was for him a near approach to levity. "But a tour is a tour, you know. You have our schedule, and any time you care to join us, we'll make you welcome. Eh, Mr. Benbow?"

Duff had heard a grinding sound at his back and turned to find Benbow busy with his eternal camera. The man from Akron shifted it quickly to his left hand and gave Duff his right.

"Sorry you fell down on the case," he said, with amiable tactlessness. "Never knew a Scotland Yard man to do that—in the books. But this isn't a book and I guess things are different in real life, eh?"

"I think it's a bit early to give up hope," Duff replied. "By the way, Mr. Benbow"—he took a key and three links of a chain from his pocket—"have you seen this before?"

"Saw it at the inquest, but from a distance," Benbow told him. He took the key and examined it. "Do you know what I think this is, inspector?"

"I should be happy to learn."

"Well, it's a key to a safety-deposit box in some American bank," the man from Akron explained. "The only kind of key, except for luggage, that a fellow would be likely to carry on a tour like this. A bank over on our side usually gives a depositor two keys, so maybe there's a duplicate floating about somewhere."

Duff took the clew and studied it with new interest. "And this name—the Dietrich Safe and Lock Company, Canton, Ohio—that ought to mean the bank is somewhere in your neighborhood?"

"Oh, not at all. It's a big concern. They sell lock boxes and keys all over the States. Might be San Francisco or Boston or New York—anywhere. But if I were you, I'd think about that key."

"I shall," Duff told him. "Of course, it may have been placed in the dead man's hand merely to mislead me."

Benbow was busy with his camera and looked up quickly. "Never thought of that," he admitted.

His wife came up. "Oh, for pity sake, Elmer," she said, "put that camera away. You're getting on my nerves."

"Why?" he answered plaintively. "There's nothing I have to look at here, is there? I thought it was just a railroad station. Or is it a ruined castle or a museum, or something? I'm getting so I don't know one from the other."

Patrick Tait and his young companion strolled up. The old man appeared to be in glowing health; his step was firm, his cheeks ruddy. Somehow, a bit of Lofton's elation seemed to be reflected in his face.

"Well, inspector," he remarked, "this is good-by, I imagine. Sorry you haven't had better luck. But of course, you won't give up."

"Hardly," Duff returned, looking him steadily in the eye. "It's not our habit at the Yard."

Tait met the gaze for a moment, then his eyes wandered up and down the platform. "Ah, yes," he murmured. "That's what I've always understood."

The detective turned to Kennaway. "Miss Potter is going with you, after all," he said.

"So I hear. More of the famous Kennaway luck. We have all kinds, good and bad."

The detective crossed the platform to where Mrs. Spicer and Stuart Vivian were standing. Vivian's good-by was cool and unfriendly, and the woman was not very cordial, either. A lack of cordiality, however, was not evident in the farewell of Capt. Ronald Keane, who stood near by. He rather overdid the handshaking, Duff thought. So did John Ross, the lame man, but in the latter instance Duff did not so much mind the enthusiasm.

"Hope to see you on the Pacific Coast some day," Ross told him.

"Perhaps," nodded the inspector.

"A little more interest, please," smiled the other. "I certainly would like to introduce you to our redwoods. Finest trees in the world."

Honywood appeared on the platform. "It isn't every party that is seen off by a Scotland Yard inspector," he said. His tone attempted lightness, but there was an odd look in his eyes and the hand he gave to Duff was damp and clammy.

The detective had a few final words with Mrs. Luce and Pamela Potter, and then with the Minchins. He looked at his watch and walked over to Lofton.

"Three minutes," he remarked. "Where are the Fenwicks?"

The doctor looked uneasily about. "I don't know. They agreed to be here."

A minute passed. All save Lofton were now aboard the train. Suddenly, at the far end of the station, the Fenwicks appeared, running. They arrived quite out of breath.

"Hello," said Duff. "Afraid you weren't coming."

"Oh—we're—coming," panted Fenwick. His sister climbed aboard. "Going a little way, anyhow. But if there's any more funny business we leave the party"—he snapped his fingers—"like that."

"There will be no more funny business," Lofton assured him firmly.

"I'm glad you're going along," Fenwick said to Duff.

"But I'm not," the detective smiled.

"What? Not going?" The little man stared at Duff, open-mouthed. "You mean you're dropping the whole matter?" Doors were slamming all along the platform.

"Get in, Mr. Fenwick!" Lofton cried, and half lifted him aboard. "Good-by, inspector!"

The train began to move. For as long as he could see it, Duff stood there on the platform staring after it. Someone in that party—that party moving on to Paris, to Italy, to Egypt, to India—to the ends of the earth ——

The detective turned away with a sigh. For one imaginative moment he wished he might be aboard the express, invisible, watching the expressions on those various faces that interested him so much.

If he had been there, he might have come upon Walter Honywood, alone in a compartment, his face pressed close to the window as he watched the drab back yards of London drift by. His lips were parted, his eyes staring, and little beads of moisture were on his forehead.

The door of the compartment opened, almost noiselessly, but not quite. Just enough sound so that Honywood turned in a flash, and on his face was a surprising look of terror.

"Oh, hello," he said.

"Hello," returned Fenwick. He advanced into the compartment, followed by his silent, colorless sister. "May we come in here? We were late—all the seats taken."

Honywood wet his lips with his tongue. "Come in, by all means," he said.

The Fenwicks sat down. The unlovely side of the great gray city continued to glide by the windows.

"Well," remarked Fenwick at last, "we're leaving London. Thank God for that."

"Yes, we're leaving London," Honywood repeated. He took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. The look of terror was gradually fading from his face.

VII

ON THE following Thursday night, Inspector Duff again walked into Hayley's room at the Vine Street Station. The divisional inspector took one look at his old friend and smiled sympathetically.

"I don't need to ask," he remarked.

Duff took off coat and hat and tossed them onto a chair, then slumped into another beside Hayley's desk.

"Do I show it as plainly as that?" he said. "Well, it's true, old chap. Not a thing, Hayley—not a blessed thing. I've hung round Broome's Hotel until I'm beginning to feel a hundred years old myself. I've scoured the shops until my feet ache. A clever lad, the murderer of Hugh Morris Drake. The trail is cold."

"You're about done up," Hayley told him. "Relax a bit, my boy, and try some entirely different method of approach."

"I'm thinking of taking a new tack," Duff nodded. "There's this key we removed from the dead man's hand." He repeated to his friend what Benbow had told him about its probable nature. "There was, very likely, a duplicate, and the murderer may have that with him now. I might follow up the party and search the luggage of everyone in it. But they know who I am; the difficulties would be enormous. Even if we sent someone unknown to them, his task would be a tremendous one. I might go to the States and visit the home town of every man in the party, seeking to ascertain if any of them has a safety box at his bank numbered 3260. Difficulties there too. But I talked it over with the chief this afternoon and he favors it."

"Then you'll be leaving soon for America?" Hayley inquired.

"I may. We'll decide tomorrow. But good Lord, what a job that looks!"

"I know," Hayley nodded. "But it seems to me the wise course. If the murderer did have a duplicate key, he has long since thrown it away."

Duff shook his head. "Not at all," he objected. "I don't believe he has. To do so would be to arrive back at his bank and report the loss of both keys. That would be inviting a dangerous amount of attention to an affair he no doubt wants kept very dark. No, I am certain—if he is the man I think he is—that he will hold on to the duplicate through thick and thin. But he will hide it, Hayley. It's a small object and can be cleverly concealed. So cleverly, perhaps, that a search for it on our part would be hopeless. The chief is right—the American journey is clearly indicated, though I dread the whole idea. However, I've reached the end of my string here and I'm damned if I'll give up."

"It wouldn't be like you if you did," Hayley replied. "Take heart, old man. I never knew a case to get on your nerves before. Why worry? You're certain to win out in the end. What was it Inspector Chan said? Success will always walk smiling at your side. He sensed it, and according to him, the Chinese are psychic people."

A slow smile spread over Duff's face. "Good old Charlie. I wish I had him with me on this case." He stopped. "I noticed Honolulu on the itinerary of the tour," he added thoughtfully. "However, that's a long time yet. And much may happen before Doctor Lofton's none too select group comes into Honolulu harbor." He rose with a sudden air of determination.

"Going already?" Hayley asked.

"Yes. Much as I enjoy your society, old chap, it just flashed into my mind that I'm getting nowhere sitting here. Perseverance—that was Chan's method—patience, hard work and perseverance. I'm going to make one more stab at Broome's Hotel. There may be something there—something I haven't got—and if there is, I'm going to get it or die in the attempt."

"Spoken like your old self," his friend answered. "Go to it, and the best of luck."

Once again Inspector Duff was walking down Piccadilly. The cold drizzle of the afternoon had turned into a fitful snowfall—just enough to make his footing on the pavement uncertain, to penetrate down his collar and annoy him. Under his breath he cursed the English climate.

The night porter was on duty at the desk just inside the Half Moon Street entrance of

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Broome's Hotel. He put aside his evening paper and regarded the inspector benevolently over his spectacles.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "My word, is it snowing?"

"It's trying to," Duff answered. "Look here, you and I haven't seen much of each other. You recall the night when the American was killed in Room 28?"

"I am not likely to forget it, sir. A most disturbing occurrence. In all my years at Broome's ——"

"Yes, yes, of course. Have you thought much about that night lately? Have you recalled any incident about which you haven't told me?"

"There was one thing, sir. I meant to speak to you about it if I saw you again. I'm afraid that so far there has been no mention of the cablegram."

"What cablegram?"

"The one that came in about ten o'clock, sir, addressed to Mr. Hugh Morris Drake."

"There was a cablegram addressed to Mr. Drake? Who received it?"

"I did, sir."

"And who took it up to his room?"

"Martin, the floor waiter. He was just going off for the night and none of the bell boys were available. So I asked Martin if he would kindly take it up to Mr. Drake."

"Where is Martin now?"

"I don't know, sir. Perhaps he is still at supper in the servants' dining room. I can send a messenger if you wish."

But Duff had already beckoned to a venerable bell boy who was resting comfortably on a bench farther down the hall. "Quick!" he cried. He handed the old man a shilling. "Get Martin, the floor waiter, for me before he leaves the hotel. Try the servants' dining room."

The old man disappeared with surprising speed and Duff again addressed the night porter. "I should have heard of this before," he said sternly.

"Do you really think it's important, sir?" inquired the porter blandly.

"Everything is important in a matter of this sort."

"Ah, sir, you've had so much more experience with such matters than we have. I was naturally a bit upset and ——"

The detective turned away, for Martin had arrived. His jaws were still moving, so suddenly had he left the table. "You want"—he swallowed—"you want me, sir?"

"I do." Duff was all action now; his words crisp and clear. "About ten o'clock on the night Mr. Hugh Morris Drake was murdered in Room 28, you delivered a cablegram to his room?"

He stopped, surprised. For the usually ruddy Martin had gone white and seemed about to collapse on the spot.

"I did, sir," he managed to say.

"You took it up, I presume, and knocked at Mr. Drake's door? Then what happened?"

"Why—why, Mr. Drake, sir, he came to the door and took the envelope. He thanked me and gave me a tip—a generous one. Then I came away."

"That is all?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Quite all."

Duff seized the young man rather roughly by the arm. He meant it to be rough—all the authority of Scotland Yard behind it. The waiter cringed.

"Come with me," Duff said. He pushed the servant along to the manager's office, deserted and in semidarkness. Thrusting Martin into a chair, he fumbled for the switch of the lamp on the manager's desk and turned it on. Moving the lamp so that the full glare of it fell on the servant, he slammed shut the door and sat down in a chair facing the young man.

"You're lying, Martin," he began, "and by heaven, I'm in no mood to stand it. I've dillydallied over this case as long as I mean to. You're lying—a blind man would know it. But you've finished now. The truth from you, my boy, or by gad ——"

"Yes, sir," muttered the waiter. He whimpered a little. "I'm sorry, sir. My wife has been telling me I ought to give you the whole story. She's been nagging me. 'Tell him,' she says. But I—I didn't know what to do. You see, I'd taken the hundred pounds."

"What hundred pounds?"

"The hundred pounds Mr. Honywood gave me, sir?"

"Honywood gave you money? What for?"

"You won't send me to prison, inspector?"

"I'll lock you up in a minute if you don't talk, and talk fast."

"I know I've done wrong, sir, but a hundred pounds is a lot of money. And when I accepted it I didn't know anything about the murder."

"Why did Honywood give you a hundred pounds? Stop a bit. Take it from the beginning. The truth, or I'll arrest you at once. You went upstairs with that cablegram for Mr. Drake. You knocked on the door of Room 28. Then what?"

"The door opened, sir."

"Yes, of course. Who opened it? Drake?"

"No, sir."

"What? Who, then?"

"Mr. Honywood opened it, sir—the gentleman who had Room 29."

"So Honywood opened Drake's door? What did he say?"

"I gave him the envelope. 'It's for Mr. Drake,' I told him. He looked at it. 'Oh, yes,' he said, and handed it back. 'You will find Mr. Drake in Room 29, Martin. We have changed rooms for the night.'"

Duff's heart leaped at the words. A feeling of exultation, so long in coming, swept over him. "Yes," he remarked. "Then what?"

"I knocked on the door of Room 29—of Mr. Honywood's room—and after a time Mr. Drake came to the door. He was wearing his pajamas, sir. He took the cablegram, thanked me and gave me a tip. So I came away."

"And the hundred pounds?"

"At seven in the morning, when I went on duty, Mr. Honywood rang for me. He was back in Room 29 again, sir. He asked me not to say anything about the change of rooms the night before. And he handed me two fifty-pound notes. Fair took my breath away, he did. So I promised—gave him my word. At a quarter before eight I found Mr. Drake murdered in Room 28. I was frightened, and no mistake. I—it seemed I couldn't think, sir, I was that frightened. I met Mr. Honywood in the hall. 'I have your word,' he reminded me. 'I swear I had nothing to do with the murder. You stick to your promise, Martin, and you won't regret it.'"

"So you stuck to your promise," said Duff accusingly.

"I'm—I'm sorry, sir. No one asked me about the cablegram. If they had, things might have been different. I was afraid, sir; it seemed best just to keep mum. When I got home, my wife said I'd done wrong. She's been begging me to tell."

"You follow her advice in the future," Duff advised. "You've disgraced Broome's Hotel."

Martin's face paled again. "Don't say that, sir. What are you going to do to me?"

Duff rose. In spite of all the delay this weak young man had caused him, he found it difficult to view the matter as sternly as he should. This was the sort of news he had been waiting for, praying for, and now that it had come, his heart was light and he was extremely happy.

"I have no time for you," he said. "What you have told me here you are not to repeat unless I ask you to do so. Is that understood?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"You are not to leave your present position or home without advising me of your whereabouts. With these restrictions, things go on as usual. Tell your wife she was right and give her my compliments."

He left the waiter wilted and perspiring in the manager's office and walked with jaunty air to the street. Pleasant, a bit of snow after so much rain. Just what London needed. Pretty good climate, the English. The very sort to keep a man on his toes, full of vim and energy. Martin's story, it will be seen, had completely altered Inspector Duff's outlook on life.

He walked along, considering what the waiter had told him. "Mr. Drake is in Room 29, Martin. We have changed rooms for the night." In that case, Drake must have been murdered in Room 29. But in the morning he was back in his own bed in Room 28. Well, it all fitted in with what Duff had thought at the time. "Something tells me that Hugh Morris Drake was murdered elsewhere," he had said. That something had been right. Duff had been right. Not such a fool, if you came right down to it. The inspector's spirits soared. Back in his own bed in the morning. Who had put him there? Honywood, of course. Who had murdered him? Who but Honywood?

But stop a bit. If Honywood intended murder, why the change in rooms? A ruse, perhaps, to get the door open between them and free access to the person of Hugh Morris Drake. Yet he had already stolen the housekeeper's key. Such a ruse was hardly necessary. And if he was intending murder, would he have calmly involved himself by telling Martin of the change of rooms? No, he wouldn't. Duff came down a bit from the clouds. The matter didn't work out quite so neatly as he had thought it would. Puzzles still. But one thing was certain—Honywood was mixed up in it somehow. Martin's story would bring the New York millionaire back from the Continent in a hurry. And once they had him again at the Yard, the skein would begin to unravel.

Duff went back and tried again. It didn't appear likely that Honywood had intended murder when he changed rooms with Hugh Morris Drake and then told Martin what had been done. No, the resolution must have come later. Perhaps that cablegram ——

Going to the near-by cable office, the detective found it about to close for the night. After a show of authority he was handed a copy of the message Drake had received on the evening of February sixth. It was merely a business communication:

DIRECTORS VOTED PRICE INCREASE IN EFFECT JULY FIRST HOPE YOU APPROVE

The cablegram was not the answer, evidently. But Duff blessed that cablegram none the less.

Taking a taxi to the Yard, he called the home of his superior. That gentleman, torn away from a game of bridge, was inclined at first to be short and crisp. But as Duff's story unrolled he began to share the excitement of his subordinate.

"Where is the travel party now?" he inquired.

"According to the schedule, sir, they are leaving Paris for Nice tonight. They will be in Nice for three days."

"Good. You will take the regular Riviera Express from Victoria in the morning. Nothing to be gained by starting sooner. That will bring you into Nice early on Saturday. I shall see you tomorrow before you leave. Congratulations, my boy. We appear to be getting somewhere at last." And the superintendent went back to play four hearts, doubled.

After a happy chat with Hayley over the telephone, Duff went to his rooms and packed a bag. At eight in the morning he was in the superintendent's office. His superior took a package of bank notes from the safe, where money was kept for just such occasions, and handed it over.

"You have your ticket booked, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. I'll pick it up on my way to the station."

"Have the French police hold Honywood for us in Nice until I can get the necessary papers. I'm taking the matter up with the Home Office at once. Good-by, Mr. Duff, and the best of luck."

Action was what Duff had wanted, and he rode down to Dover in high spirits. The Channel crossing was rough, but that meant nothing to him. By evening they were on the outskirts of Paris, and the train began

(Continued on Page 111)

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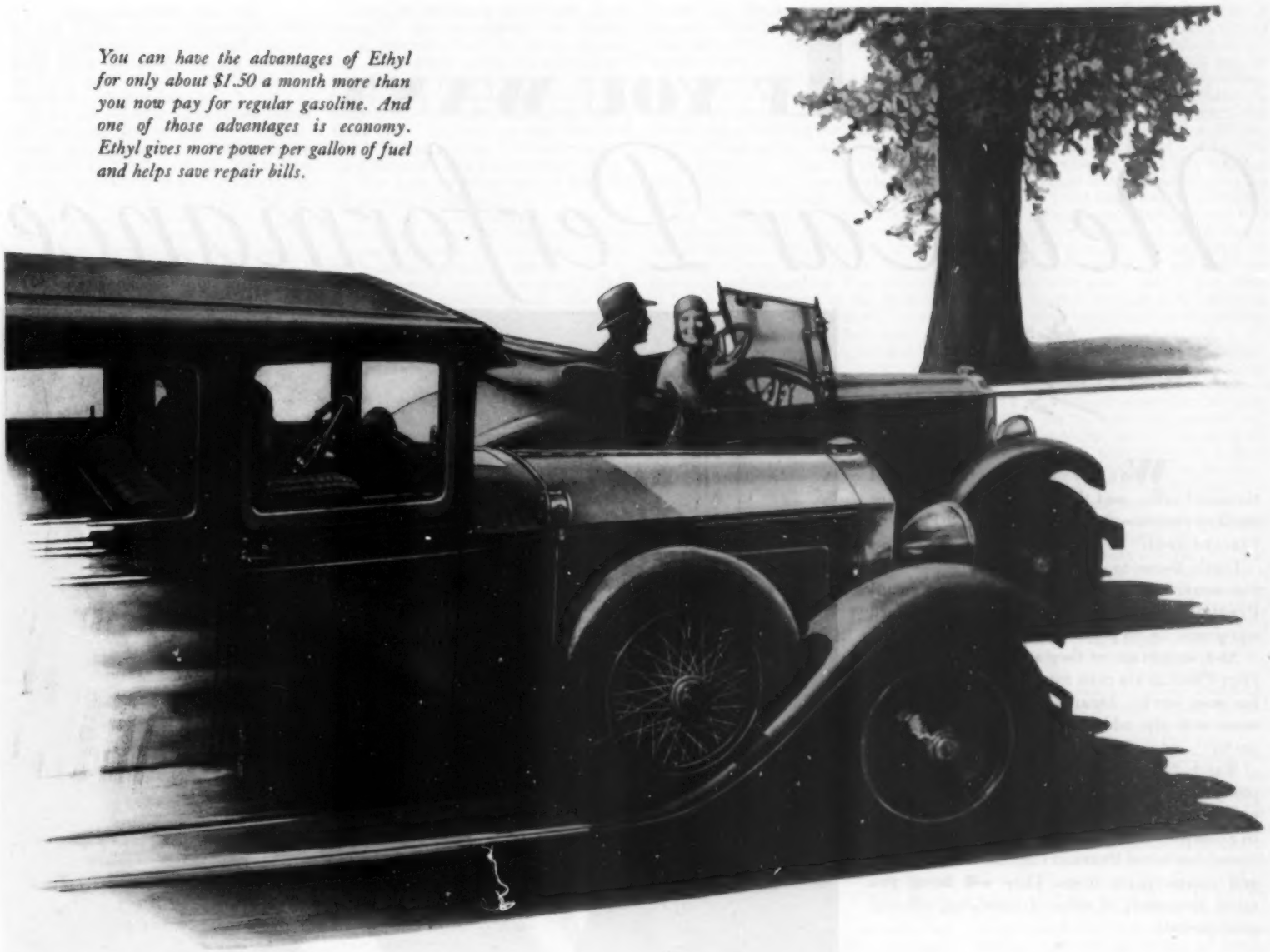

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(Continued from Page 108)

its slow journey round the *ceinture*, with many interminable stops. Duff was relieved when they finally reached the Gare de Lyon and the road to the Riviera stretched straight before them.

As he sat enjoying an excellent dinner and watching the last walls of Paris disappear into the dusk, he thought deeply about Mr. Walter Honywood. No wonder the man had been in such a funk the morning after the murder. If only, Duff reflected, he might have arrested him then, saved himself this long journey. But things were going to come out all right in the end. Silly to worry; they usually did. Soon he would be coming back along this same route, and Honywood would be with him. Perhaps the man's confession would be in the detective's pocket. Not a strong character, Honywood. Not the sort to hold out in the face of all Duff knew now.

The next morning, at a little before ten, Duff's taxi drew up before the gateway leading to the Hotel Excelsior Grand in Nice. This was the name of the hostelry he had found on the detailed itinerary left with him by Lofton. The Excelsior Grand was an enormous, rambling affair, set high on a hill overlooking the city and the aquamarine sea, in the midst of extensive grounds. Duff noted orange and olive trees, with here and there a tall cypress, gloomy even under the gracious Riviera sun. The taximan sounded his asthmatic horn and after some delay a bell boy appeared and took the detective's bag. Duff followed the servant up the gravel walk that led to the hotel's side entrance. Giant palms were overhead, and bordering the walk were beds of fragrant Parma violets.

The first person the inspector saw when he entered the hotel lobby was the bearded Doctor Lofton. The second person he noted gave him a distinct shock. This was a Frenchman, also bearded, and as resplendent in gold lace and gorgeous uniform as the doorman of a smart hotel. The two men were in close converse, their beards almost touching, and Lofton looked worried. He glanced up and saw Duff.

"Ah, inspector," he remarked, and a shadow crossed his face. "You made quick time. I scarcely expected you so soon."

"You expected me?" Duff returned, puzzled.

"Naturally. If you please, Monsieur le Commissaire. May I present Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard, Monsieur Henrique?" He turned to Duff. "This gentleman, as you have no doubt gathered from his uniform, is the local commissary of police."

The Frenchman rushed over to Duff and grasped his hand. "I am so happy for this meeting. Me, I am a fond admirer of Scotland Yard. I beg of you that you will not judge harshly in this case, Monsieur Duff. Consider, if you will, the stupidity with which we have been faced. Is the body left as it fell? No. Is the pistol permitted to lie in peace where it was? Not for a moment. All—all have touched it—the concierge, two bell boys, a clerk—five or six people. With what result? In the matter of finger prints we are helpless. Is it possible that you can picture such stupidity?"

"One moment, please," Duff broke in. "A body? A pistol?" He turned to Lofton. "Tell me what has happened."

"You don't know?" Lofton asked.

"Of course not."

"But I thought—however, it is too soon. I understand now. You were already on your way. Well, inspector, you arrive most opportunely. Poor Walter Honywood killed himself in the grounds of this hotel last night."

For a moment Duff said nothing. Walter Honywood had killed himself while Scotland Yard moved forward to take him. A guilty conscience, no doubt. Killed Drake, and then himself. The case was over. But Duff felt no elation; he felt, instead, an unpleasant sensation of being let down. This was too easy—too easy altogether.

"But did Monsieur Honywood finish himself?" the commissary was saying. "Alas, Inspector Duff, we cannot be certain. The finger prints on the pistol—destroyed by the stupidity of the hotel employes, as I have related to you. True, it lay by his side, as though fallen from a dying hand. No one was seen near that vicinity. But even so, I welcome eagerly the opinion of a man from Scotland Yard."

"You have found no note of farewell? No message of any sort?"

"Alas, no. Last night we search his apartment. Today I am here to repeat the process. I should be overjoyed if you would be kind enough to join me."

"I'll be with you in a moment," Duff said, with an air of dismissal. The commissary bowed and retired.

Duff turned at once to Doctor Lofton. "Please tell me all you know about this," he directed. They sat down together on a sofa.

"I gave the party only three days in Paris," Lofton began. "Trying to make up for the time lost in London, you see. We arrived here yesterday morning. In the afternoon, Honywood decided to drive over to Monte Carlo. He invited Mrs. Luce and Miss Pamela Potter to go with him. At six o'clock last evening I was here in the lobby, talking with Fenwick—the prize pest of the tour, between you and me—when I saw Mrs. Luce and the girl enter that side door over there. I asked them about their drive, and they said they'd enjoyed it immensely. Honywood, they told me, was out at the gate, paying off the driver of the car; he would be in in a moment. They went on upstairs. Fenwick continued to pester me. There was the sound of a sharp report from outside, but I paid no attention. I thought it the exhaust of a car, or possibly a bursting tire—you know how they drive over here. In another moment Mrs. Luce came rushing from the lift. She's the calmest of women ordinarily, and I was struck by her appearance. She seemed to be in a state of high excitement."

"One moment," Duff put in. "Have you told any of this to the commissary of police?"

"No. I thought it better to save it for you."

"Good. Go on. Mrs. Luce was upset ——"

"Extremely so. She hurried up to me. 'Has Mr. Honywood come in yet?' she demanded. I stared at her. 'Mrs. Luce, what has happened?' I cried. 'A great deal has happened,' she replied. 'I must see Mr. Honywood at once. What can be keeping him?' The memory of that sharp report—like a shot, I realized it now—came back to me. I rushed out, followed by Mrs. Luce. We found the gardens in darkness, dusk had fallen, these economical French had not yet lighted the lamps. About halfway down the walk we came upon Walter Honywood, lying partly on the walk, partly on the floral border. He was shot unerringly through the heart; the pistol lay at his side, near his right hand."

"Suicide," said Duff, giving the doctor a searching look.

"I believe so."

"You want to believe so."

"Naturally. It would be better ——" Lofton stopped. Mrs. Luce was standing just back of the sofa.

"Suicide, your grandmother," she remarked briskly. . . . "Good morning, Inspector Duff. You're wanted here. Murder again."

"Murder?" Duff repeated.

"Absolutely," returned the old lady. "I'll tell you in a moment why I think so. . . . Oh, you needn't look so shocked, Doctor Lofton. Another member of your party has been killed, and what worries me is, will there be enough of us to supply the demand? It's still quite some distance around the world."

VIII

LOFTON was standing, and he began to pace nervously back and forth over a patch of bright sunlight that lay on the Persian rug. He was chewing savagely at the ends of his mustache, a habit he had when perturbed. Mrs. Luce wished he wouldn't do it.

"I can't believe it!" the conductor cried. "It's incredible! One murder in the party I might admit, but not two. Unless someone is trying to wreck my business—someone with a grudge against me."

"It seems more likely," the old lady said dryly, "that someone has a grudge against the members of your party. As for your believing that this second affair is murder, too, listen to what I have to say, and then tell me what you think." She sat down on the sofa. "Come," she went on, "draw up that chair and stop pacing. You remind me of a lion I used to see at the Hamburg Zoo—I got to know him quite well—but no matter. . . . Inspector Duff, won't you sit here beside me? I think you will both find my story interesting."

Duff meekly took his place and Lofton also obeyed orders. Somehow this was the type of woman who doesn't have to speak twice.

"Mr. Honywood, Miss Pamela and I drove to Monte Carlo yesterday afternoon," Mrs. Luce continued. "Perhaps you already know that, inspector. Mr. Honywood has been rather distraught and worried on this tour, but during our jaunt over to Monaco he seemed to relax; he was quite charming, really. More, I imagine, like his real self. He was not contemplating suicide—I am confident of that. There was a man once at the hill station of Darjiling, in India—it happened I was the last person to see him alive—but I needn't go into it. Mr. Honywood was light-hearted, almost gay. He returned here at dusk last night still in that mood. We left him out at the gate paying off the driver of the car, and coming in, went to our rooms."

"I saw you," Lofton reminded her.

"Yes, of course. Well, as I was unlocking my door it came over me in a flash that the lock had been tampered with. Once, in Melbourne, Australia, my hotel room was entered—I'd had experience, you see. The doors here have shrunk, the cracks are wide, and I saw about the lock the marks of some sharp instrument, probably a knife. A simple matter to force the spring. I went inside and turned on the light. Instantly my impressions were verified. My room was in the utmost confusion; it had been searched from top to bottom. My trunk was broken open, and in a moment I made sure that what I had feared had happened. A document that had been intrusted to my keeping was missing."

"What sort of document?" Duff inquired with interest.

"We must go back to London and the period following the murder of Hugh Drake. On the Saturday afternoon just two days before our departure from your city, Mr. Duff, I had a message from Mr. Walter Honywood asking me to meet him at once in the lounge of Broome's Hotel. I was puzzled, of course, but I did as he asked. He came into the room in what seemed a very perturbed state of mind. 'Mrs. Luce,' he said, without preamble, 'I know you are a woman of wide experience and great discretion. Though I have no right to do so, I am going to ask a favor of you.' He took a long white envelope from his pocket. 'I wish you to take charge of this envelope for me. Keep it well guarded, and if anything should happen to me on this tour, please open it and read the contents at once.'"

"And that is the document which was stolen?" Duff demanded.

"Let's not get ahead of our story," the old lady replied. "Naturally I was somewhat taken aback. I hadn't said two words to him thus far on the tour. 'Mr. Honywood,' I inquired, 'what is in this envelope?' He looked at me in a queer way. 'Nothing,' he replied. 'Nothing save a list of instructions as to what must be done in case I—in case I am not here any more.' 'Certainly Doctor Lofton is the person with whom this should be left,' I told him. 'No,' he said, 'Doctor Lofton is decidedly not the person to hold that envelope.'

"Well, I just sat there, wondering. I asked him what he thought was going to happen to him. He murmured something about being ill; one never could tell, he said. He looked so spent, so utterly weary, I felt sorry for him. We were all rather on edge. I knew that Mr. Honywood was supposed to be suffering from a nervous breakdown, and I told myself that this was perhaps the whim of a sick and troubled mind. It seemed to me a small thing he was asking, and I told him I would take the envelope. He appeared to be delighted. 'It's so good of you,' he said. 'I would keep it locked up if I were you. We had better not leave this room together. I will wait here until you have gone. And if you don't mind, I suggest we keep as far apart as possible when we are with the other members of the tour.'

"All that was rather queer too. But I had an engagement with some friends in Belgravia that afternoon, and I was already late. I patted the poor man on the back, told him not to worry and hurried out. When I got to my room I glanced at the envelope. On it was written in a small script: 'To be opened in case of my death. Walter Honywood.' I hastily locked it in my trunk and went out."

"You should have communicated with me at once," Duff reproved her.

"Should I? I couldn't decide. As I say, I thought it the notion of a sick mind, and of no importance. And I was very busy those last few days in London. It wasn't until I got on the train for Dover on Monday morning that I really began to think about Mr. Honywood and the document he had given into my care. For the first time I wondered if it could have any connection with the murder of Hugh Drake. When I walked onto the deck of the Channel boat at Dover, I determined to find out.

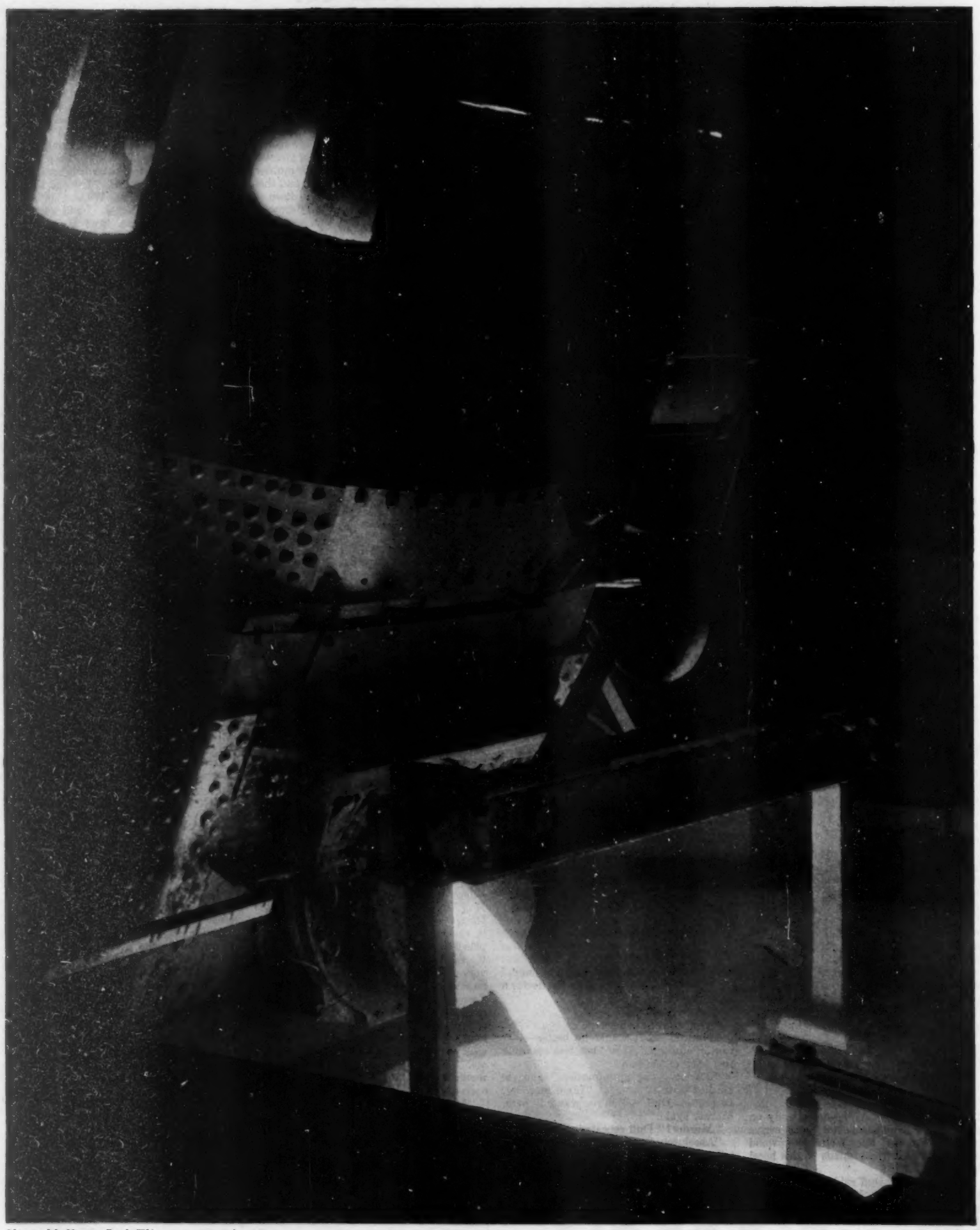
"I saw Mr. Honywood leaning against the starboard rail, and I went over and joined him. He seemed very reluctant to have me do so. All the while we talked he kept glancing up and down the deck with a sort of hunted and terrified look in his eyes. I was quite uncomfortable about the whole affair by this time. 'Mr. Honywood,' I said, 'I have been thinking about that envelope you left with me. I feel the moment has arrived for a frank talk between us. Tell me, have you any reason to believe that your life is in danger?'

"He started at that, and gave me a searching look. 'Why—no,' he stammered. 'Not at all. No more than anyone's life is in danger in this uncertain world.' His reply didn't satisfy me. I decided to put into words a thought that had come to me in the train: 'If you should meet the same fate as Hugh Morris Drake,' I said, 'would the name of your assailant be found inside that envelope?'

"It seemed for a moment that he wasn't going to answer me. Then he turned, and his eyes were so sad that again I pitied him. 'My dear lady,' he remarked, 'why should you think I would put such a burden on you? That envelope contains just what I said it did—instructions to be carried out in case of my death.' 'If that is true,' I answered, 'why wasn't it left with Doctor Lofton? Why must I guard it so carefully? Why do you object to our being seen together?' He nodded. 'Those are fair questions,' he admitted, 'and I'm frightfully sorry I can't answer them. But I give you my word, Mrs. Luce, I am not letting you in for anything. Please—I beg of you—hold that envelope just a little longer and say nothing. The matter will soon be settled. And now, if you don't mind'—he was still looking up and down in that frightened, anxious way, 'I don't feel very well and I am going inside to lie down.' Before I could say another word he had gone.

"Well, I went on to Paris, still worried. I'm sorry to say I didn't believe what the poor man had told me. I thought that with my usual perspicacity I had hit upon the true situation. I was certain that Walter Honywood expected to be murdered, just as Hugh Morris Drake was murdered, and

(Continued on Page 114)



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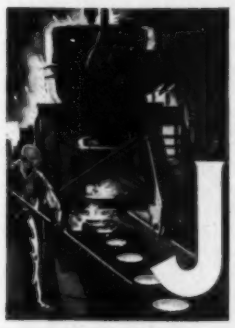

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(Continued from Page 111)

by the same person. And I was almost as certain that he had written the name of that person in the letter he left with me. That would make me a sort of accomplice in the Drake murder, or something like it. I had no fear on that score. Once, in Japan, where I lived three years, I protected—oh, well, I had right on my side; there's nothing more to be said. But in this case I didn't want to protect anybody. I wanted the man who had killed Drake discovered and punished. I was upset, and I'm not often upset. I didn't know what to do."

"There was just one thing to do," remarked Duff sternly. "And I am disappointed in you that you didn't do it. You had my address."

"Yes, I know. But I'm not accustomed to calling in some mere man to help me solve my difficulties. There was one other thing to do, and I'm disappointed in you that you haven't thought of it. Have you never heard of the old trick of opening an envelope by the use of steam?"

"You steamed open that envelope?" Duff cried.

"I did, and I make no apologies. All's fair in love and murder. That night in Paris I released the flap and took out the sheet of paper the envelope contained."

"And what was on it?" Duff asked eagerly.

"Just what poor Mr. Honywood had told me was on it. A brief note that ran something like this:

"*Dear Mrs. Luce:* I am so sorry to have troubled you. Will you be kind enough to ask Doctor Lofton to communicate at once with my wife, Miss Sybil Conway? She is at the Palace Hotel, San Remo, Italy."

"Meaning precisely nothing," Duff sighed.

"Precisely," agreed Mrs. Luce. "I felt rather small when I read it, and puzzled. I had never been so puzzled in all my seventy-two years. Why couldn't he have left that message with the doctor? There was no need of it, in the first place. Doctor Lofton knew the name and whereabouts of Mr. Honywood's wife. A number of us did; he had mentioned her several times and said that she was in San Remo. Yet here he had written this unnecessary bit of information on a slip of paper and given it to me, intimating that I must guard it with my life."

Duff stared thoughtfully into space. "I don't get it," he admitted.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Luce. "But can you wonder I believe Mr. Honywood was murdered? I am sure he saw it coming—the look in his eyes. And the murderer thought it necessary to get possession of that slip of paper in my trunk before going on with his plans. Why? Heaven knows. Who told him there was such a paper? Did Walter Honywood? It's all too obscure for me. You must unravel it, Mr. Duff. I hand the whole matter over to you."

"Thanks," answered Duff. He turned to Doctor Lofton. "Is it true you already knew that Honywood's wife was in San Remo?"

"I certainly did," Lofton replied. "Honywood told me so himself. He asked me to stop over there a day, at the Palace Hotel, in the hope that he might persuade her to join our tour."

Duff frowned. "The fog increases," he sighed. "You've notified the lady, I presume?"

"Yes. I called her on the telephone last night, and when she heard my news, I believe she fainted. At least, it sounded that way—I heard her fall and I lost the connection. This morning her maid telephoned me and said that Mrs. Honywood—or Sybil Conway, as she calls herself—was unable to come to Nice and that she wanted me to bring her husband's body to San Remo."

Duff considered. "I must have a talk with the lady at my earliest. Well, doctor, now that you have heard Mrs. Luce's story, what have you to say about Honywood's death?"

"What should I say? I must admit that it begins to look like something more than a simple case of suicide. As a matter of fact, I shall have to tell you that my own room was searched repeatedly while we were in Paris. Yes, it was probably murder, inspector, but can you think of any good reason why anyone save the three of us here should know it? If the French police find it out—well, you understand what red tape is over here, Mr. Duff."

"There's a lot in what you say, doctor," Duff agreed. "I must admit I wouldn't care to have the Paris Sûreté enter the case now, much as I respect their intelligence and their record. No, it's my job and I want to do it."

"Precisely," said Lofton, with evident relief. "Consider this too: Shall we tell the remaining members of the party what we suspect? They're a bit on edge already. Fenwick has tried to stir up mutiny before, and this would certainly start him off again. Suppose the party broke up and scattered to the four winds? Would that help your investigation? Or would you prefer that we stick together until your case is solved?"

Duff smiled grimly. "You put it all most logically and convincingly, doctor. If you'll get your party together, I'll have another chat with them, and then I'll see what I can do with that commissary of police. I don't believe he'll prove difficult."

Lofton departed and Duff stood staring after him. He looked down at Mrs. Luce.

"Honywood thought Lofton was decidedly not the person to hold the envelope," he remarked.

She nodded vigorously. "He was very firm on that point," she said.

Pamela Potter and Mark Kennaway had entered the side door of the hotel. Duff nodded and waved to them. They came over at once.

"Why, it's Inspector Duff!" the girl cried, with every evidence of pleasure. "How nice to see you again."

"Hello, Miss Pamela," the detective said. "And Mr. Kennaway. Been out for a stroll?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "We managed to evade the eagle-eyed chaperon and took a walk along the beach. It was heavenly—at least I thought it was. But I'm given to understand that the air is nowhere near so invigorating as on the North Shore in Massachusetts."

Kennaway shrugged. "I'm afraid I'm in wrong," he remarked. "I ventured to say a good word for my native state, and I hear that in Detroit it isn't even regarded as a good market for automobiles. And how could we sink lower than that? However, I do approve of Nice."

"Fine," laughed the girl. "They won't have to tear it down just yet. . . . Why, what's wrong with Mr. Tait?"

The famous lawyer was approaching rapidly, his face a purplish red that boded ill for a man with a heart like his.

"Where the devil—oh, hello, Mr. Duff," he began—"where the devil have you been, Kennaway?"

The young man flushed at his tone. "I have been for a walk with Miss Pamela," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, you have, have you?" Tait went on. "Leaving me to shift for myself. Did you think of that? To tie my own necktie." He indicated the polka-dot bow he affected. "Look at the thing. I never could tie them."

"I wasn't aware," Kennaway said, his voice rising, "that I was engaged as a valet."

"You know perfectly well what you were engaged for—to be my companion. If Miss Potter wants a companion, let her hire one."

"That is a service," began the young man hotly, "for which some people do not have to ——"

"Just a moment." Pamela Potter stepped forward with a conciliating smile. "Do let me fix that tie, Mr. Tait. . . . There; that's better. Go look in a mirror and see." Tait softened a bit; he couldn't very well help it. But he continued to glare at the boy. Then he started to walk away.

"Pardon me, Mr. Tait," Duff said. "The members of Doctor Lofton's party are asked to meet in that parlor over there."

Tait wheeled. "What for? More of your silly investigation, eh? You may waste the time of the others, but not mine, sir—not mine. You're a fumbler, inspector—an incompetent fumbler—I saw that in London. Where did you get there? Nowhere. To hell with your meetings!" He took a few steps, then turned and came back. His face was contrite. "I beg your pardon, inspector. I'm sorry. It's my blood pressure; my nerves are all shot to pieces. I really didn't mean what I said."

"Very good," Duff answered quietly. "I quite understand. In that parlor across the way, please."

"I will wait there," Tait replied humbly. "Are you coming, Mark?"

The young man hesitated a second, then shrugged his shoulders and followed. Mrs. Luce and the girl accompanied him. Duff went to the desk of the hotel to register at last. He arranged with a bell boy to take his bag above stairs. As he turned away he encountered Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Benbow.

"Rather expected to see you," Benbow said, after a genial greeting. "But you got here sooner than I thought you would. Too bad about Honywood, isn't it?"

"A great pity," Duff agreed. "What do you think of that affair?"

"Don't know what to think," Benbow told him. "But—well, I guess I'd better tell him, Nettie."

"Of course you'd better tell him," Mrs. Benbow advised.

"I don't know whether it has anything to do with all this or not," Benbow continued. "But one night Nettie and I went to one of those hot shows in Paris—boy, did I need my smoked glasses?—and when we got back to the hotel our room was a wreck. Every bit of baggage ripped open and searched, but not a thing taken. I didn't know what to make of it. Wasn't Scotland Yard, was it?"

Duff smiled. "Hardly. Scotland Yard is not so clumsy as that, Mr. Benbow. So your room was searched. Tell me; have you been seeing much of Mr. Honywood since you left London?"

"Well, yes, we have. His room was near ours in Paris. I went around a little with him there. He knew the town like I know Akron. Say, do you believe he killed himself?"

"It looks that way," Duff replied. "Will you wait for me in that parlor, please?"

"Sure," Benbow answered, and he and his wife walked to the room Duff had indicated. The detective followed. As he crossed the threshold the Minchins appeared in his path. Maxy gave him a friendly greeting.

"Well, another guy has been put on the spot," the racketeer remarked in a hoarse whisper. "Looks like they was something doing in this mob. What do you make of it, officer?"

"What do you?" Duff inquired.

"Too deep for this baby," Maxy assured him. "No, I don't get it. But that guy Honywood didn't rub himself out, you can gamble your roll on that. I been watching. I see other birds get the news their number was up, and believe me, he had it. You could tell it from his eyes. Looked like he was praying to know which way the hot lead was coming from."

"Mr. Minchin," Duff said, "I'm going to ask a favor of you. When we discuss the affair here this morning, will you be good enough to keep that opinion to yourself?"

"I'm wise," Minchin replied. "It's just like I told you—I trail along with the bulls this time. Sealed like a coffin—that's my lips."

Lofton arrived at that moment with Mrs. Spicer and Stuart Vivian. While they were finding chairs Ross came limping in. He was followed by Keane, whose sly little eyes traveled everywhere about the room before he sat down.

"All here but the Fenwicks," Lofton remarked to Duff. "They seem to be out, and I didn't make much effort to find them. If we can get everything settled before that little fool shows up, so much the better."

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

Duff nodded and faced the group. "Here I am again," he began grimly. "I want to say a few words to you about your future plans, in view of last night's unhappy affair. I refer to the suicide of Mr. Walter Honywood."

"Suicide?" inquired Mrs. Spicer languidly. She looked very smart in a white frock, with a trim little hat pulled far down over her brilliant eyes.

"Suicide is what I said," Duff went on. "Has any one of you anything to tell me about the unfortunate occurrence?"

No one spoke. "Very good," Duff continued. "In that case we will ——"

"Just a moment," Vivian broke in. The scar on his forehead stood out with appalling clarity in that bright room. "Merely a little incident, inspector. It may mean nothing. But Mr. Honywood and I came down here in the same sleeping compartment. I'd got to know him rather well in Paris—I liked him. We went to the dining car together for dinner. When we returned to our compartment both of my bags had been broken into and obviously searched. Nothing belonging to Honywood had been touched. It seemed a bit odd, and odder still when I looked at his face after I had made my discovery. He was deathly pale and trembling like a leaf. I asked him what was wrong, but he turned my questions aside. None the less, he was obviously alarmed—if that is a strong enough word."

"Thanks," Duff said. "Interesting, but it doesn't upset the suicide theory."

"You think, then, he committed suicide?" Vivian asked, with just a faint note of incredulity.

"That is what the French police believe, and I am inclined to agree with them," Duff told him. "Mr. Honywood had suffered a nervous breakdown. His wife, of whom he appeared very fond, was estranged from him. The stage was all set for a tragedy of that sort."

"Perhaps it was," Vivian replied, but there was a question in the words.

"You have had a most distressing tour so far," Duff continued, "but I am inclined to think your troubles are now over. It is possible the secret of Mr. Drake's—er—accident has died with Honywood. I may tell you that certain of my discoveries in London would indicate that it has." Better let them think so anyhow. It might put the murderer off his guard. "I should like to see you, as soon as the police investigation here is finished, resume your tour. I feel sure that it will be without unpleasant incident from here on. Is there any reason why you shouldn't?"

"None whatever," said Mrs. Luce promptly. "I'll go on as long as there's a tour."

"That's the way we feel, lady," Maxy Minchin added.

"I knew you would," Mrs. Luce assured him.

"Well, I don't see any reason for stopping," Captain Keane announced.

"I couldn't go back to Akron without the pictures I promised 'em," Benbow remarked. "I'd be the laughingstock of the town. Around the world—that was my order, and when I turn in an order I want to see it filled."

"Mr. Ross?" Duff inquired.

The lumberman smiled. "By all means," he said, "let's go on with the tour. It's taken me a long time to get started and I'd hate to drop it now."

"Mrs. Spicer?"

That lady took out a long holder and inserted a cigarette. "I'm no quitter," she remarked. . . . "Who's got a match?"

Vivian leaped into action. It was evident he would follow where she led.

"Who began all this anyhow?" Tait wanted to know. His temper appeared still uncertain. "No one has ever talked of stopping except that little idiot Fenwick. Do I have to apologize? No, he isn't here, is he?"

"Good," Doctor Lofton said. "We shall leave here whenever the commissary of police gives the word. I'll let you know the time of the train later. Our next stop will be San Remo, over the border in Italy."

Amid a buzz of comment the meeting broke up. Duff followed Mrs. Luce from the room. He stopped her beside the sofa where they had talked before.

"By the way," he remarked, "when you came back last night and entered the lobby with Miss Pamela, I believe Lofton was here, talking with Fenwick?"

"He was, yes."

"When you hurried down again after discovering the theft of that envelope, was Fenwick still with the doctor?"

"He was not. Doctor Lofton was alone."

"Lofton had asked you about Honywood when you came in?"

"Yes. He inquired about Mr. Honywood in a rather anxious way."

"Be careful. I don't want editorial opinions, Mrs. Luce. I want facts. So far as you know, Lofton and Fenwick may have separated the moment you went up in the lift to your room?"

"Yes. And Doctor Lofton may have rushed outside and fired that ——"

"Never mind."

"But I don't like the man either," protested the old lady.

"What do you mean by that word, 'either'?" Duff inquired. "I don't have likes and dislikes, Mrs. Luce. I can't afford to, in my business."

"Oh, I guess you're human like the rest of us," said Mrs. Luce, and went on her way.

Lofton came up. "Thank you, inspector," he remarked. "You settled our future plans in short order. If you can have an equal success with the commissary of police all will be well."

"I fancy it will. By the way, Doctor Lofton—last night, when you heard that shot outside, were you still talking with Fenwick?"

"Yes, of course. I couldn't shake the man."

"Do you think he also heard the sound of the shot?"

"I imagine he did. He started a bit."

"Ah, yes. Then you and he both have a very good alibi."

Lofton smiled in a somewhat strained way. "I guess we have. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Fenwick is not here to verify what I say."

"What do you mean—he's not here?" Duff cried.

"I didn't tell you in the parlor," Lofton answered, "but this note has been found, pinned to the pillowcase in Fenwick's room. You'll notice it is addressed to me." He handed it over. Duff read:

Dear Doctor Lofton: I warned you that if there was any more funny business we'd quit. Well, there has been more funny business, and we're off. I've arranged it with the concierge, and we're pulling out in a car at midnight. You can't stop us, and you know it. You have my Pittsfield address, and I shall expect to find a rebate on the price of the tour waiting for me there when I get back. That means you had better get it off at once.

NORMAN FENWICK.

"Leaving at midnight," mused Duff. "I wonder which way they went."

"The hotel people tell me Fenwick was asking about the boats from Genoa to New York."

"Genoa, eh? Then they went east along the Riviera. Over the border by now."

Lofton nodded. "Undoubtedly. Over the border in Italy."

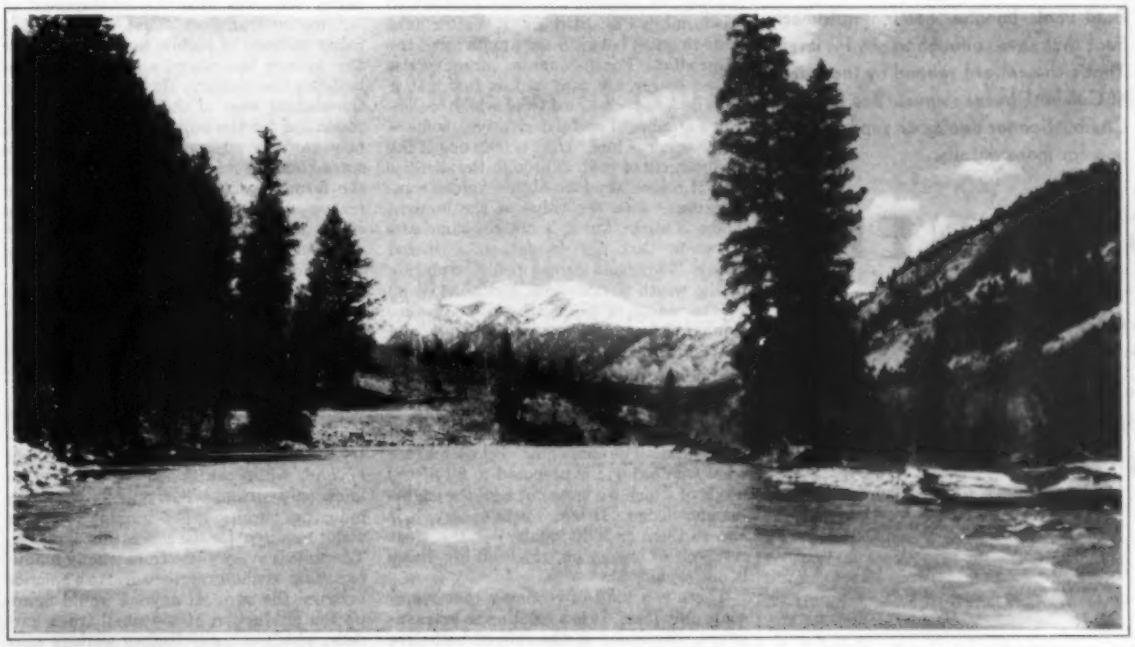
"You appear rather pleased, Doctor Lofton," Duff remarked.

"I'm delighted," the doctor returned. "Why should I try to conceal it? In fifteen years of touring, I never met a worse pest than Fenwick. I'm glad he's gone."

"Even though your alibi went with him?" Duff suggested.

Lofton smiled. "Why should I need an alibi?" he inquired blandly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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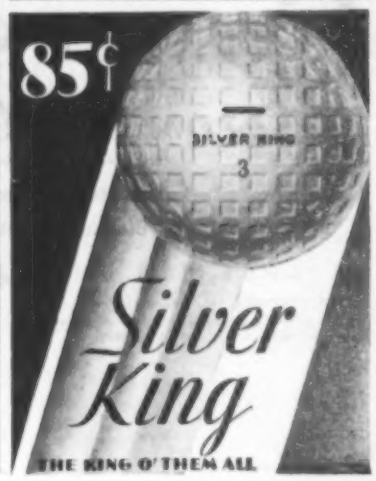

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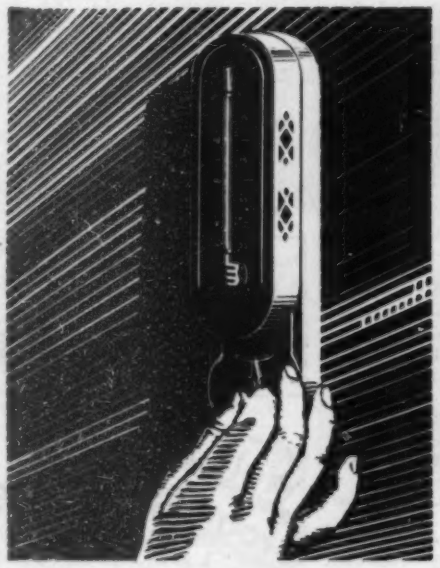

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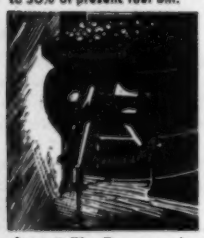

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City..... State.....

Type of heating plant..... No. of rooms.....
(hot air, hot water, vapor, etc.)

TOWARD ABOLISHING POVERTY

(Continued from Page 19)

buy. The lowermost tiers had almost no buying power; they considered themselves lucky to get enough to eat and a place to sleep.

Mr. Edison has truly said that once a man is assured of enough to eat, his wants become unlimited. This is very true. Anyone whose whole struggle is for food is not going to have any thoughts beyond food. But when the getting of food is no longer an anxiety, then wants begin to rise and to soar. In this country practically no one is just grubbing for food.

We have changed our definition of poverty. It used to be that no man was poor unless he was starving. Undernourishment today is due more to ignorance in the choice of foods than to the lack of food. Therefore few of our people are in the condition of not wanting anything. And this should not be explained by low references. People want things because they want life, and things are the servants of life. At first the wants and the choice are perhaps not discriminating. But as familiarity with plenty becomes widespread, taste and judgment and responsibility appear. The one way to emancipate a people from a crass materialistic state of mind is to give them plentiful material possessions—for materialism grows from lack, not from supply.

We have been learning a little to use what we have, and that use has put money into circulation—which means that buying power has been put into circulation. As this circulation widens, it touches tier after tier of the public, and thus the demand for products steadily grows.

As we learn more and more about use and the relation of use and waste, this demand will continue to grow. It will diminish only if we sit back and neglect the development of our country in the false belief that already we have developed it, or, worse still, imagine that we are developing it so quickly that nothing will be left for those who come after us.

The Two Kinds of Waste

There never was less likelihood of our exhausting the natural resources of the country than there is today, because nowadays all kinds of waste are being reduced to a vanishing point, the same materials are being used over and over again, and new uses are constantly being found for everything we have. Comparatively speaking, we are using up less of our resources because we are getting more use out of what we use. There is today so much to be obtained in the way of by-products from that which was formerly discarded that it is often hard to distinguish between the product and the by-product. For instance, in our industries we no longer use raw coal as fuel. It is with us a raw chemical from which we obtain a number of useful derivatives, some of which serve as fuel. Heat is only one of the by-products of coal. Through the distillation of refuse wood we obtain values commensurate with the value of the lumber. There is waste, but it is not the same sort of waste that our forefathers bothered about. They paid a great deal of attention to the waste of materials, but none at all to the waste of human beings. We are coming to an exactly reverse attitude, and we regard the waste of materials as important only as it represents the waste of human beings, for the waste that we practice upon the original store of wealth is always repairing itself. The waste material is replaced. The earth never ceases making what we need and is prepared to fill future needs of which we have not now the slightest knowledge. If men waste energy, it is lost to them as individuals, but the great reservoir of energy on which all life draws is not exhausted.

There is a kind of economy that represents only fear. It is a reaction to extravagance. Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. It is better than waste, but it is not so good as use. Those who pride themselves on their economy sometimes bristle when it is attacked, as if one of the virtues had been denounced. But is there anything more pitiable than a poor, pinched mind spending the rich days and months squeezing a few coins and paring the necessities of life to the very quick? Indeed, there are two kinds of waste—that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot from nonuse. In the precious things of life the strict economizer may be classed with the sluggard. The beauty of the principle of use is that it contains all the advantages of economy and at the same time gives healthy expression to all the instincts, of which wastefulness is a diseased symptom. Most people's extravagance is a reaction to severe suppression of expenditure. Most people's economy is a reaction to extravagance. Under the principle of use the broadening experience of expenditure is obtained, as well as the self-control and discipline of economizing.

Face Value for Our Resources

The fearful are forever predicting shortages of this or that essential commodity, but the shortages never appear according to schedule. Every so often we are told that the supply of petroleum can last only a few years. The soil, it is predicted, will lose its fertility in the course of the years, and we shall all die of starvation. And thus it goes. If a group of people decide on the exact day and hour when the world is to come to an end we do not give credit to their forecast. But if some man who is called an economist or a scientist decides that a part, at least, of the world is coming to an end—oil, wood, iron—fifty or a hundred years hence, then his statement is taken as seriously to be considered.

Is it not more to the point to take what we have at its face value in the expectation that, whenever a shortage in any commodity develops, a new and better substitute will be found for it?

The country already has so many substitutes for wood that the lumber men are worried lest the public get too far away from the use of wood. The far future is going to care for itself anyway, and the best that we can do is to plan for today and for the near future. On that basis it is perfectly apparent that we have not begun to make the provision for today that it is within our power to make.

The present era of comparative prosperity coincides with the development of automotive transport. That has developed many millions of mobile horse power, and this in turn has caused a start toward rebuilding the country. It is responsible for the making over of thousands of miles of roads and for the building of thousands of new sections adjacent to cities. It has spread out the cities, but also it has brought the farm closer to the town. The single matter of giving people a chance to move about and see the world is an element which of itself would be sufficient to change the character of the people.

The results of this development—at the best only a partial development—give an idea of what may come about with a fuller development. Or, instead of fuller development, one might say the opening of wider opportunities.

It is not logical to divide the country into agricultural and industrial groups. Industry has already passed west to Chicago and beyond, while the South, which used to know only cotton, is now quickly becoming industrial because it is beginning to use its water resources for the generation of power. The shift is everywhere from wholly manufacturing or wholly agricultural to a balance between the two. If anyone would figure up the production of the small truck gardens, which so many factory workers may

(Continued on Page 120)

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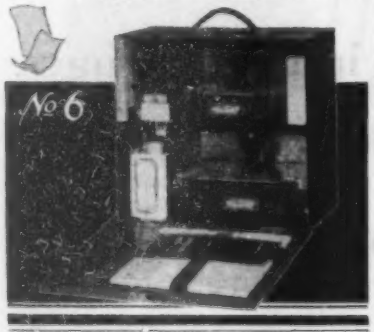

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(Continued from Page 118)

now have because of the automobile, the total would undoubtedly be astounding.

We are very gradually learning the meaning of transportation and power, and their relation to both industry and agriculture. We now know that if any district be given the two fundamental elements of transport and power it is bound to grow. This is shown by the gradual decentralization of great industries. Industry can center at the source of raw material and power, or at the market. Industry centralized around one or the other of these points. That is changing because both these centers are expanding and overlapping, and a center is almost anywhere an industry wants to settle. This has had the excellent effect of decentralizing industry and enabling it to disseminate its employment benefits through many widely separated communities.

We undoubtedly need more railroads, and also we need a very large extension of public roads for automobiles and trucks. The railroads and the trucks are not competitors, as was at first imagined. Each in its sphere feeds the other. The airplane is developing, and it also will have its sphere and will breed business for all other forms of transportation, for it will open up regions that now, in point of time, are inaccessible. But we have very little provision for the cheap transport of heavy, bulky freight that does not have to get anywhere in a great hurry. We also have large sections of the country that are but thinly peopled because of a lack of transport, of power and of water.

A waterway gives the cheapest facility for heavy transport. We have an abundance of such waterways. Developing a waterway for transportation fortunately brings benefits in many directions. The first is that the dams and reservoirs required to give a steady depth of water for navigation fit in perfectly with the generation of power by electricity. We now know how to get the utmost out of the water flow and also economically to transport the power over considerable distances. The second benefit arises from the flood control, which is a necessary incident. The rush of waters that causes a flood can be so retained as to provide an even flow in times of drought. The third great reason is that the massing of big bodies of water helps the rainfall and also provides for irrigation.

Work for the Unemployed

In any particular case, one of these elements may be much more important than the others, but they all work together. The country already has before it a number of these projects, all of which have been hanging for years, not because their merits are disputed and not because the necessary engineering skill or the necessary money is lacking, but because all the projects require a clearing of the way by the National Government in coöperation with state governments.

There are a few projects that might at once be undertaken and concerning which engineering opinion is practically agreed, except for what are not much more than details.

Their cost is not important. We have the money. And from a national standpoint they should not be looked at in terms of dollars spent but rather in terms of dollars circulated. For these projects alone ought to start enough money into circulation to give employment to anyone who will work, and thus to move up another tier of people into the region of larger buying power. For, though the actual building will be far from the present centers of trade, the money will circulate through every part of the nation and increase the demand for the products of both the farm and the factory.

The building of these works—extending as they must over a number of years—will not only prevent unemployment during the period of building but the wealth they will create and liberate when done will step up the whole country to a new level of prosperity.

For they will not only add directly to production by the provision of power but they will still further spread out industry which will in turn stimulate other lines of activity and thus increase the employment opportunities of the people.

An element that serves to delay the beginning of these great public projects is the belief that public resources should be retained by the Government and also operated by the Government. Behind this belief is the thought that ownership is more important than use, and it begets a condition wherein the people have to pay an exorbitant public cost instead of a reasonable private profit.

Private vs. Government Ownership

For it is a demonstrated fact that private ownership can earn a satisfactory profit in any form of enterprise, charging prices or rates which under government operation would result in a loss. I have never heard of a man who has had any experience at all in the conduct of any kind of business who believes in government ownership or operation. It is wasteful, and it is bound to be wasteful, because men working under the Government and subject to inexpert direction, and political indecision, and frequent partisan investigations, not to speak of the vagaries of theoretical reformers who think that business is the enemy from which the people must be saved—men working under these conditions are more interested in avoiding the doing of anything that might be criticized than in getting ahead. Indeed, regardless of salary, it is almost out of the question for a Government to engage the best managerial brains. The best brains will always care more for the work than for the job, but in the Government the temptation is to retain the job.

All this is true wherever the Government has sought to enter business. I must say, however, that in the Government's proper business there has usually been a fortunate amount of brains. It is the brains in Government that realize best the hopelessness of a Government's becoming a business success in any sense. There is no profit-and-loss account staring a Government in the face. There is no check upon high prices or poor service, such as customers can exercise upon private concerns. A Government can monopolize a service and thus compel you to use it, it can underserve you and overcharge you and make you pay a deficit in the form of taxes. All these conditions are utterly destructive of all the elements of business.

PHOTO, BY FRANCIS

Dream Lake, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

As to the possibility of a private profit when the resources of the nation, such as water power, are developed, to my mind the logical approach is this: Which is the more important: What the man gets or what the public gets? What we lose sight of is the fact that every development of whatever kind is a public development. Nothing other than wide and satisfactory public use can make any private venture profitable. The public, in the last resort, has the full use of every private service, with none of the responsibilities should it prove a loss or a failure. But under government ownership the deficits come out of the public pocket in taxes. Private profits go back to the public. There is nothing else to do with them. No man can spend much on himself or his family, and his surplus has to go back into some enterprise from which he hopes to gain a profit.

All this does not mean that the Government should have no part. But the great duty of the Government in public and other works is to make the way easy for the public to gain benefits.

It is not equipped to make prosperity, but it is equipped to make prosperity possible, just as it is equipped to make poverty impossible. The chief danger here is that a program of development may be so twisted as to become a program of charity—that work will be allotted to men because they need jobs and not because the work ought to be done.

The very best charity is to help a man to a place where he will never need charity. Nothing seems more useless than the trouble we take to ease the effects, when half that trouble would serve to destroy the cause.

Human sympathy is a great motive power, and no cool, calculating attitude will take the place of it. All great advances are due to human sympathy. But we have been using this great motive force for too small ends. If human sympathy prompts us to feed the hungry, why should it not give a much greater prompting toward making hunger impossible? If we have sympathy enough for people to help them in their trouble, surely we ought to have feeling enough to help them out of their trouble.

The Best Weapon Against Poverty

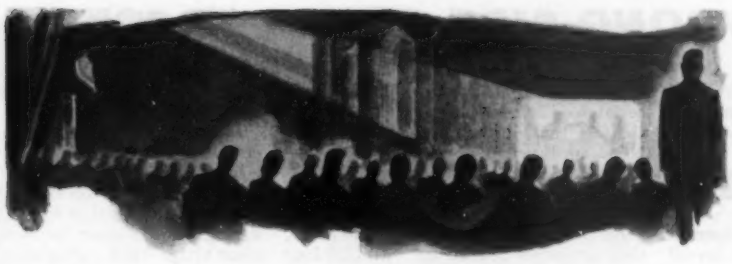
It is a curious fact that more people can be got to help relieve poverty than can be got to devote their energies to removing poverty altogether.

Our first duty we owe to ourselves. We must do our best where we are. We must be fair where we are. We must do honest work where we are. No one who throws down his tools is helping to abolish poverty. Whatever we do in the future, we may be sure of this: We shall never be able to make any program go without work. Work is a good quality to be developed. Every man who works is helping to drive poverty out of the world—first his own and then that of his fellow beings. The man who does better and more productive work today than he did yesterday is a social reformer of the highest type. It is not the men who are doing the talking that are solving our problems, but the men who are at work.

Every age teems with theories which need only stand a while before their falsity will be revealed. If a thing is right it will endure. If it is wrong the public mind simply outgrows it. No one can imagine how much worse off we should be if we followed every theory and every leader that promised us a golden age. So, if our progress seems slow, it is only because of the people's carefulness not to make a misstep. But there is progress being made all the time, now in this direction, now in that, and then all along the line.

One very great false move would be to make charity a substitute for reform. We can give by developing. We cannot develop by giving.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Ford and Mr. Crowther. The next will appear in an early issue.



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Every spoken word....every note of music

Clear and *Distinct*

REMEMBER the first sound pictures? They turned good American dialog into something like Hottentot or Esperanto. Audiences listened in a daze and went home wondering what it was all about.

The trouble was that most of our theatres were never planned for talking pictures. Words and syllables bounced back from hard walls and ceilings so that your ears had four or five to choose from—all at the same time.

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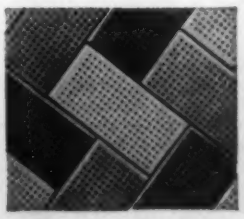

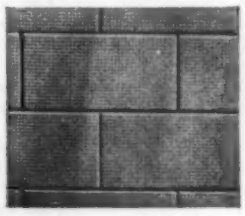

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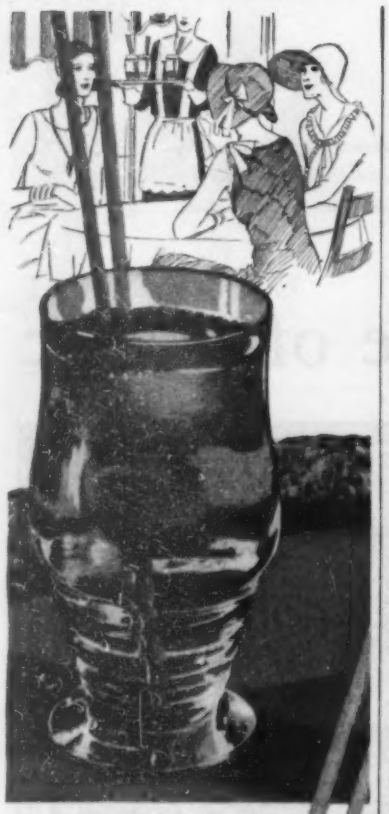

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STRAWS

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

(Continued from Page 28)

word the other uttered. Then Claire tried to be a stern school-mistress, but smiled in spite of herself at our rivalry and our attempts to correct each other. My natural imitativeness made the accent easier for me to acquire; George's grammar was more accurate.

But these lessons and the management of the house and reading—I made myself read for two hours every day in some good book—which meant one which did not interest me, but which I felt I must read—before I would indulge my taste for an exciting novel—did not use up all my energy. Up to this time, from early childhood I had been physically active beyond my strength; now, with sufficient sleep and food and peace of mind, I felt, after a year, that I must find some other outlet.

In several of the English journals which I read there were always photographs of women on horseback and often descriptions of fox hunts and horse shows. As a small child I had ridden with my father around race tracks and had wished for a pony of my own. So, when George's doctor, who made an occasional trip up to see him, prescribed exercise for me, I thought at once of riding.

Undoubtedly I had inherited my father's ability in this line, for after a thoroughbred black mare had been sent there for my use and we had procured the English groom who had worked for the former owner of the ranch, I began to enjoy riding as I had never enjoyed anything in my life. The groom was delighted with my progress; he had jumps put up at some distance from the house, so that my husband should not be alarmed in case of a spill, and declared that I was the best natural rider he'd ever seen except for Lady R——, whom he had taught since she was knee high.

At the end of two years George begged the physician to allow him to ride. After the fall from a horse which had precipitated his illness he had never thought of mounting again, but my enthusiasm overcame his fear.

After he had begun really to enjoy riding, I persuaded him to buy polo ponies and have instruction in this game, which I knew was the most fashionable sport.

I discovered that he had a passionate love of music, and as this was another subject of which I knew nothing, I encouraged him to install an automatic piano and a phonograph, and to select the records for them. At first I was bored by his classical choice, but gradually I perceived its merit and learned enough about operas and concert music to be of value later on. As my French became more and more fluent, I determined to study Spanish, for the books in this language were the only ones in my boudoir I had not read. George welcomed the idea; his mind desired expansion quite as much as mine; although, to him, cultivation was an end in itself, and, to me, only a means. A Spanish girl from Santa Barbara came out three times a week and gave us lessons.

Señorita H—— was also an expert tennis player, and for the first time our grass court—which, like the green lawns, required an elaborate and expensive water system to maintain—was used. I had always wanted to play, partly because in Fording all the nice girls played at the country club and I could not belong to it; so I welcomed this new accomplishment. I suppose I was really giving myself the kind of education most girls are given during their teens. But I enjoyed this period tremendously; I felt that it was an interlude and I was serving an apprenticeship for some big thing which was about to happen; yet in themselves our days were healthful and happy, and from month to month I could look back and say, "I've made progress."

Then Barbara and Tom Sidney appeared at our door and our lives changed. Tom played polo with George, and although word had gone out that we were entirely unsocial and did not welcome callers—due to the fact that during our first year I had been too unsure of myself to see anyone alone and George had been forbidden visitors—they drove up one afternoon just as we were finishing a three-handed tennis game. Before I could dart into the house, they advanced toward us. Mrs. Sidney seemed to me one of the handsomest young women, in a thin, dark way, I had ever seen. She was smartly dressed and her manner was completely self-assured.

"I made Tom storm the castle with me," she began, before we had ever shaken hands. "He's talked so much of your husband that I couldn't resist coming up."

George flushed with pleasure. It was he who suggested that we all go in and have tea, and the realization that I had forgotten my duty as hostess increased my feeling of awkwardness. Then I made a terrible blunder, for which eventually I was to pay in full measure. I turned to the *señorita* as if she were not a social equal, and without introducing her, dismissed her for the day.

Barbara Sidney's alert brown eyes twinkled maliciously at her husband as she greeted the Spanish girl by her first name, with an air of intimacy. I learned, too late, that our teacher was a member of one of the most distinguished old families in Southern California. Of course, the Sidneys made of the incident an amusing story I could never live down.

At that moment, while Barbara and the *señorita* chatted of dinners and balls they were to attend, I lost all my feeling of pride in the house, in the knowledge that tea would be served from a splendid silver service, and that the Sidneys, whom I knew to be prominent socially, were my guests. My consciousness of failure was so strong that I was no match conversationally for Mrs. Sidney, who, while the men discussed horses, put me through a skillful cross-examination about my antecedents. I blundered into absurd falsehoods in trying to paint an attractive picture of my youth and what I called "my romantic desire to be a trained nurse."

I also made the mistake of showing off my newly acquired accomplishments, throwing in French phrases whenever possible, talking of serious books of which Barbara had never heard, and using long words rather than simple ones. All the time I knew I was irritating and amusing her, but, having started, I could not stop.

"Of course, you don't smoke," she said.

"Oh, no!" I answered quickly—too quickly—for she lighted a cigarette.

She asked for sherry instead of tea, and although the men joined her, I refused. Her smile seemed to say that I was not sure enough of myself to be courageous. This was only part of the truth; what she could not perceive was that I had the same necessity to keep physically fit and to maintain a cool head that a professional athlete has. To my surprise, when they were leaving she urged us to dine with them the following Saturday in Santa Barbara.

"I'm afraid the trip would be too long for George," I said.

"He seems to be in the pink of condition." She gave him a friendly glance. Indeed, he was now hard-muscled and sunburned and, under her influence, quite animated.

"I'm supposed to avoid the night air," he explained. "But why don't you come up here?"

"I've asked some people to our house—but perhaps you'd let me bring them? You must begin to know your neighbors."

We both told her this would be delightful, and she promised to telephone the exact number of guests.

I learned a great deal from my first entertainment. I learned it painfully and, therefore, have never forgotten any detail. In one of the books on my shelves I had seen this sentence marked: "Memory is a wound that never heals." I have since put another line beneath it.

It would seem absurd, normally, to talk of pain in connection with a dinner party, no matter how disastrous, but to one who had spent years of toil and self-sacrifice to achieve a social goal, it was as terrible as if an engineer had spent his life in building a giant bridge which collapsed.

My first preparation for the party was the usual feminine one of buying a new evening gown. This meant motoring to Los Angeles and lunching with my mother-in-law. Hoping she would be impressed, I mentioned the reason for my shopping.

"You're having a dinner for Barbara Sidney!" She made it sound like Lucrezia Borgia. "Why, she's the leader of the fast set! They haven't a penny; they just sponge on their friends! How did you meet them?"

Despite the fact that the acquaintance was due to George, it was I who was blamed for it. She gave me what she considered lurid details of the lives of my prospective guests. The women, it appeared, smoked and drank, and she hinted at intermatrimonial flirtations.

Finally, as I refused to give any sign of being perturbed, she said, "And they even gamble! I'll bet that's it. That woman needs money and wants to gamble with you and George!"

I tried to discount some of her gossip by recalling the lack of social prominence of the Lemars, but I was, nevertheless, uneasy as I drove home.

When Barbara called up on Friday evening, she said there would be "only twenty" for dinner. This number appalled me more than two hundred would now. I had never had more than four people at my table, and as the others were usually George's father and mother, who came for luncheon every other Sunday now that he was better, I had had no chance to test the capacity of my household.

Together George and I worked out the menu, and before ten o'clock, which was his hour for going to bed, we had presented it to the cook, with instructions to go into town to market early the next day and to bring back, in addition, flowers, some dance records, a case of champagne and two Japanese boys to assist the butler.

I can smile now at the memory of myself sitting up in bed that night reading the chapter in the etiquette manual on The Hostess. There were instructions for "seating guests"—but how seat guests whose names you did not know? However, I drew a mental picture of myself as the well-poised, gracious chatelaine and concentrated, the next day, on seeing that the house was put into perfect order and the table beautifully set.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sidney was in the first group, who arrived by motor a few minutes after the hour. I had told the servant to announce their names, according to the book, but two girls and three men came rushing into the drawing-room laughing at Togo's attempts to make their entry formal. When Barbara came in, they went up to her as if it were she who was the hostess, and I heard one of them drawl, after nodding her head in my direction, "I'm terribly disappointed. I thought she'd wear her uniform."

Eventually there were six more people than I had been told were coming. This threw out every plan I had made; Mrs. Sidney, however, instructed the servants to put up a small table, and when at last we went in, after an agonizing half hour or so, she told everyone where to sit. By this time I was too bewildered and too miserable to care what happened. I sat between Tom Sidney and a ruddy-faced man approaching middle age, who drank all his champagne and mine, and toward the end of the six courses suddenly slapped me on the back and said, "You've got it pretty soft,

(Continued on Page 124)

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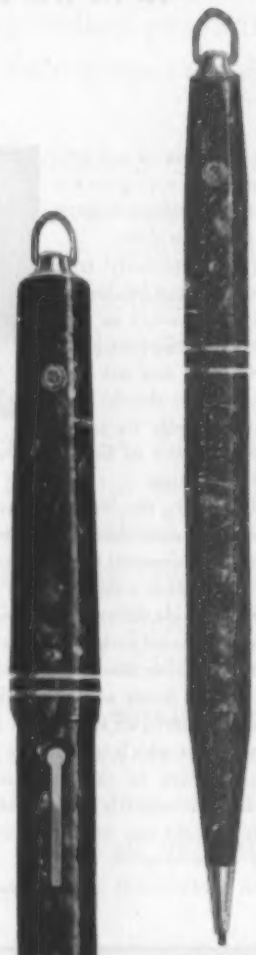

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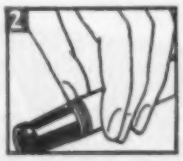

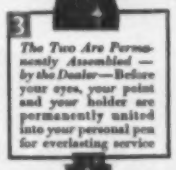

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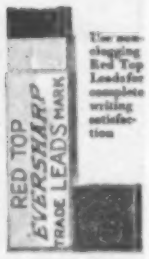

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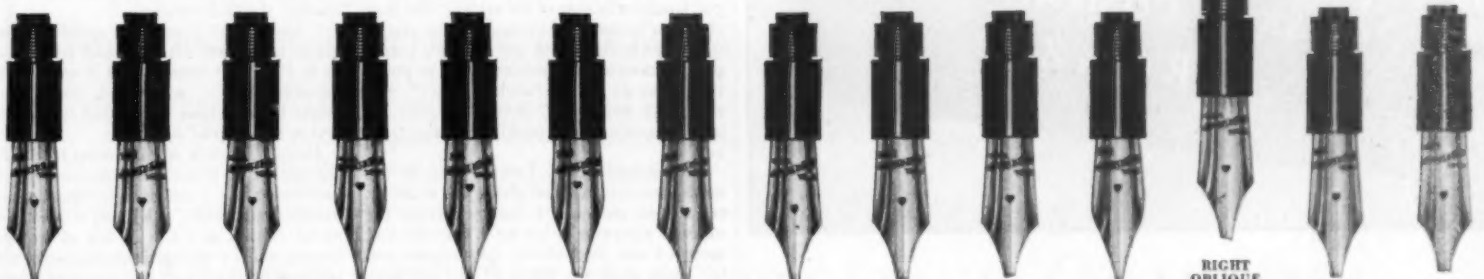


FINE MANIFOLD For bookkeeping and Gregg Shorthand

MEDIUM MANIFOLD A stiff point; excellent for accountants

BROAD MANIFOLD Makes carbon copies; ideal for salesmen

FINE FLEXIBLE For stenographers and Spencerian writers

MEDIUM FLEXIBLE Best for the average hand and general usage

BROAD FLEXIBLE For those who like a broad down stroke

FINE SIGNATURE Preferred by women for social correspondence

MEDIUM SIGNATURE The executive's point for general desk work

BROAD SIGNATURE For bold, forceful hands; writes a heavy line

LEFT OBLIQUE For left hand back-handed writers

BALL POINT Extra smooth, favored by older people.

RIGHT OBLIQUE Specially made by Eversharp for right hand back-handed writing

HALF STUB Finer than stub, with same characteristics

FULL STUB Writes very wide lines, heavily shaded

ONLY EVERSHARP PERSONAL-POINT FOUNTAIN PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

Individual taste

IS IN NO WAY RESTRICTED

★

IN the selection of any article in which appearance is a factor, individual taste is bound to vary widely.

This is especially true when a casket must be chosen. Here, circumstances as well as personal preference must be considered, and the persons responsible should have every opportunity to select what they believe to be the most fitting design.

Detail design taken from a National Cast Bronze Sarcophagus

Realizing this, the National Casket Company does everything in its power to suit every individual taste. National caskets are made in a multitude of designs, from a wide variety of materials. And every National casket—no matter what its cost—embodies dignified beauty of line, finish and decoration.

Thus the purchaser may select any National casket which seems most appropriate, secure in the knowledge that it is an essentially good design, carefully thought out for the specific purpose it has to serve.

As an additional guide, every National casket is plainly though inconspicuously trademarked. The trademark states the material from which the casket is made, and is a guarantee that the highest quality of workmanship underlies the exterior beauty. It is the word of the country's leading casket manufacturer that the casket represents the fullest possible value.

National caskets are sold everywhere through funeral directors—men who believe in recommending the best and in serving their clients well.

★ ★ ★

To assist those unfamiliar with the trying task of making funeral arrangements, we have published a booklet, "Funeral Facts," which answers many perplexing questions. It would be well to have a copy at hand to help in time of need. We shall be glad to send one or more copies in a plain envelope on request. Just write to Dept. R1, 60 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

Display Rooms in Twenty-seven Cities

(Continued from Page 122)

haven't you?" He grinned in a semi-intoxicated way and added, "It won't be so bad, even if he gets well."

My anger was so intense that, fortunately, I was unable to speak. When at last I did, my early experience in combating the coarse malice of Elsie, the daughter of the saloonkeeper, stood me in good stead. I ignored not only his words but his manner.

"Are you fond of riding?" I asked.

He was. At first he was condescending in telling me about horses, but as this was one subject I now knew thoroughly, his monologue gradually changed into the give-and-take of conversation.

When Barbara rose to signal the women to leave the table, my partner said, "I'm awfully sorry. I talked like a cad. Please accept my apology."

I managed to smile as if in acquiescence, but as I walked from the room my knees shook so that I had to take each step with conscious effort. My wrath, however, had cleared my mind; I now perceived that my initial mistake had been to let someone else invite my guests, but I also saw that it was too late to remedy it. I could not, with Barbara in the exhilarated state she was in, make an issue as to whose house we were in. The only course open to me was to be as quiet and unobtrusive as possible that evening and never ask any of them there again.

When the men joined us, I found that George thought it was a very nice party and that everything was going awfully well. He had remembered, undoubtedly at someone's prompting, that in the cellar there was more champagne and an assortment of French liqueurs.

"He's a wonderful host! Wonderful host!" Tom Sidney kept repeating.

I was unable to make him go to bed. Barbara had persuaded him at the table that it would be rude not to drink at least a little champagne, and, after an enforced abstinence of several years, he, quite naturally, had more. For the first time I lost my influence over him. More even than the wine, he was affected by the atmosphere of excitement and gayety.

"I'm going to stay up all night if I want to!" he declared in a tone which everyone around us could hear.

Again I had to make the best of a bad situation. Argument was impossible; I knew his health would suffer, but I was powerless. He lost several thousand dollars at roulette; he stayed up until almost four o'clock, when the last car slid away from the door, and the next day, for the first time in a year, he ran a temperature.

As luck would have it, this was the Sunday his parents were to spend with us. They arrived earlier than usual—about ten o'clock, before the house was fully restored to order. In the course of the evening a vase had been overturned and water had spilled on a beautiful Persian rug Mrs. Lemar had given us as a wedding present. It was the first thing she noticed; then, when she demanded to see George and I had to tell her he was in bed and could not be disturbed, she made a violent scene.

"You have ruined my boy's life! The only reason in the world I consented to his marriage was because I thought, at least, you would take care of his health! But now that you've used our money and our standing to make friends in the fast set, you're glad to have him bedridden again so you'll be free to go around without him!" She said much more; Mr. Lemar had gone out into the garden and I could not escape from her.

At luncheon, Mrs. Lemar, who, in the meantime, had learned about the roulette, turned on me, and I realized, from the unusual quietness of her tone, that she had reserved one final blow: "I suppose you felt quite at home, Ruth. Did they have gambling in your father's saloon?"

Then, for the first time, I knew that in her fierce dislike she had had me looked up; probably private detectives had gone to Fording and investigated all that there was to know about our pitiable poverty and my stepfather's final affiliation in his German friend's business.

"My father did not keep a saloon," I managed to say.

Mr. Lemar awkwardly changed the subject, but before they left he managed to take me aside and say, "You mustn't mind anything she says. The older Sidneys snubbed her once, and as that was in the days when they had money, mother took it pretty hard. I think you're a fine girl, and I just wanted to say I was behind you, and don't you forget it! If you ever need money or anything, you come to me. I've got a little tucked away mother don't know about. You can write your own ticket."

Sheer physical fatigue and nervousness had made me so susceptible to kindness that tears came into my eyes. At last I had someone on my side! Had I foreseen the circumstances under which I would have to call upon him for support, I might have wept more.

Within three days George was as well as ever, and to my dismay he was eager to accept the invitations telephoned or written us by our new acquaintances. Again I tried to enlist the aid of his physician, but this time he said that my husband needed a certain amount of distraction.

"If you see to it that he does not lose too much sleep or overeat or drink, it will be good for him to go out once or twice a week. The temperature which he ran was only from nerves; remember, he has regarded himself for years as an invalid. Our duty is to shake him out of that rut gradually. He is much nearer being a well man than he knows."

As a result of this dictum, we were, for more than a year, associated with the gay young married set. We were never actually part of it; George was liked well enough, but his greatest attraction for them was his passion for roulette and poker, and the open house he kept at the ranch. As his wife, I was, at best, tolerated. A few of the women actively disliked me. They shared a background of governesses, boarding schools and European trips, but this was not the chief reason they considered me an outsider. They thought that I was a spoil sport because I kept a watchful eye on my husband—they always referred to me as "George's nurse"—and they resented my not drinking or flirting all the more violently because of my humble origin. My failure to adopt their customs seemed a criticism, and this was more than they could tolerate.

Someone spoke of me as a parvenue one night to a newcomer. "If that were only all, it wouldn't be so bad," Barbara Sidney answered. "But she's not only a parvenue, she's a prude!"

This was a true indictment; I not only was too insecure to risk being unconventional but it did not correspond to my desires. All my life I had been striving, unaided, to acquire good manners; with every advantage, this group deliberately cultivated rudeness. They had been educated, they had traveled, but I was the only one with an instinct for cultivation. They talked in slang and colloquialisms; I was careful of my diction. Nevertheless, they regarded me as only a trained nurse, and, for my part, I envied them their indefinable quality of self-assurance.

I knew that there was another social group of greater stability and power, but to it I had no entrée; had I not treated Señorita H—— with such incivility I might have in time penetrated it, but this action had barred the doors.

Despite my lack of enjoyment in most of the parties of which the Sidneys were the moving spirits, I managed to extract some benefit from them. I learned a great deal about clothes and the details of well-run houses, and I acquired a certain patter with the ease with which I had acquired a good accent in speaking French.

Mrs. Lemar went on believing that it was due to my baneful influence that her son kept up these associations; I could not confess that I found them chiefly unpleasant.

(Continued on Page 127)

FARM *or Estate?*

THE American farm is normally a family unit enterprise. That form of agriculture has a prestige accumulated from centuries of economic success, human welfare and cultural achievement.

Will it hold its own in the machine age, or will America revert to the large estate which has appeared in so many eras?

Electric power appears to favor decentralization in agriculture. It undoubtedly invigorates small operations in farming as well as in manufacturing. It fits the family unit as if it were a thing of life.

Conferring great advantages upon any agricultural establishment, it is apparently confirmed by experience that electrical power is of greater relative value to a family unit farm than to larger enterprises.

Convinced by the experiments and studies of its operating companies, the Middle West Utilities System is proceeding upon the conviction that both economics and engineering assure the persistence of the family unit farm as the dominant type of agriculture in most parts of the country.

Bigger, more efficient and more powerful field machinery for tillage and harvesting introduces nothing fundamentally new in farm structure and functions.

Expansion of the size of the family unit farm is undoubtedly to be expected in regions where the type of farming makes preparing the soil and harvesting the field crops of major importance.

In some regions, new mechanical methods may favor large scale "factoryized" operations, or the organization of tenant farms under central office management. But these trends are offset by a movement to smaller farm units in other regions.

Wherever the balance is struck, however, the family will generally be found to be the nucleus of the farming organization. From the nature of farming, from the lay of the land and the seasonal character of field work, the efficiency limit upon the size of farm machinery is usually reached much sooner than in heavy manufacturing. As in manufacturing, the mere multiplication of machines inevitably encounters mounting overhead expenses and difficulties of management.

Electric power is making its outstanding contribution to agriculture without requiring the abandonment of one of agriculture's most valuable characteristics—the operation of the farm by the owner and his family.

* * * *

Provision of power supply to small communities and to rural America on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities and to more than fifty thousand farms in thirty states.

The history of empowered agriculture in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "HARVESTS AND HIGHLINES," *which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.*

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

Why does the LIFE GUARD sit on a high perch?

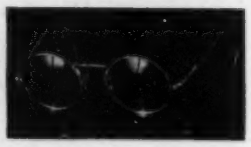
. . . *because it gives his eyes* BETTER VISION

Tillyer Lenses* (wide-angle) *in your glasses help your eyes to see more accurately and easily

THE life guard needs a broad field of accurate vision. He must see clearly and quickly straight ahead, to the right and left, so that he can spot trouble instantly—and do something about it. Seated on the beach, he could not see so well. And so he sits up high on the "perch."

The life guard's perch does the same thing for him, in an exaggerated degree, that new, modern Tillyer Lenses in your glasses will do for you. Tillyer Lenses provide *wide-angle* vision for your eyes. You see through them with equal clarity, speed and comfort, whether you look straight ahead, up or down, or from side to side.

New, modern Tillyer Lenses give you this extra service because they are accurate to the very edge. With Tillyer Lenses in your glasses your eyes *need not* do the extra work required when the margins of the lenses are not quite accurate. Just as toric lenses, introduced a few years ago, were a step ahead of flat lenses, so are Tillyer Lenses now a real advance beyond the so-called torics of yesterday.



Your new Tillyer Lenses may be fitted in a smart new Cortland frame or in other attractive, becoming and serviceable types made by the American Optical Company.

Your eyes will notice the extra comfort of Tillyer Lenses soon after you start wearing them. The wide-angle vision these new, modern lenses provide is a real help to the only eyes you'll ever have.

For an interesting booklet on Tillyer Lenses, write Department 38, American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

AMERICAN OPTICAL

TILLYER LENSES

Accurate to the very edge

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(Continued from Page 124)

Nor could I, even after I was lying awake night after night, sick with worry, admit my fear that he was falling in love with Barbara Sidney. This was a problem that no handbook on conduct could help me solve.

Barbara had undoubted charm; she was my opposite in every sense, except that she, too, thought of George as the perfect husband. She was always in debt; her extravagance knew no bounds, and her only way of attempting to gain money was to gamble for high stakes. Naturally, she lost far more than she won; gradually she risked large amounts when George was the banker, for she knew that if she lost he would never cash the checks she sent him, whereas when she won, he would pay her promptly.

Barbara had a certain fascination for George also, in that she was well-born and he knew that his family were not part of the best social unit. Each one had something the other wanted; had they been free, undoubtedly they would have married. To Barbara, however, divorce did not represent the horror which it did to most people at that time. I knew that she was considering it; even perhaps talking it over with her husband, who was equally improvident and desirous of getting money without working for it.

My anxiety reached such a pitch that I became physically ill. I had caught cold at some dance and could not throw it off. I spent two weeks in bed, during which I thought continuously of this problem. Sheer pride would have made me say, "If you love someone more than me, I won't stand in your way." But there were elements in my nature stronger than that sort of pride. I would not become a divorcee! No matter how large a financial settlement was made on me, no matter what independence would be mine, all that I had based my life on would be destroyed. I told myself the obvious truth that Barbara would be the worst possible wife for George, but this weighed far less with me than my own self-interest.

But how to prevent it? He had become romantic about her, about her looks, her vivacity, and what he called her good sportsmanship; she was on the side of the gayety which he had never before known, whereas I was always in the position of urging moderation.

Up to this time he had always been grateful—almost humbly so—for my consenting to marry him and for the unceasing care I had taken of him since then. But after a few months he began to adopt her attitude—that it was I who should be grateful to him; that he had married a nobody, given her every material comfort and social background, despite which I nagged him and gave myself airs.

I saw it too clearly for my own comfort. But when I was able to be outdoors again, I sat on the terrace one warm spring day and read this marked passage in one of Pater's books—an inscription found on a stone in ancient Greece:

A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail.
Many a gallant craft, when we were lost,
Weathered the gale.

It seemed a direct answer. I, too, would weather the gale! My chin went into the air; I got up, went straight to the telephone and called up Barbara.

"Come out and see me this afternoon," I said, with more authoritativeness than I had ever used toward her.

She agreed, probably assuming she would see George, but as he was playing an important polo match, I counted on our being alone. Before she got there, I rode for two hours. Somehow, my mastery over the horse restored my self-confidence. And knowing I looked my best in my habit, I had not changed when she arrived.

"I'm absolutely exhausted, my dear!" she exclaimed as she came toward the tea table behind which I had seated myself and from which I did not rise. "I've spent the most terrible day! Every shopkeeper and dressmaker in town is hounding me! I'm so glad you're well again; we must have a party so I can try to win some money!"

I motioned her to a chair facing me. I poured out sherry for her.

"How would you like a chance to make a lot of money on a sure thing?" I asked.

Her dark eyes widened. "I'd adore it! What do you mean?"

"Suppose I gave you a hundred thousand dollars in exchange for your written word that you'd give up seeing George?"

She spilled the wine on her white frock. She was speechless.

I went on, completely businesslike: "Of course, compared with what you'd get if you married George, that seems a small amount. But, you see, he has no independent means as yet. And I happen to know that his father and mother would help me to fight a divorce, so I doubt if it would ever occur. If it did, they'd never give him the income he has now." I waited for this to sink in, knowing that she realized the older Lemars' antipathy to her; on the rare occasions when they had met at our house, George's mother had been openly hostile. Then I continued, "So a hundred thousand is really a pretty good offer. You could pay all your debts and get a lot of clothes and a new car."

She poured herself another glass from the decanter. Her hand shook so that I had to light her cigarette for her. Finally she said, "I'll have to think it over."

This was just what I did not want. I could not risk having her talking to George and challenging him to make an issue.

"No, you've got to decide right away. The offer only holds for ten minutes." I looked at my watch. "But you're a good gambler, Barbara. Figure out the odds for yourself."

Eight minutes passed in horrible silence. I gave up the pretense of drinking my tea; beneath the lace cloth of the table my hands were clenched so tightly that my nails dug into the palms. I had not dared consider the possibility of her refusal.

Her face was white when at last she said, almost inaudibly, "All right. You win."

I had a check book and writing materials on a near-by table. I dictated her statement while I filled in her name and the amount. We exchanged slips of paper. She rose and held out her hand.

Then as we looked at each other, the first spark of real friendliness between us was kindled.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"So am I."

I went out onto the veranda with her. At that moment George's car drove up. His face lighted with pleasure when he saw Barbara.

"Don't go!" he begged.

Without glancing at me, she said, "I must. I'm awfully busy. I just ran up to tell you and Ruth good-by. Tom and I are going to Honolulu for the summer and we'll probably go on to Japan from there." She got into the motor and told her chauffeur to start.

I was still holding her agreement in my hand; now I folded it and put it in my pocket, but George did not even notice my actions.

"How did the match come out?"

"We won." But his tone was lifeless.

"That means that you'll go East to play?" I could not restrain my joy.

"Oh, they asked me to go a long time ago." He flushed, realizing that he had kept this news from me, and that I would properly interpret his reluctance to accept this honor as being due to the fear of being separated from Barbara. "Well, I suppose I may as well."

When we went in to change for dinner, I had to say to myself over and over again, "New York! We're going to New York!" as if it were a magic formula which held compensation for all the misery which had occasioned the decision.

When I heard George's bath running, I telephoned to Mr. Lemar and told him of the check I'd drawn, which would probably be cashed in the morning by Mrs. Sidney.

"Not been gambling, have you?" he asked.

"Not in the way you think. She's leaving for a long trip. I'll explain when I see you."

"All right. I'll see that the money's there as soon as the bank's open."

As I arranged my hair and put on the becoming evening gown which I had instructed Claire to lay out for me, I told myself that surely when we went East I would attain my heart's desire.

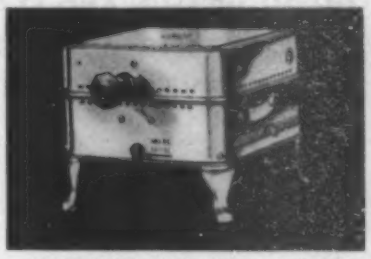
But when I sat opposite George, pretending to taste one course after another which he did not even attempt to touch, I was assailed by the first serious doubt as to my choice of desires. Was I, fundamentally, any better off than I had been as an underfed child of twelve? Was I not destined to be always on the wrong side of the tracks?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

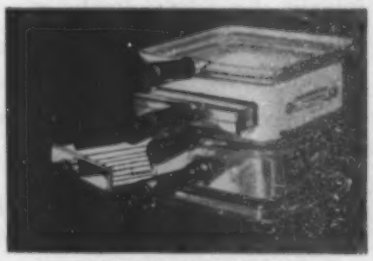
PHOTO. BY T. J. HILEMAN

St. Mary Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

In Summer especially you need these unique aids to easier living » » » »



ARMSTRONG AUTOMATIC TOASTER
Makes marvelous toasted sandwiches, buttered or cinnamon toast, so easily it is no effort at all. So fast, you can make a delicious cheese sandwich in less than 2 minutes. Price $12.50.



ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE
Delightful informal supper cooked right at the table. Here is a grill, hot plate and toaster in one unit that cooks three things at once. Price $8.85. (Waffle Mold, $3.00 extra.)

ARMSTRONG AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR
The only Percolator that makes perfect drip coffee without watching. When coffee is brewed, percolator turns itself off; result, perfect drip coffee. Price $14.75.

ARMSTRONG PERC-O-TOASTER
Right at your elbow it prepares entire breakfast. Lift off Percolator, and appliance is ready to cook eggs, bacon, etc. Remove toast drawer, insert waffle mold for hot waffles. Price $11.85. (Waffle Mold, $3.00 extra.)

Sold by leading stores everywhere or shipped postage prepaid in U. S. A. upon receipt of price.

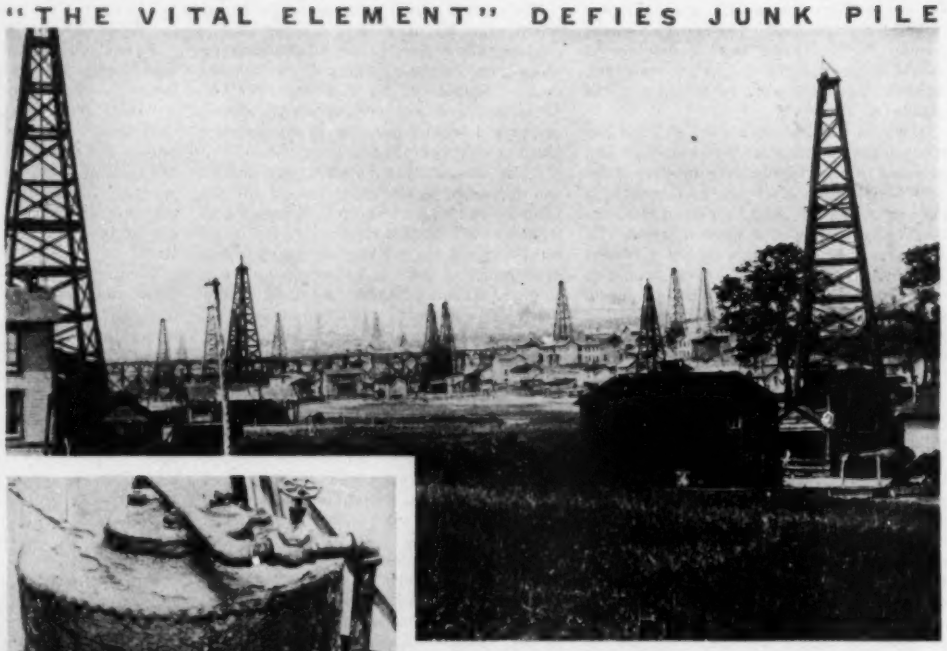
ARMSTRONG Elec. & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia

Armstrong SINCE 1899

75 YEARS

OF OIL WITHIN AND FLAME WITHOUT...THIS WROUGHT-IRON REFINERY IS SERVING YET!

"THE VITAL ELEMENT" DEFIES JUNK PILE



BUILT in 1855 by Samuel M. Kier in Pittsburgh, the first petroleum refinery was manufactured from wrought-iron and had a capacity of five barrels. The first petroleum produced for commercial use was made in this original refinery.

Drawings for this still were prepared by Professor J. C. Booth, a Philadelphia chemist, who concluded an excellent lighting oil could be secured from the brine pumped from drilled salt wells near Tarentum, Pa., submitted to him for analysis. Today, after 75 years of continuous use, the refinery is still in operating condition.

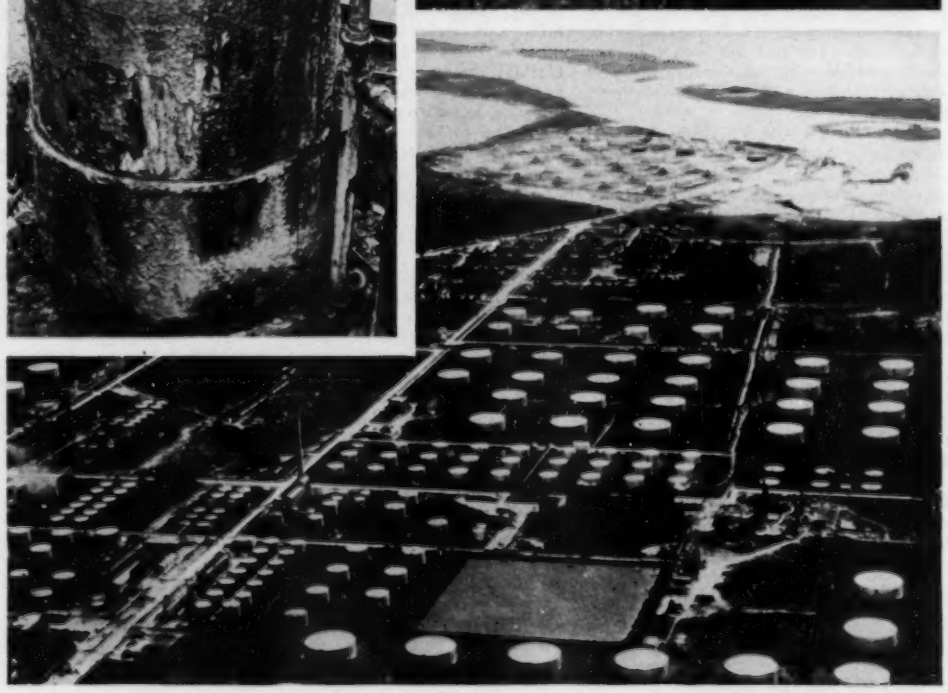
The *Vital Element*—iron silicate—is the corrosion-defying characteristic that has preserved this refinery and makes wrought-iron basically different from all other ferrous metals.

Modern demand for commercial metal that resists corrosion and successfully stands constant vibration has extended the use of genuine wrought-iron, so that each year witnesses establishment of new production and sales records.

In industry, office building or residence, Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe lasts as long as the places in which it is installed. Then, in many cases, it is ready to begin a new stretch of use!

Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe will serve better and last longer than any cheaper pipe you can buy. For your protection, the name "Byers" is imprinted in the metal. A Spiral Stripe of red is further assurance of genuineness. Demand Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe! Send for our booklet, "The Vital Element."

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.



The Baytown Refinery of the Humble Oil and Refining Company, in Texas. Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe is used extensively in modern oil industries.

BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON PIPE

AN INVESTMENT — NOT AN OUTLAY

PREVENTABLE BANK FAILURES

(Continued from Page 6)

That first period of fair-weather sailing ended with the development of our famous real-estate boom. I suppose no other boom ever got so much advertising, and that saves me the trouble of describing it. Everybody knows how real-estate prices doubled and doubled again. The $5000 lot sold for $10,000, then $20,000, and sometimes for $40,000.

That is a familiar story, but few people realized how it was affecting the banks in the boomed towns.

It is common knowledge that commercial banks which accept deposits payable on demand must not invest their funds in real estate and must not lend money on real-estate security. The national banking laws and the banking laws of every state that I know about strictly forbid banks to lend on real estate except in a very limited way. Signs are up all over the place that real estate is poison to banks, and they must not get into it. Everybody knew that. Of course, every banker knew it. Then how could a real-estate boom ruin scores of banks, unless they willfully shut their eyes to all the warnings and plunged in with criminal disregard for laws and for the safety of their depositors' money?

As Good as His Bonds

To illustrate the answer to that, take what I will call the John Doe loan. He was a man of good enough reputation who owned a couple of small rooming houses at the beginning of the boom. He sold them at a fine price and made some other profitable trades, with the result that he owned two lots salable at $75,000 and had $40,000 in cash. He proposed to put up an apartment building that would cost $125,000, making, with the lots, a value of $200,000, on which he wanted to borrow $115,000, secured by first mortgage. Certainly the bank would not lend him $115,000 of its depositors' money on that real estate. But its bond department could place with investors an issue of $115,000 first mortgage 8 per cent bonds, the mortgage running to the bank as trustee. There was no trouble at that time in finding investors to take the bonds.

The building started, but this was at the height of the boom, when buildings were popping up all over Florida. The railroads got so congested that they laid an embargo on freight shipments to the state. Builders bid up the price of materials and of labor, offering bonuses to carpenters, bricklayers, and so on. All this not only put costs away above the estimates but delayed the building, so it was not ready in time for the next winter's tourist season and a whole year's revenue was lost. Meanwhile, taxes and interest on the bonds were falling due. Doe's living expenses—marked up, like everything else in the boom—were going on. There was furniture to buy. Having started in this investment and sold the bonds, the bank felt the only thing to do was to carry it through.

The building really cost $156,000. A year's interest, taxes, insurance, furniture, Doe's living expenses and some sundries ran the total bill to $186,000. The loan, less the bank's commission of 5 per cent and incidental expenses, yielded $109,000 and Doe had $40,000. So the net of it was he owed the bank $37,000 when the boom collapsed. But by that time there were far too many apartment houses in town, the boom having brought a great overbuilding, and the apartment-house business had changed.

Advertising that the boom gave us sent tens of thousands of people to Florida who had never been there before. A great many of them came in automobiles. No doubt, with better roads and more automobiles more and more tourists would have come that way anyhow, but boom and motor invasion on a grand scale coincided, and ever since then an increasing proportion of the winter tourists have driven in. Up to about the end of the boom it was a fairly invariable rule for tourists to pick a town and lease a house or apartment there for the whole season. Few landlords would take them in any other way. So, once his house was full, the landlord was sure of a full season's rent. Now all that is changed. A great many motoring tourists want to stay a while in one town, then drive on to another. They refuse to rent by the season, and with an oversupply of rooms landlords have to take what they can get, which means that in many cases they miss a full season's income.

As I said a little while ago, before the boom a well-located, well-managed apartment house was a stable business. The landlord could sit down in November and count his season's income—which, of course, meant his year's income. But for the last three years it has been uncertain. Many landlords have found themselves with much idle space on their hands part or even all of the season.

All the same, John Doe's taxes and bond interest came, roughly, to $10,000 a year. The bank had recommended and sold the bonds. Naturally, it did not want them to go to default. Every year it seemed that next year would be better and give Doe what we called a normal income, which would enable him to pay interest and taxes and something on his floating debt. But there are always some little alterations and repairs to be made on a building, some furniture renewals. In short, every year, instead of being less in debt to the bank, John was a little more in debt. When the bank failed he owed it $51,000. The only tangible asset behind the debt is the equity in a piece of real estate that probably would not sell under the hammer today for enough to pay out the first-mortgage bonds, because the market is overstocked with apartment houses that are in distress and can be bought for less than they cost.

Few Inflation-Proof Banks

When it was evident that the cost of the building would run much above the estimates, the boom was going full blast. Doe's lots, that had been appraised at $75,000 six months before, would be appraised at probably 50 per cent more. Also, every apartment or house on the rental market was snapped up at 25 per cent or more above what it had rented for the season before, so a good apartment house looked like a bonanza. Advancing Doe enough more to complete and equip his building looked very reasonable then; and though the bank itself was not lending on real estate, it was lending to a man whose only asset was real estate. As I said, investors, nearly all Northerners, readily bought the John Doe bonds. Some of them got pinched in the collapse of the boom and borrowed from the bank, putting up Doe bonds as collateral. The receiver now has $13,000 worth of those bonds as the only tangible security to two loans. Thus the bank, though nominally not lending on real estate, has $64,000 in Doe's apartment house. I still think those bonds are good eventually, but "eventually" does not save a bank.

Other cases might be cited, the moral being that when there is a big inflation of prices anywhere, whether it is prices of real estate, stocks or commodities, some of that inflation is pretty sure to leak into the banks as a basis for bank credit. When the big smash happened in the stock market last fall, a lot of banks, in the country as well as in the city, found themselves holding stocks as collateral at prices above the market. A New York City banker said to me only a short time ago that one reason why the stock market failed to pick up was that banks were still feeding out their frozen collateral.

But there was a worse case than John Doe's. More than a year ago, the vice president, indulging in some painful reminiscences, said to me, "I don't, for the life of me, see how we ever came to make that loan." He was speaking of what may as well be called the Richard Roe loan. Roe was a very active and successful boom-time operator. At the time the loan was made I had no doubt he was worth at least $1,500,000. He got an option on a piece of property and sold it at a profit of $55,000. But there was a delay in completing the sale, his option was running out, and he needed a temporary accommodation—only a few days. The bank loaned him $40,000. Just then the boom began to crumble. The sale never was completed. By the time we got back to normalcy Roe was stony broke, and his note worth whatever it might bring as a souvenir.

Today it sounds crazy enough, but when the loan was made it sounded quite reasonable. Here was a man supposed to be worth $1,500,000 or more, with a profitable sale practically made. Probably if the bank had refused that temporary accommodation Roe would have been sore and taken his account away.

The Market-Price Compass

It simmers down to this: We all go on market price. In judging the value of anything as a basis of credit, we want to know what it will bring in the market today. Bankers and business men generally have been brought up on that. It is their compass. If a man begins to talk about what his property, of any kind, will be worth next year, or what it was worth last year, any experienced banker will immediately shy away. As a banker, all he wants to know is the price it will bring today. That is a sound, fundamental rule. Without it, the granting of credit would be all at sixes and sevens. Yet the rule has wrecked many more banks than any other one cause. Probably in the long run it has wrecked more banks than all other causes put together.

Normally, market price is a true compass to lay your course by. But when the mariner gets too far north or south his compass goes back on him. It will not guide him where he wants to go. When the market price of any sort of property rises rapidly for a considerable time, then market price becomes an unreliable guide. A rapid, continued rise in price sets up speculative excitement. Then men stop buying on the basis of what they think the property is worth now or in the reasonably near future. They take to buying on the basis of what they think the property will be worth sometime in the future. If it is real estate or stocks, for example, they will snap it up at such a price that the income yields only 2 per cent, or 1 per cent, or no per cent on the investment. They are not buying present realities but future expectations. So the price they pay for the property ceases to be a real guide to its value and becomes a false guide.

As I said before, if you approach an experienced lender with an application for a loan on any sort of property and begin telling him what it will sell for in a couple of years, he will stop you. "I want to know what it is worth today," he will say. But if you can get a lot of people excited about the property and bidding for it on the basis of what they think it will sell for in a couple of years, then the lender will say, "Of course; this is the market price and I will make you a loan on that basis." Lenders and granters of credit generally have been brought up on market price. When that compass becomes unreliable, they still follow it and get wrecked.

There is no practical difficulty in drawing the line. Prices are always fluctuating, but within certain limits and with up-and-down swings. A rapid, continuous rise in price means a boom. Everybody, whether he is a banker or a shoestring peddler,

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knows a boom when he sees one. No professor of economy with a book of logarithms and a slide rule is needed to point one out. Everybody knew the boom in commodity prices after the war, the boom in Western farm lands, the boom in sugar, the Florida-real-estate boom, the boom in stocks in 1928 and 1929, and so on. You don't need an expert to tell you when there is a boom, any more than you need one to tell you when it is raining. You hear it and see it on every side. Everybody recognizes it.

When we found ourselves in a real-estate boom we should have said, "These current market prices have become unreliable as a guide to values. In granting credit we will disregard them and take, instead, a two-year average price, or three-year, if the boom continues." If we had done that the bank would have been solvent today; and so, I believe, would every other bank that has failed in Florida, with possibly a few exceptions that had extraordinarily bad management; so, too, would almost all the banks that have failed in those states where the epidemic of failures raged. Cuba's sugar boom, and the stock boom, would not have hurt the banks.

Someone may object that now and then a rapid, continuous rise in prices proves to be permanent. That is true, but the above rule is just as valid for a lender all the same. If there are sound reasons why the rapid rise should prove permanent, those reasons will prevail, the rise will take place, and prices will be stabilized at the higher level. The restricting of credit will not prevent a legitimate rise from taking place. It will only make it more orderly and gradual, and it will damp down the dangerous speculative excitement which a rapid rise usually causes.

Suppose Florida bankers and lenders generally had refused to recognize boom prices as bases for credit, and taken instead a two-year or three-year average price. Then suppose we had struck oil, or something else had happened that justified the highest boom prices. Prices would have gone up to that high level, but less rapidly and with no danger of wrecking half the banks in the state. Speculators who wanted to trade wide on narrow margins would have been disappointed and sore, but that is all. In the United States, at least, we have much more to learn about refusing credit than about granting it. Lenders must get used to disappointing speculators. Credit is too easy.

Someone may say that experienced lenders do not stick to the old guide in a boom, but discount inflated prices by requiring somewhat wider margins. The history of booms in everything shows they do not discount prices enough. Their margin is still based on current prices, when they ought to take a two or three year average as the base.

The Chief Poison of Banks

As mentioned above, there have been 5600 bank failures in the last nine years. More than 1000 of them were in Iowa, Georgia and Florida. Two-thirds of the whole number were in eleven Southeastern, Southwestern, Middlewestern and Northwestern States where there had been considerable land booms. The warning signs are right; real estate has been the chief poison of banks. To be sure, the Middlewestern and Northwestern farmland booms happened quite a while ago. But banks do not fail during booms. In 1925, the height of the Florida boom, only one bank failed in the state, and that a very small concern in a village. The worst failures usually come some time afterward. A man does not die from cancer when he contracts it.

A bank that is insolvent in the sense that it could not possibly liquidate and pay its depositors may run for years. It might even run forever if no strain were put upon it. But the first hard strain to which it is subjected will break it.

Besides having had some land booms, one other notable thing is characteristic of the eleven states where bank failures were epidemic. There were decidedly too many banks. That is clearly the fault of the banking authorities, and can be remedied at once by better laws and administration. A good many years ago the Comptroller of the Currency, who issues charters for new national banks, took a healthy stand against superfluous competing banks. Ever since then, I believe, it has been the general policy of the Comptroller's office to refuse to charter a new bank in a town that already has as many banks as its total banking business will justify, so that the new bank cannot reasonably hope to get a profitable volume of business without taking it away from established institutions. It is good policy, but in spite of it there have been some new national banks that the town could get along very well without.

There are more than twice as many state banks as national, and according to my observations, when it comes to any real protection to the public, your state banking department is apt to be the weaker sister. Certainly state banking departments have ladled out new bank charters with too liberal a hand. I do not need to argue the point that two strong banks are much more useful to any community than half a dozen weak ones. If there are two strong banks and two weak ones, the latter imperil the whole situation. In many cases, weak banks, by failing, have pulled down others that would have survived but for the check to confidence caused by the weak failures.

Danger From Weak Competitors

It is often the case that a weak bank, struggling for enough business to keep alive, is a bad competitor. In reaching for new accounts it is apt to make reckless inducements and to do business for nothing in order to get the business on its books. No bank, however strong, relishes losing a good account. Sometimes it will make unprofitable concessions to meet the competition. In spite of land booms and other errors, there would not have been such an epidemic of bank failures if there had been a really intelligent limitation on the chartering of new banks.

When you come to examine in some detail those 5600 failures in the last nine years, you find that more than 60 per cent of the banks had a capital of not more than $25,000 and were located in towns of not more than 1000 population. I notice this has been used pretty freely as an argument for branch banking. Under that system, big-city banks would be permitted to set up branches, either all over the country or throughout a wide area that is tributary to their cities. That, of course, is the European system. A handful of great banks, with head offices in London, Paris, Berlin, and so on, do almost all the banking business of the nation, operating in other cities and in country towns through branch offices. Formerly, I have read, there were a good many independent banks scattered over those countries, but the branch-banking system has practically wiped them out. There is no reason to doubt that a branch-banking system in this country would, before long, practically wipe out the independent local banks. The independent local bank would be faced with the alternative of selling out to the big-city bank or meeting the competition of a rival a great many times larger than itself. Probably in the end it would sell, especially as big-city banks, reaching out for branches in competition with one another, would offer a round price. If it didn't sell, the local bank would probably find hard sledding. No $100,000 relishes competition with $50,000,000.

Perhaps, because my experience has been with such institutions, I am prejudiced in favor of the independent local bank. But prejudice aside, I do not believe that a reasonable man who looks over the evidence will say that the bank failures, bad as they are, give a sufficient reason for discarding the American independent-bank system and adopting the European branch-bank system. An argument may be made for permitting a bank to set up a branch office in a smaller town or village in its own county, just as national and state banks in big cities are now permitted to set up branches in their own municipalities.

There are villages where there is not enough banking business to justify the establishment of an independent bank, with its inevitable overhead, but with our good roads and automobiles there will seldom be such a village—at least in those parts of the United States that I have any acquaintance with—where it would be any real hardship for the villager to go to a near-by larger town for his banking business. The village may still want a banking office, in the hope of drawing the trade of farmers who would otherwise go to a larger town where there is a bank. But if there is not banking business enough to support a bank except by taking business away from an established institution, then no bank charter should be granted. It might be arranged for a bank in a larger town to set up a branch office there. But that is a very different proposition from thoroughgoing branch banking.

Without doubt, 5600 bank failures in nine years is a scandalous record. But two-thirds of them occurred in eleven states where there had been some booms and where decidedly too many banks had been chartered. These eleven states, with nearly 3700 bank failures in the nine years, had, at the beginning of this year, about $6,000,000,000 in bank deposits. At the same time, all of New England and New Jersey had $8,500,000,000 of bank deposits, but in the same nine years only eighteen banks had failed there. Both regions, of course, operated under the American system of independent local banks. Eighteen bank failures in New England and New Jersey in nine years are exactly eighteen too many. But advocates of branch banking should take the best examples of the present system as well as the worst. Against Iowa, with 528 failures in nine years, they should set Connecticut, with bank deposits half again as large and only two failures. Against Georgia and Florida, with 499 failures, they should put Vermont and New Hampshire, with only one. And it should be noted that in regions where bank mortality has been highest, thousands of independent local banks that were conservatively managed have been solvent. There is no reason inherent in the situation why a small independent bank cannot be as safe as a big one. It can diversify its investments by buying commercial paper and even making call loans through its big-city correspondent.

Booms Carried on Credit

I have heard it said that since we have the Federal Reserve System there is no excuse for a bank failure, and no bank failure is honest. I agree that there is no good excuse for a bank failure, but I would naturally take an exception to the second count in the indictment. Very few banks have failed in the last nine years through defalcations or other criminal acts. It is probable, also, that few, or none, have failed and left the management with a clear conscience. In every case, or nearly every case, the management can look back and see where it made fatal mistakes that ought to have been avoided. But in a great majority of cases to charge downright dishonesty is too harsh a judgment. If the banker cannot say he is innocent, he can plead extenuating circumstances.

It is not a baby act to point out that every boom is carried on credit, so in a boom the pressure on a bank for credit is much greater than in normal conditions. People have a right to demand that a banker be decidedly more conservative in extending credit than other business men are, but they may remember, in judging him afterward, that in asking that of him in a boom they are asking him to swim against the current. I have heard harsh criticisms here from men who were wild-eyed boomers themselves when the boom was on. Of course, what they did is no excuse for the banker, but it might temper their judgment somewhat.

To some extent, the boom will get into the bank anyway. For example, one of the best accounts on the bank's books was that of X, a merchant who had been in business successfully for nearly twenty years. He did not dabble in real estate himself. But boom crowds came in 1922, '23 and '24, larger every year. Buildings were going up all over town. People were buying them, renting them and furnishing them. X had to scramble to keep up his stock of goods. His store was overcrowded. Naturally, as it seemed at the time, he built an addition to the store. Of course, he paid more than the lot was really worth, and the building cost more than it should. He laid in a much bigger stock than ever before. He was a victim of boom credit too. People had been buying very freely, whether they could pay freely or not, so his bills and accounts receivable were badly swollen. When the boom collapsed he was heavily in debt, heavily overstocked and loaded up with receivables, many of which were doubtful or bad. Naturally, part of that load fell on the bank which was lugging some of it at the time of the failure.

Frost-Bitten Banks

Y, a dealer in building materials—also a first-rate account up to the boom—was in just about the same boat. He built a large new warehouse, overstocked and had a lot of poor accounts on his books. There was not a single mercantile account in the bank that did not get some boom inflation in it. These are illustrations of the hard fact that any large inflation is quite sure to get into the banks. Accounts like X and Y weaken a bank, but they do not really break it. They weaken it because they are what you might call badly frost-bitten. Except in an extreme pinch, the bank must carry them along until they work out, or until it seems clear they are not going to work out. But they are not absolutely frozen paper. Merchandise can always be liquidated—stocks of goods can be sold, even if it is at a sacrifice. There may be some final loss to the bank, but hardly a death blow.

If there is a boom, I believe it is fairly impossible to keep boom inflation entirely out of the bank. It will seep in through the walls. That is all the greater reason for not opening the door to it. The bank must realize that, at the best, boom means some peril to it; so it must be decidedly more vigilant than ever. It can hardly avoid X and Y, but it can avoid John Doe and Richard Roe. Its first rule of safety must be that when prices rise rapidly for some time, market price becomes a false guide and is to be disregarded. It must fall back on a two or three year average price. That rule, and a reasonable limitation on the spawning of new banks, would have prevented the epidemic of bank failures the last nine years.

I hear that some banks have failed in the West through a succession of crop failures. That may be so, but it must be an exceptionally unfortunate locality where crops fail year after year. Undoubtedly, banks have failed when there has been no boom. Five a year failed in Florida before the boom. Recently a paper reported that a Northern bank had failed because one of its officers had stolen several hundred thousand dollars. There are various ways, not mentioned here, in which the banking system can be strengthened. I am not offering a patent cure-all to prevent all loss to depositors. Half a dozen Western States thought they had found such a cure-all when they set up state-managed systems of guaranteeing bank deposits, but all of them have had to give it up. Finally, as a matter of course, whether banks are big or little, there is no cure-all except intelligent management. But it is the epidemic of failures that has brought the independent bank system under attack. That is preventable. Fruit fly in Florida is not a good reason for cutting down orchards in Connecticut.

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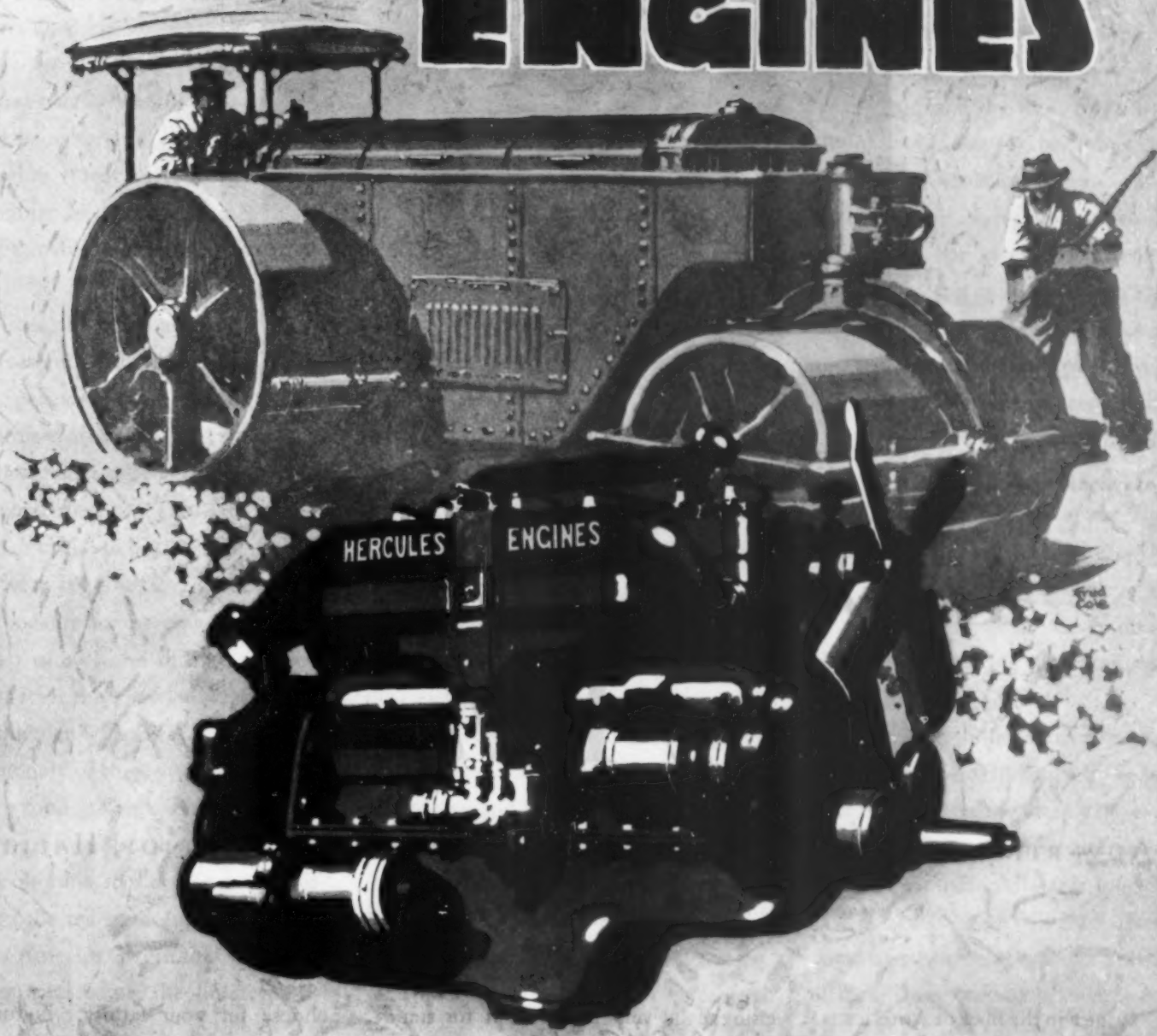

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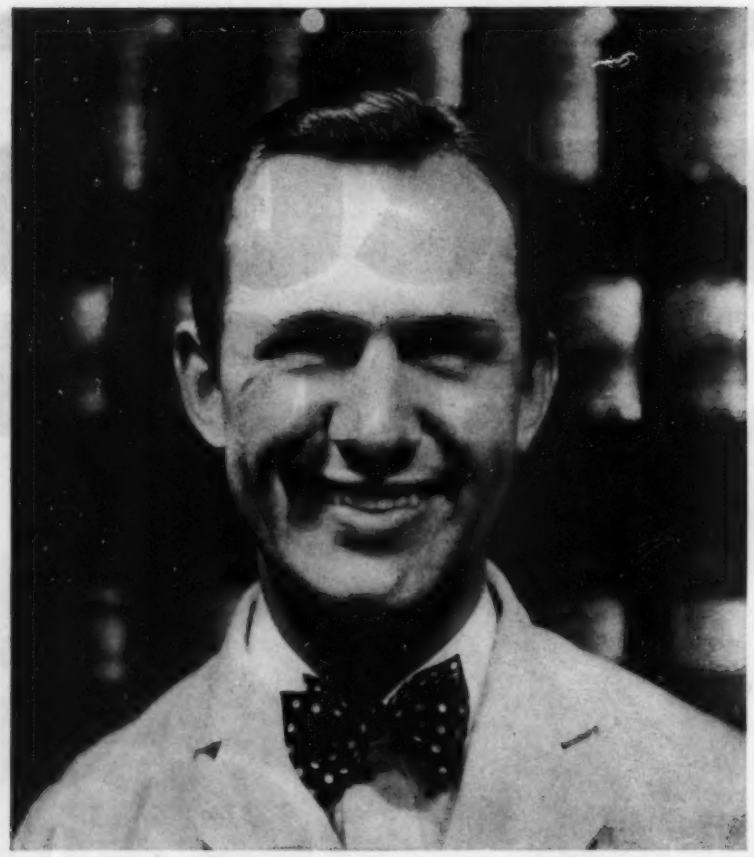

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This giant was intended to serve us, and has in many fields. Hundreds of articles such as the automobile, the radio and the telephone could be afforded and enjoyed by very few, except for standardization. But standardization is being carried too far and in some cases upon levels that are too low.

Some standards seek to profit by the ignorance or indifference of the public. Plainly, it is mediocrity rather than superiority that seeks to set many of the standards which we are asked to accept.

For example, consider the important matter of the foods you eat and that you choose for your family. Nature produces a vast tonnage of foods — only a part of which is superior. The least superior is known as "standard." The next grade above is "choice" or "extra-standard." The finer foods are known as "fancy." Some food items even exceed the "fancy" requirements.

When you ask at the store for "a can of standard peaches" or when you say "any standard coffee will do," you are

asking for articles which may be both wholesome and palatable. But you are not asking for foods of superior quality, and this is a fact which all discriminating people should clearly understand.

In applying the principle of standardization to foods, it is inevitable that the foods produced in largest quantities should be standardized. These lower grades are readily obtainable, and hence are offered at somewhat lower prices than the finer foods, which are not obtainable in so great volume.

In all lines, the best foods are those carefully cultivated over long periods of years in special limited areas. In no case do these finer foods come from impoverished soil. The elements essential to health are derived at the source.

Fine foods are not merely the result of soil and climate. They require as well the knowledge, skill and *pride* of the men who grow them. There is no monopoly of these attributes. Here and there food growers with the craftsman spirit are found, on the coffee plantations of Colombia, in the spice gardens of Araby, on the tea terraces of Ceylon, as well as in America. From these growers and their kind come the finest foods.

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Naturally, he belongs to our system of distribution just as we belong to his. He is the proper merchant to sell the finer things that we draw from the five continents and through the seven seas.

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LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 5)

days, as there is today, an abundance of splendid schools in which a boy or girl could get a thorough grounding, if not a very lengthy one, in the rudiments of practical education. Scotland has always been famous for its schools and schooling, and it is but stating a commonly acknowledged fact to assert that this has had much to do with the preëminence of the Scottish race the wide world over.

I was sent first to St. Andrew's Parish School, facing Glasgow Green. The headmaster was one Lochhead, of whose scholarship and faculties for bringing out the best that was in a boy my mother had frequently heard. My school fees were threepence a week; the money being paid over to the headmaster every Monday morning. Mr. Lochhead was a Scottish dominie of the old type, wise, solemn and severe, but with a kindly disposition peeping out, unwillingly almost, in many of his actions. He earned the unbounded respect of the majority of his pupils. The wilder spirits among them might try a trick or two with him now and then, but they only did it once. I cannot say that I was either a favorite or a very diligent pupil at St. Andrew's. Indeed, my mother came to the conclusion that I was not making sufficient progress under Mr. Lochhead, and she moved me to another school for a short period. Here, however, the results were definitely not what my mother had hoped for, and back again I was dispatched to St. Andrew's where I remained until the close of my school career. Mr. Lochhead lived to a ripe old age, and I may be pardoned for saying that throughout the later years of his life he was very proud of his old pupil, Tommy Lipton.

By the time I had entered my teens I had grown into a big, strong lad with my fair share of mischief and devilment. I was always ready for any fun or frolic that happened to be going on. There were lots of lads of my own age in Crown Street and round about the district, and I was a ringleader in all manner of ploys and escapades and adventures. Mere high spirits were responsible for our forming ourselves into what we called the Crown Street Clan and going forth to find what excitement we could in attacking combinations of boys from other quarters of the town. Sometimes we lost and sometimes we won. But you may depend upon it that we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Battling the Bully of Crown Street

As a leader in these street battles I had learned how to use my fists. In my young days in Glasgow any boy who did not know how to defend himself when called upon was regarded by his pals as a "fushionless craitur." Generally a boy had to go through it before he was admitted a member of any local gang, and by his conduct and bearing in a series of fistic encounters was his reputation made or marred. How well do I remember my first real fight. Wullie was the son of a butcher, and he was known as the bully of Crown Street. He was a great hulking lout of a boy and we smaller fellows had to pay him tribute at every game of marbles we played. One day, however, my young blood got the better of me and I flatly refused to part with some of the bools I had won in fair contest. He threatened me, and although I was much younger than he was, I thereupon challenged him to fight. Most of my comrades urged me to withdraw, telling me point-blank that Wullie would kill me. Others urged me to put a stop, once and for all—if I were able, that is to say—to the domination of the bully. "A fight! A fight!"—the words ran through our street like wildfire. Off we went, principals and supporters, to a court at the back of Crown Street where there was little chance of the combat being overlooked or interfered with.

Those were the days when the pugilistic encounters between Heenan and Sayers, and other famous English and American champions, had captured the imagination of every mother's son on both sides of the Atlantic. Everything was done according to rule. The combatants retired each into his corner and proceeded to strip to the waist. In the meantime, seconds were appointed, also a referee and a timekeeper—the latter being the only youth in the whole crowd who could produce a watch. In fact, the preliminaries to the fight could not have been more scientifically conducted had they been in charge of Jack Dempsey himself, or the chairman of the New York Athletic Club. Time was duly called and at it we went, hammer and tongs. Round after round I came up for my medicine. But I gave Wullie a good deal more than he bargained for. The upshot of it all was that I received a severe beating, my seconds throwing in the towel at the end of the fifth or sixth round. Far from lording his success over me and my companions, I must hand it to Wullie that he left us alone for the future. As a result of my fight with the bully, my stock soared high among all the boys of the district. My mother was much distressed when she learned that I had been fighting, but I fancied I saw a merry twinkle in my father's eye when I told him that I had stood up for so many rounds against Wullie, the butcher's boy.

A Literal Slough of Despond

Another adventure I had at this time I can recall as clearly as if it had happened yesterday. The Crown Street boys had much annoyed a certain peeler—as we used to call a policeman—by refusing to desist from playing some of our noisy games in the center of the thoroughfare. He swore to get even with us, and particularly with that "young varmint, Tommy Lipton." Suddenly, in the middle of a game, our enemy appeared as if from nowhere. With his coat tails flying and holding his high hat with one hand and gripping his baton in the other, he charged down on our gang. It was obvious from the start that he intended to collar me. I ran as hard as my legs could carry me, visions of the birch rod flaming in my mind, and it was only by doubling up a through-going close that I was able, for the time being, to get away from the limb of the law. At the top of the close was a place known as Kerr's Byre—a byre in Scotland is a building in which cows are housed—and in my anxiety to escape from the pursuing peeler, I jumped onto a rubbish heap in order to scale a wall on the other side of which was a road to safety.

Alas, the mound was nothing like so solid as I had expected it to be, and down I sank to my armpits in mud and glar. To add to my discomfiture, the officer came up, but instead of arresting me, he started to laugh and jeer at my calamity. "Serves ye right, me lad!" he said, and left me to wriggle my way out of the mess as best I could. Stealthily making my way in the direction of a public pump in Govan Street, an object of misery to myself and amusement to others, I there did my best to purify myself. My misfortune awakened the compassion of an old cobbler's wife, who took me into the little kitchen behind her husband's shop, stripped off my clothes, rolled me in a blanket and put me to bed. Then she washed and dried my clothes, so that, two hours later, I was able to present myself at home with little outward appearance of the disaster that had overtaken me.

Looking back on those days now, I come to the conclusion that in spite of the schoolboy pranks and the exciting hours as leader of the Crown Street Clan, my happiest days were spent by the riverside. As business in the little shop increased, my visits with my wheelbarrow to the Irish steamer became more and more frequent. Some days the ship would be late and at other times I had to wait quite a long while until my little share of the big cargo was hoisted on to the quay. These periods of waiting I utilized to the full by wandering all over the wharves and docks, studying the different steamers and craft of all kinds using the wonderful man-made river of Clyde. I spoke to sailors, stevedores, dock laborers, engineers. My favorite question was: "Where has your ship come from?" In this way did I learn more geography than I ever picked up at school, for I bought a cheap map of the world and found immense delight in tracing the voyages of the various ships—this one from China, that from Calcutta, the next from far Peru.

The American passenger boats always held my unbounded admiration. They were mere cockleshells compared to the magnificent liners which now carry me to and from America several times a year, but to my boyhood's eye they were immense galleons linking Scotland with the El Dorados of the West, and of which everybody was now beginning to speak with almost bated breath. One afternoon I saw a party of emigrants boarding a steamer bound for New York. How I wished I could have made one of the party! New York, at that time, was becoming a magic name for ambitious youths the world over, and secretly I determined that some day I would see the great city myself, and perhaps even penetrate the mysteries of the Golden West.

In this way I developed a passion for ships and shipping, for everything connected with the ocean, from the greatest steamers that sailed the seas, down to the little boats and sailing craft thronging the waters of the Clyde below and above the old Broomielaw Bridge. This passion has never left me and is, indeed, stronger in my breast today than ever it was. By the time I was eleven years old I could ply a pair of oars or single-scull a coble and very soon afterward sail a lugsail boat with the best of the Clydeside watermen. It is true that I did not get many chances of sailing, but every now and then, when I had saved up a few coppers, I would hire a catboat and indulge my hobby to the full.

The First Shamrock

My debut as a yachtsman took place when I was about eleven years old! As a matter of fact, I founded a yacht club and was its first commodore. It came about in this way: So keen was I on ships and yachts that I resolved to build a model with my own hands. From the massive lid of an old wooden chest I carved, with infinite labor, and by the use of an old gully knife, the hull of a boat to which I afterward added a mast and bowsprit with rigging. The sails I made of strong paper. When all was shipshape I carried this much-treasured craft to a field known as the High Green, not far from Crown Street. In this field were several huge holes, relicts of old brick-making operations, which had become filled up with muddy water, and on the largest of these ponds I launched my first yacht. Can you fancy what her name was? The Shamrock. Joy of joys! Not only did she float, and on an even keel, but she sailed across the pond like a thing of life at the first time of asking. Not once in all the crowded years which have come and gone since then have I ever recaptured the thrill of the launch and the first "voyage" of the original Shamrock.

My companions quickly followed me in this new and absorbing game. They, too, built boats after the fashion of my own, and soon yacht racing on the water holes of the High Green became the order of the day. Boat was matched against boat. Improvements in build and rig were constantly tried out. Challenges were thrown out and accepted. The stakes were generally a certain number of bools, and these were deposited before the race in the bannet of Commodore Tommy Lipton. As the founder of the new sport and of the club,

(Continued on Page 137)

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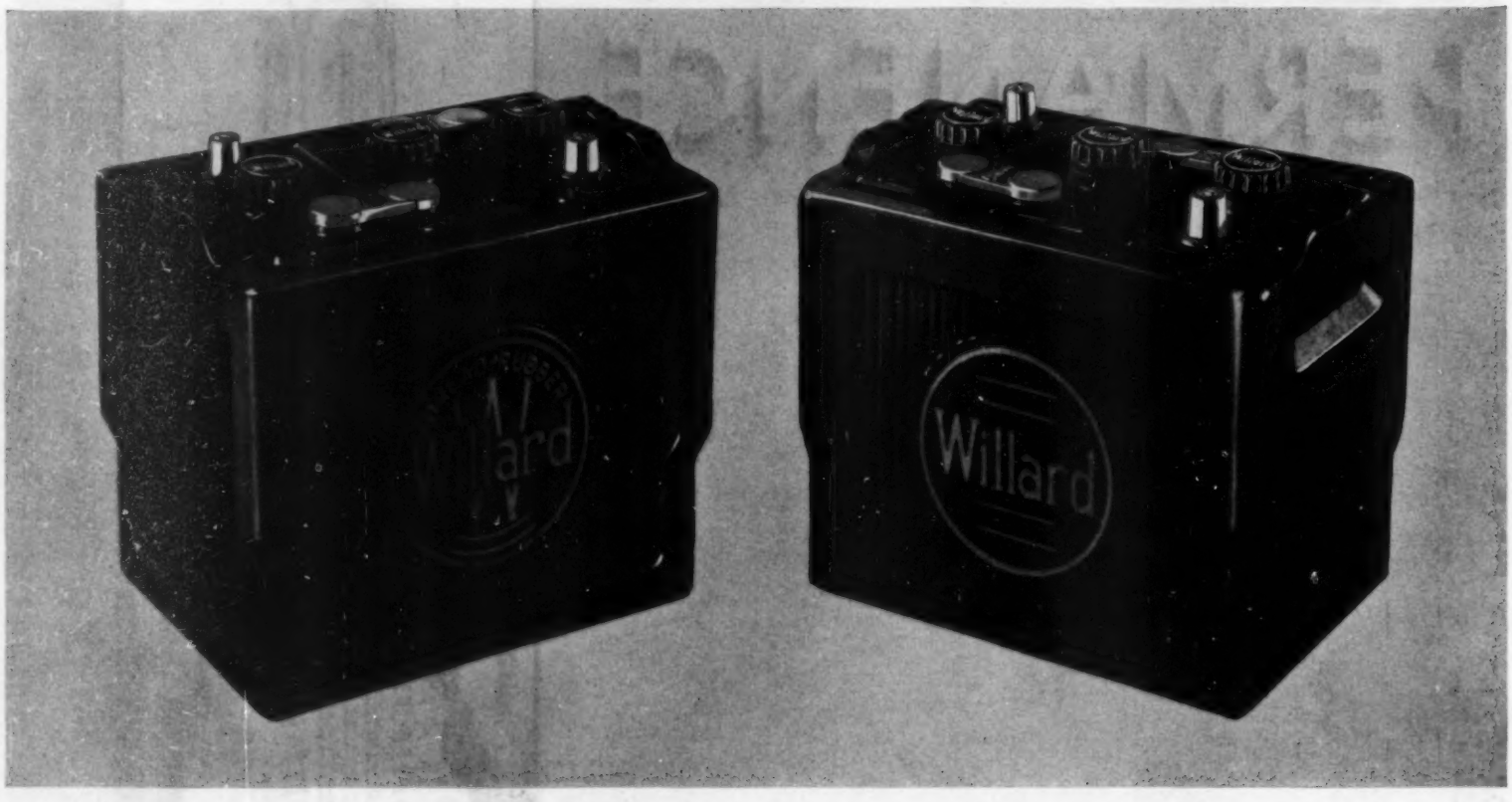

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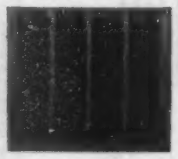

Thread-Rubber insulation unites the electrical insulating value and durability of rubber with the porosity of cotton threads. You can get it only in a Willard.

Wherever you buy a Willard storage battery, whatever type you choose, you can always be sure of getting sound quality. Thirty-three years of experience have taught Willard that the best battery that can be made is always the best value for its customers.

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In its wood-insulated batteries Willard incorporates the same design, quality of material and workmanship as are used in a Thread-Rubber insulated battery. Their insulation is genuine Port Orford cedar, scientifically treated.

If your present battery is a Willard, you are aware of the quality built into every Willard. If you have a Thread-Rubber insulated battery you know also about the additional service and satisfaction you receive from Thread-Rubber insulation.

Willard wood-insulation is made from selected Port Orford cedar, chemically treated and dark-room inspected.

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TELEPHONE AND COMMUNICATIONS
TAXICABS
OIL CIRCUIT BREAKERS
DIESEL ENGINES
DITCHING MACHINERY
ALL INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

(Continued from Page 134)

my word in all matters affecting the races was accepted as absolute. In all the important races I acted as referee, unless, of course, the Shamrock was a competitor. I won many races and lost a few. And I think I can say with all truth that it was on the muddy banks of the clay holes in High Green that I learned one of the greatest lessons in life—how to win with pleasure and lose with a smile.

Childhood, after all, is the one really blissful period in existence. It matters not whether the child be born of low estate or cradled in the lap of luxury; there is something in the early years that has little to do with environment, but which insists on every child having its fair share of a certain type of happiness. Although as a boy I was poor, I was rich in the possession of parents whose home influence was always of the best. Home is the laboratory of character, the one spot where early and lasting impressions are formed for good or ill. True, I had to make the streets and the docks and the old brickyard ponds my playgrounds, but they yielded me a much wider area for fun and frolic, for roving in the lands of imaginary adventure and make-believe so dear to the heart of a boy, than ever I could have obtained in the most palatial nursery of the biggest castle in Scotland. They gave me, too, a more liberal education in the give-and-take, the rough-and-tumble of life than I could have got as a high-school graduate. By mixing freely with other children, I early came to a knowledge of human nature and the necessity of keeping my own end up. We are told that the race is "not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There may be exceptions to the general rule; in my case, it was borne in upon me very early that the race is usually won by the person who is both swift and strong!

I seem to have had a dash of both qualities. For without asking my parents' permission, I left school and took my first job. Business had been very bad in the wee shop for some months. Profits were scarcely sufficient to keep the household going in the bare necessities. The few sovereigns my father and mother had been able to save when trade was fair were gradually eaten up, and there came a time when it was very doubtful if the shop could continue to pay its way. I was only between nine and ten years of age, but I realized how tight was the corner in which the Lipton family now found themselves. My heart ached to see my father looking sad and worried, and my mother, with her usual courage, pretending that she wasn't. I must do something to help them, I told myself. Taking my school bag with me, I left the house one dismal November morning in 1860. But I did not go to school. Wandering round the city, I found myself in Glassford Street, and my eye was suddenly attracted to the familiar notice, "Boy Wanted: Apply Within," stuck up in the window of a shop occupied, as the nameplate above the door indicated, by A. &. W. Kennedy, Stationers. Without a second's hesitation, I walked into the shop and asked if the job—nodding in the direction of the window—had been filled. The manager replied that it hadn't and gave me a rapid glance up and down. "You can start at once," was all that he said, adding as a sort of afterthought, "Your wages will be half a crown a week." Five minutes afterward I was polishing the street window.

The Proudest Boy in Glesca Toon

At the end of the day's work I ran all the way home to impart the good news to my father and mother. My father smiled his droll smile, but my mother started to weep; a proceeding which I could not understand at the time, for I was hoping she would be overjoyed at my pluck and success. At first she wanted me to give up the job and return to school, but this I would not listen to. The first day of independence and freedom had whetted my appetite; I was full of enthusiasm and self-confidence, certain that I was on the highroad to fame and fortune. To abandon the post I had been so lucky to secure was unthinkable. Besides, I argued, I would be earning money and helping to keep myself. At the end my parents capitulated and I went to bed that night the proudest little chap in Glesca Toon.

School inspectors were then unknown. There was no education authority to interfere with any lad who wished to work, or was driven out to work by necessity, no matter how young he might be, and so I became one of those curious little bundles of humanity that marked the pre-school board era—half boy, half man. The hours I was called upon to work were long and the labor hard for a child of ten, but my employers were decent, honest Glasgow tradesmen and I served them with a willing, joyful heart. When, at the end of my first week, I received the shining half crown—two shillings and sixpence, or slightly more than half a dollar—which was my reward for six days of such work as your modern boy would most certainly refuse to tackle, I felt that the wide world was mine for the taking. Tightly clenching the half crown in my right hand and keeping that same right hand deep hidden in my trousers pocket, I hurried to the wee shop in Crown Street and proudly placed my wages in my mother's lap. You can imagine for yourself our combined emotions.

A Nose for a Bonnet

Some few years ago, as honorary colonel of the Sixth Highland Light Infantry, with a thousand of the finest men in the world marching behind me, I rode past that same shop in Glassford Street in which I started work. I had to swallow hard and set my chin. Each beat of the big drum brought clearer to my memory the days when the salesman in the shop stamped his heel on the floor and, in obedience to the summons, I used to come running up from the basement to be dispatched upon some errand. I recalled, too, how often in the old days, at the sound of martial music, I had stolen out of the old shop, undetected, to see a regiment of soldiers go past and listen to the skirl of the pipes. And now I was a colonel myself in brave red uniform and riding a prancing horse! Could I ever in my wildest boyish dreams have conceived of such a transformation?

During the next few years I plunged pretty deeply into the rush and turmoil of industrial life in the West Country, as Glasgow and the surrounding district are known all over Scotland. Tempted by a rise in wages from half a crown to four shillings a week, I left the Kennedys and went to Messrs. Tillie and Henderson, then, as now, trading at 39 Miller Street, and then, as they still are, the largest firm of shirt makers in Glasgow. I believe they claim to make more shirts than any other firm in the world. My job here was the singularly dull and uninspiring task of cutting cloth patterns and gumming them into the sample books carried by travelers. But there were occasional interludes to vary the monotony. For instance, I had a terrific fight with another boy in the pattern department one day. I did not know that the head of the firm, Mr. Henderson, an elderly Scot of stern countenance, and a martinet to business application on the part of his staff, had an office on the second floor from which he could step out and look down, unseen, on the workers below. Unfortunately for me, he was a spectator of this combat, in which I was an easy victor, the other boy retiring from the fray with a bleeding nose and a black eye. The boss promptly sent for me and upbraided me for my disgraceful conduct in business hours.

"What explanation have you to offer?" he asked.

"I hit him, sir," I answered, "because he cut the toorie aff ma bonnet."

"That does not justify your making a fellow's nose bleed," said my angry chief.

"Well, I maun admit I can get a new bonnet and he canna' get a new nose," I answered.

After I had been at Tillie and Henderson's for a month or two I thought I was

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FOR SHORT STOPS AND LONG SERVICE

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Please "prescribe" for my brakes. Make of car.....

year..... I have my brakes serviced at.....

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STREET.....

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entitled to a raise in my pay. So I wrote out an application asking for an extra shilling a week. This I slipped in among the firm's letters one morning. Convinced that my whole future lay in how this request would be answered, I anxiously waited the result.

At the end of a day or two I received a penciled note from the cashier. All it contained was the following:

You are getting as much as you are worth, and you are in a devil of a hurry asking for a raise.

Time has a curious way of ringing the changes, however. The next letter to reach me from this same firm was not written until many years later. As a matter of fact, I received it in 1915, as I was about to leave England with one of my Red Cross parties on my steam yacht Erin, bound for Salonica, en route for Serbia.

Signed by D. A. Sinclair, chairman of the firm, the letter ran as follows:

Dear Sir Thomas: A young lady friend whom I have known for many years is going out to Serbia as a V. A. D. nurse in your next Red Cross party, and if at any time you find you can render her any little attention, I should be greatly obliged, as she is a personal friend of my wife and daughters.

On receipt of this, I at once told my secretary to ring up the writer on the telephone. I then went to the phone myself and promised to do all I could for the young lady.

I next asked Mr. Sinclair, "Are you the same Mr. Sinclair who worked in Tillie and Henderson's when I was there as a lad, or was it your father?" and he replied, "It was I."

"Why," I said, "I remember you well, although you were much higher up than I was; you wore a frock coat."

Turning the Tables

I then went on to say: "What a contrast this letter is from the last one I received from your firm! When I got that last letter I was working for four shillings a week and had just asked for a shilling raise, and the only reply I got was a penciled scrap of paper from the cashier, saying I was getting as much as I was worth and was in a devil of a hurry asking for a raise. And now the chairman writes to ask me to look after a friend who is going out with the party of doctors, nurses and orderlies I am taking with me on my hospital ship, Erin, to Salonica."

Poor Mr. Sinclair hesitated and appeared to be embarrassed. Then he heard me laughing at my end of the telephone and realized that I was only pulling his leg. He became from then onwards one of my greatest friends.

The curt refusal of my application for a raise in wages discontented me at Tillie and Henderson's, and, although I stayed on for a period, I lost all my enthusiasm for the dreary task of cutting out shirt patterns. During the few months I remained in their employment I attended a night school in Rutherglen Road.

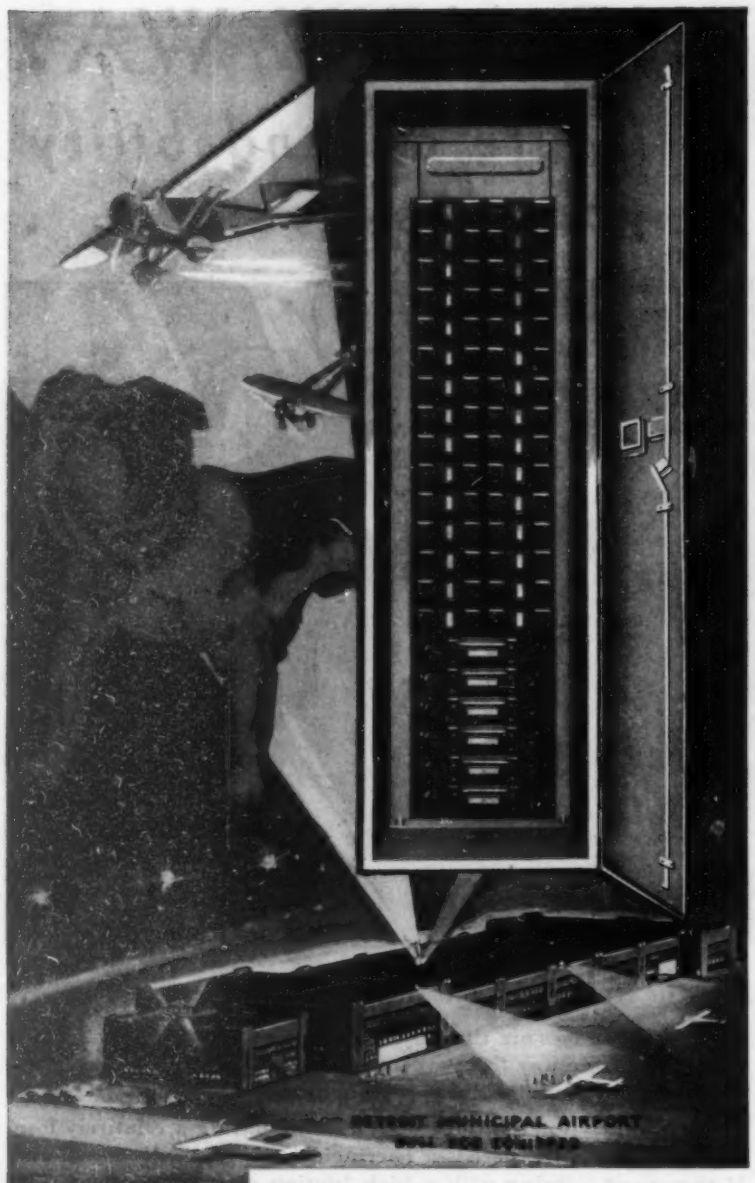
Getting Even With Specky

The master of my class at this night school was known to everybody in the district as Auld Specky. That he was sound enough in the fundamentals of his profession I have no doubt, and must admit that I made considerable progress under his tuition. But Specky was a whole-hearted adherent of the Biblical theory about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. Heavens, how he must have loved us! During school hours we even trembled when he looked at us, and few of the pupils escaped condign punishment from time to time.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that several of his juvenile victims, immediately their school periods were over, laid plans for getting a bit of their own back. With the assistance of two other erstwhile scholars who had often felt the weight of the master's tawse, I paid a surprise visit to the school at an hour when we knew Specky would be alone. Having tied the door handle firmly with rope, so that he could not get out, we plugged the keyhole with an evil-smelling substance known in these days as Diel's Fodder, which we had purchased from a Crown Street druggist's shop. This awful compound we then lighted. By the aid of pipe shanks we blew the fumes into the schoolroom. Specky's rage and mortification and utter discomfort we beheld gloatingly from one of the windows, and it was not until the wretched dominie was nearly suffocated that we freed the door and allowed him to make his escape.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Blackwood. The next will appear in an early issue.

On the Eastern Shore of Maryland



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AIRPORTS and airplane factories must anticipate their future needs in this rapidly developing industry. That is why—almost universally—they choose Bull Dog Centrols (Panelboards).

Their unit construction provides for future changes and added circuits, giving that unusual flexibility which is exclusive with Bull Dog Centrols.

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THE NEW METAL THAT STAYS BRIGHT FOR A LIFETIME

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UNPLATED—UNRUSTING—UNSTAINING

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Allegheny Metal stays forever bright and satin-smooth. It can't rust. It can't stain or discolor. Not being plated, there is nothing to chip, crack, or flake off. Despite its strength, it is thoroughly workable. It never requires polishing. You merely wipe it over with a damp cloth.

This new metal is destined to enter your life in some form very soon. If you are about to buy a new car, ask if the headlights and bright trim are Allegheny Metal. The Ford Motor Company was the first car manufacturer to see the great value of this material. It forms the bright parts of the new Ford body types.

If you are seeking things for the home—pans, cooking utensils—you can lighten housekeeping tasks by simply asking the sales-clerk, "Is this Allegheny Metal?"

Architects and builders can make ornamental metal-work permanently beautiful with its use. Its tremendous strength makes it ideal where beauty and utility must be combined.

And if you are a manufacturer, this new metal offers a way to improve your product and your profits. Allegheny Metal is available in commercial shapes, sizes and forms. Write to us for further information regarding its use.

Allegheny Metal is perfectly adapted to the flat surfaces of modern design. It is used in this design by Raymond M. Hood in the architectural exhibit in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

The headlights and other bright parts of the new Ford body types are of Allegheny Metal which retains its glossy finish without polishing.

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1. Unrusting . . . unstaining . . . untarnishing.
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3. Twice the tensile strength of mild steel.
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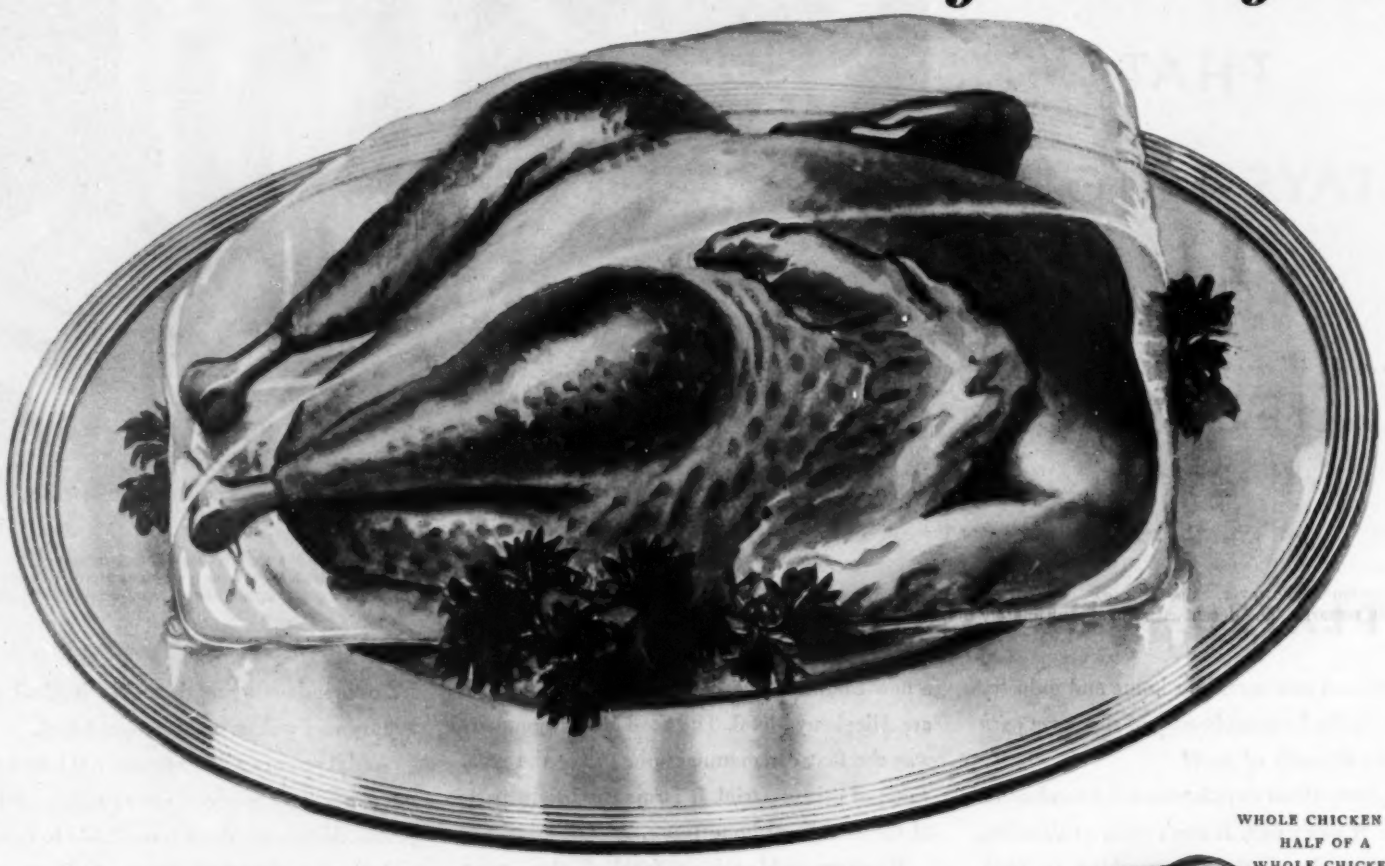

Already Cooked—All Ready to Eat

ALL you do is open the package. The chicken is already cooked in its own jellied juices. Many food stores keep them chilled for instant use—or an hour or two in your own refrigerator is enough.

Flavor-Sealed cooking saves the juices and flavors which ordinary cooking loses. It cooks flavor *in*, not out. You get a juicy, delightful delicacy of flavor you have rarely tasted. A wonderful summer-time dinner.

Served hot, a Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken needs only heating and browning—for it is already cooked. It gives you fried chicken "quick as toast." And the savory juices make wonderful soups and gravies.

Hormel chicken is a whole or half chicken—not dismembered nor cut up nor boned. It is a selected milk-fed chicken, plucked and cleaned to perfection, each chicken inspected and certified to be healthy and wholesome by U. S. Government inspectors. The perfect Hormel chicken is then sealed in its individual package and cooked immediately.

Try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken at our risk. All leading food stores carry it—both half chickens and whole—2 to 4½ lbs. net weight. Serve hot or cold and, if you are not satisfied, mail us your purchase slip and tell us why. We will refund your money. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

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WHOLE CHICKEN OR HALF OF A WHOLE CHICKEN

★ **FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY**

When you buy Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken you do not pay for head, feet, viscera—about 1/4 of the weight of chicken as usually bought. Cooking shrinkage, too, is almost nil; while home-cooked chicken shrinks about 1/3 in weight.

HORMEL★ *Flavor Sealed* CHICKEN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Also Flavor-Sealed Ham, Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue, Luncheon Meat—are cooked like the Flavor-Sealed Chicken—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved. Instantly ready food. Keep on hand.

BUSINESS FIGHTS CRIME IN CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 13)

his sentence. The state's attorney's office, the Chicago police department and the criminal court are huge and complicated machines and grind a tremendous grist in the course of a year. The tendency of these agencies for the punishment of crime, as they operated eleven years ago, when the Chicago Crime Commission began its work, was to lose interest in a criminal after his conviction. Often they failed to follow through and see that the convicted criminal served his time or paid his fine.

The Crime Commission became the watch dog, always on guard to see that criminals in the hands of the state's attorney's office, the police department, the criminal court and the various jails and prisons did not contrive to give the authorities the slip by some clever ruse. The work done by the Crime Commission in keeping a constant check on bail bonds and jail and prison sentences has been invaluable and has prevented hundreds of criminals from getting out without meeting the demands of the law.

In a word, The Secret Six has followed the plan of using every tool for crime fighting which it has found ready to its hand, without waiting to build a complete new organization. All these unofficial organizations for dealing with Chicago's crime problems seem to have taken on new vitality and enthusiasm since this committee of business men has been operating. In quite a definite way, The Secret Six has effected a consolidation of all crime-fighting agencies in Chicago.

This statement, however, calls for a few qualifying remarks. The decent citizens of Chicago are decidedly short on confidence in the Chicago police department. To some extent, this is also true of the public attitude toward the state's attorney's office. This general public attitude may be partially due to the peculiarities of newspaper criticism. Anyhow, it exists.

It is not for me to go into the merits of this controversy here, beyond making the statement that The Secret Six is working in especially close coöperation with the state's attorney's office. The point I am making is that the decent citizens of Chicago apparently distrust the police department. This general public distrust of the established agencies for the protection of the people and the punishment of criminals is emphasized almost daily by the grist of confidences brought to The Secret Six.

A Midnight Ambush

The volume of information and complaints brought to us is astonishingly large and clearly indicates that a nonpolitical agency for crime fighting appeals to the great mass of citizens who hold the opinion that the alliance between the criminal element and some members of the police force is strong and intimate.

Let me repeat that The Secret Six is not out to make a showing but to get results which will have a definite and important influence in crime control in Chicago. Therefore, most of the cases in which we have participated are unknown to the public, so far as our part in them is concerned. Occasionally, however, the operations of The Secret Six are disclosed by an accident or a tragedy. One of the best undercover men on the state's attorney's staff was killed in the raiding of a beer flat run by an ex-policeman who evidently had decided that he could make a fortune more quickly in gang activities than on the police-department pay roll.

Luck seemed to be with him for a time. Somehow he contrived to secure and dispose of a valuable diamond ring. Apparently some of his associates were dissatisfied with the transaction. Anyhow, one day the ex-policeman returned home with three knife wounds in his abdomen. This was not the first time he had been in trouble with the gang. Once before, his place had been raided by hoodlums, who had relieved him of $2000. Evidently the ex-policeman was considered a poor divider—a trait which may have been a hang-over from his police experience.

Certainly, he was marked for gang discipline. We received word from one of our undercover men that the ex-policeman was due to receive a visitation at midnight of a certain day. As he was in bed from his knife wounds, he was glad to get any help available. We planted four men in the flat and awaited the invaders, who arrived on schedule time; two at the back door and two at the front. They ordered the ex-policeman's wife to take them to her husband. The instant they were inside the house our men emerged from their hiding places and the battle began. When the smoke cleared away, the ex-policeman was dead in his bed, two of the gangsters were dead, one of our men was mortally wounded, and two other gangsters were wounded, but got away. This got into the papers, but most of our operations do not. Getting credit for what we do is the least of our worries. We are not running for office or holding official jobs.

Drawing Chicago's Battle Map

Our main job, right now, is to build up an accurate and comprehensive picture or working drawing of Chicago's house of crime, its personnel and operating details, and to collect a mass of specific evidence ultimately to be used in a general attack on the whole crime structure. This is a slow and difficult task, but it is being prosecuted diligently and with as much speed as possible. One expression of this work is a chart at present having thirty-five departments, covering the principal divisions of crime and the official and political groups with which criminals establish protective alliances.

Some of the headings of this crime chart are: Arson, Burglary, Hot Spots, Bombing, Kidnaping, Fences, Boosters, Gambling, Vice, Aldermen, Police, Ward Committeemen, Courts, Bailiffs, Bondsmen, Hijacking, Pool Halls, Business Racketeering, Union Racketeering and Narcotics. This chart is a cumulative document, subject to constant additions and alterations as fresh information is obtained. For example, under the caption of Arson appears the name John Doe, with certain key figures following.

These figures direct us to the Bombing column, and also to the section headed Ward Committeemen, where we find the name of the particular committeeman on whom Doe relies for help when his activities in either the arson or the bombing field get him into trouble. Other key figures are likely to be added later, indicating that Doe has extended his activities to Union Racketeering and that he has strengthened his protective lines by an apparent tie-up with a certain police captain. This chart is not built up on a basis of guesswork but on a foundation of actual evidence.

The term "organized crime" is in common use, but generally it is inaccurately employed. The crime structure in Chicago is a loose crystallization rather than a close, logical organization like that of a great industrial corporation. If it were as tight and complete as is commonly supposed, the task of mapping its structure would be far easier than we find it. Right now, the citizens of Chicago are highly excited over the resignation of Russell as commissioner and the demotion of Stege, chief of the Detective Bureau. Both have gone back to their jobs as police captains and have been assigned to inconspicuous berths.

Captain Alcock has been appointed acting commissioner of police—a position which he has held before with credit—and announcement has been made that he is to be

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And what woman *likes to owe money!* What woman *needs to owe money* nowadays.

For ten years now, Miss Mildred Skinner, whose picture you see here, has been earning her own money in spare time to meet her own expenses and to buy many small luxuries. It has seemed almost like "finding" the money when her profits have mounted to $50.00 a month.

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given a free hand in the reorganization of the department and the enforcement of the law. This is encouraging, but it will not make an atom of difference in the enforcement of law in Chicago who happens to be its police commissioner so long as the department as a whole remains as it is. And that goes as to the administration personnel above as well as below the commissioner.

Probably we would not be able to do a 100 per cent job of crime control, even if we had an ideal man in the mayor's office and at the head of every department. That, however, is no excuse for lying down on the job of crime fighting. We've got to make some practical headway in reducing crime in Chicago, or surrender outright to the Capones and the other so-called mobs. I can't quite see Chicago doing that. And we can make material progress with the tools that we find ready to our hands. To those who may regard my remarks about the unimportance of the change in the office of commissioner of police as being pessimistic and ill-founded, let me say that the conviction of one police captain as a receiver of gang funds would do more to put the fear of God into the crime mobs of Chicago than would the appointment of any man who might be named—the pick of the entire citizenship of this country—as commissioner of police.

Chicago's Feudal System

Feudal history indicates clearly that while the king had the lion's share of pomp and glory, the barons took the big end of the loot. They were closer to the job and had first chance. And when they got together and worked as a committee of the whole, the king was in luck to keep his head. From a tactical viewpoint, the police captain is very much in the position of the feudal baron. He is king on the ground and to be dealt with by open or secret enemies of the crown before the king is informed. The police captains of Chicago are much more important to the booze, gambling and racket lords of Chicago than is the police commissioner; therefore, they are much more important in the problem of mopping up crime in Chicago. They are the barons who are on the ground and can give or withhold protection in their several domains. Possibly they may even twiddle their thumbs at the king and ask him what he is going to do about it.

This will, perhaps, suggest why I am more interested in police captains than in police commissioners. I am not implying that all police captains in Chicago are selling protection to the alky, the beer, the gambling and the vice gangs, but it is almost self-evident that if some of them were not collecting their tolls the flood of booze and crime money could not have reached its present almost unthinkable volume. Put it this way: If all the police captains of this city were doing their duty, could the gangs maintain a super-government and mete out certain death to the violators of their rules without reasonable fear of arrest and punishment at the hands of the law? Never!

A Murder That May End Murder

When a really effective blow against crime in Chicago is struck, some police captains and their immediate henchmen will make the front page. If you leave it to me, an honest policeman is the noblest work of God, and something approaching a moral miracle. The decent citizen can scarcely imagine the pressure to which the ordinary policeman on the beat is subjected by the millions of crime money now circulating.

Lately there has come a sudden, strange and luridly melodramatic change in the Chicago crime situation—a change that greatly complicates and yet may greatly simplify the puzzle picture confronting The Secret Six. I refer to the killing in broad daylight and in a crowded public place, of Alfred Lingle, a newspaper reporter. As these lines are written the disclosures produced by this murder have only begun. It is much too soon to appraise their value to the cause of good government and civic decency; too soon for anybody to foretell how far and how high they will go.

But it is within the possibilities that a .38-caliber bullet fired from a cold-blooded professional murderer's short-nosed belly gun may prove to have been as powerful in its effects as a carload of dynamite. What a queer twist of fate it would be, what an ironic slant of retributive justice, if one of gangland's hired assassins should have struck a heavier blow for civic decency than any of the embattled agencies of reform.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY AKRON METROPOLITAN PARK DISTRICT

An Old Portage Camp Near Akron, Ohio

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YOU cannot expect maximum mileage from your tires unless they have the right amount of air in them. Your Schrader Gauge tells you when you have the correct pressure. Now make sure of *keeping* it. Do these two things:

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The Schrader Valve Core is a highly perfected mechanism. It should be protected against road dust, dirt and moisture. This protection is given by the Schrader Valve Cap—guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

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Little ways to lighten housework with Patapar

PATAPAR is the household package of Paterson Vegetable Parchment. In many ways it makes housework easier. For instance, you'll like vegetables twice as well when they're cooked in Patapar. This new method saves all the rich juices, and cooks them *right back into the food.*

Just do this

Place prepared vegetables with seasonings in a moistened sheet of Patapar. Tie corners. Cook as usual in ordinary pot of boiling water. Delicious!

3 vegetables in one pot

See how it's done. Quick. Easy. Economical. Saves gas. Saves scouring. With no interchange of flavors!

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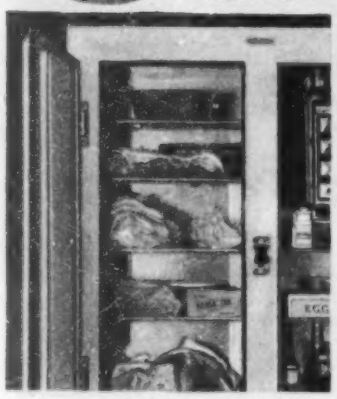
Never throw a good sheet of Patapar away. Patapar is insoluble. You can use it again and again.



Keeps foods fresher

Here we find Patapar giving sanitary protection to a steak, a head of lettuce, a pound of cheese, and a bunch of celery. All are kept fresh, moist, and tender, with no interchange of odors.

Where you can buy Patapar

Patapar comes ten large sheets to the package. Costs only 35c per package (40c, Denver to Pacific Coast and in Canada). In each package you will discover a free 24-page booklet, "Little Ways to Lighten Housework with Patapar." Ask at your grocery, meat, drug, house-furnishing or department store. Paterson Parchment Paper Company, Passaic, N. J.

Send ten cents for trial package

This keymark will guide you to the best-protected foods

TODAY the retail meat dealer is discovering the unique advantage of Paterson Vegetable Parchment as a wrapping sheet. Its insoluble folds peel off cleanly from fresh meat without leaving a trace of fuzz. It will not go to pieces from contact with grease or moisture. It is absolutely tasteless and odorless. It keeps food fresh and wholesome.

On your marketing trips you'll find the Paterson keymark on more and more foods. Up-to-date packers and retailers are showing it on their wrappers of meats, fish and vegetables, butter and ice cream. It will guide you instantly to the best protected foods.

Ask your retailer to protect moist foods with this better wrapper. He will be glad to, if he knows you appreciate the difference.

Try This Water Test—It's a Revelation

Here's a simple way to test how well your food is being protected. Take the wrapper from any package in your refrigerator. Soak it in water. Squeeze it. Repeat. Then stretch it out tight. If it's ordinary paper it will go to pieces. If it's a wrapper of Paterson Vegetable Parchment it will remain firm and strong, unaffected by the soaking.

● Note To Retail Meat Dealers

Paterson Vegetable Parchment offers a valuable opportunity to make extra good friends for your store. Women are always attracted by the clean, sanitary appearance of food wrapped this way. You can get Paterson Vegetable Parchment either plain or printed, in rolls or sheets. On the printed wrapper you can show the Paterson keymark, alongside your own store name, at no extra cost . . . to identify the quality of the wrapper you use. Write for the name of your Paterson jobber. Paterson Parchment Paper Company, Passaic, New Jersey. Sales Branches: Chicago, San Francisco.

PATERSON·*Genuine*·VEGETABLE·PARCHMENT

THE INSOLUBLE WRAPPER FOR DELICATE FOODS

WHENCE THE NEWS?

(Continued from Page 36)

unusually well informed and can talk with authority on a variety of subjects.

"Most royal heads are relatively easy to interview, once the correspondent has scaled the heights of governmental red tape, court chamberlains and royal restrictions with which the enthroned personage is surrounded. King Ferdinand of Rumania, King Alfonso of Spain, King Albert of Belgium, and young Queen Marie of Jugo-Slavia, are among these. Former King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and ex-King George of Greece also were always easy of access when on their thrones, but usually tied the correspondent's hands by saying, 'I'm not talking to you for publication, but only for your personal information.'"

Hewing to the Line in Japan

An incident in the experience of Joseph E. Sharkey, who has served Associated Press in both hemispheres, shows that American reportorial standards have had something to do with the liberalization of the attitude of foreign governments in the matter of the release of unfavorable news from censorship. When Sharkey was put in charge of the Tokio bureau in 1913, the quota of news from Japan to America was insignificant compared with what it is today. The Japanese, lacking extensive experience with international news exchange, and unconvinced, as are Americans, that the freedom of the press is a safeguard to governments that mean to be just, naturally wanted nothing sent to America that would reflect unfavorably upon life in Nippon. A thoroughly trained reporter, Sharkey was soon called upon to decide once and for all whether he was to follow the policy of impartial treatment of news which had been taught him in his work at home.

Japanese agitators had chiseled an offensive epithet on the American Embassy wall in Tokio and had nailed up objectionable posters on telephone poles in front of the embassy. Sharkey wrote these incidents impartially and without sensational treatment, and he sent them to the telegraph office. He thought they had been dispatched to America. At midnight he was awakened and called to the telephone. He found in his quarters some five or six Japanese, lined up against the wall—a somewhat mysterious, perhaps even a sinister grouping. Answering the telephone, he was informed that the Department of Communications was talking, and that the speaker, the chief of service, wanted him to withdraw the dispatch he had filed concerning the chiseling on the embassy wall. Sharkey asked whether the truth of the dispatch was in question. The reply was that it was exact in every particular, but that the department hoped it would be canceled "in the interests of the friendly relations between the United States and Japan."

"I am sorry," said Sharkey, "but I can neither cancel nor change my dispatch. I was not sent to Tokio with the idea of establishing good relations between the United States and Japan, but to report the news accurately and impartially. If I do that, it will be the best possible contribution toward friendly relations. I advise that you let the dispatch go forward."

It did go forward. From that time to now there has been no real difficulty with the Japanese as respects the news sent out of that country by any reliable correspondent. The Japanese became convinced that news impartially presented could only work to the best interests of Japan.

It was Sharkey who suffered the discomforts and dangers that had to be incurred in order to report the White Russian expedition of Admiral Kolchak at Omsk, Siberia, in 1918. He traveled from Vladivostok to Omsk—about 3500 miles—the trip requiring twenty-nine days—one of the longest train trips on record. Before leaving Vladivostok, General Graves and the officers of the American Expeditionary Forces told him good-by with about the same joviality that they would had their fears that he was going to his death been confirmed in advance. His bed was a wooden shelf in an unheated box car. The temperature ranged to several degrees below zero. There had not been time to give him credentials, and so he went as the only American correspondent to penetrate Siberia in that period without being accredited to the American Army. For this he was scolded, on his arrival at Omsk, by the military representative, Captain Schuyler, who told him: "If the Bolsheviks get in here, you will have very little chance of getting out, for I must take care of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., who are accredited."

On the trip to Omsk his life was twice endangered—first, by a fusillade directed at the train—one bullet traversed the lapel of his coat—and second, by crossing the Angara River, at Irkutsk, trying to reach a telegraph office. The ice broke, and seventeen people, who were making the crossing, were drowned.

Another danger in a later reportorial assignment was to go to Dublin to report the funeral of Michael Collins, the Irish leader. Dublin bristled with bayonets, and in trying to reach the telegraph office, Sharkey was on two occasions arrested and had to submit to some discourtesies in order to have his news transmitted.

From Ireland he was hurried off to Greece to report the revolution there. He interviewed King Constantine, whose last words to him were: "As Bernard Shaw would say, I shan't quit unless I am spoofed out." Good as it was, the Constantine interview was relegated to a place of minor importance because the Greek king was "spoofed out" at eight o'clock the next morning. The revolt of the army immediately became the big story, followed that night and the next morning by the revolution.

The late President Roosevelt, at work or play, was news in a greater degree than any other individual in the last quarter of a century. Even his family was news—his daughter Alice being the first of the children to break into the news in a big way. At the time of her marriage to Nicholas Longworth, in 1906, the story of the ceremony totaled some 7000 words in the Associated Press report—a record up to that time for a story of a marriage. All of it was read eagerly by newspaper readers, especially by women.

Pinch-Hitting for a President

I have always thought her father knew that he was news, and was tickled with the fact. He certainly had transcendent ability at making himself interesting in the eyes of the reporter, and because they liked him, reporters probably put his sayings in a newsier way than he was capable of expressing them himself. I know of one instance where, at the time, Roosevelt's reputation for terse expressions of finality gained him credit for the wording of an international message when he was not aware of the wording of the cable that had been sent until he read it in the newspapers.

It concerned the incident of the kidnaping of an American named Perdicaris by Moorish tribesmen headed by the Chieftain Raisuli. America became rather wrought up about the kidnaping. The State Department at Washington sent dignified communications demanding that Perdicaris be released. Nothing happened. The Associated Press reporter at the State Department—the late Edwin M. Hood—irked at the delay. Through the many changes in administration he had remained in his reportorial assignment at the State Department. He was better known in that department than any government employe. Hood wanted action and he wanted a news story, and so he dared to suggest that the United States Government send a ringing message that could not be misunderstood.

IT KEEPS TEETH *White*

Many a friendship has started with a smile.

Captivating smiles come from gleaming white teeth.

To keep teeth white, chew Dentyne regularly.

It keeps teeth gleaming like pearls, and it's so delicious that you'll want to chew it morning, noon and night.

Chew DENTYNE *.. and smile!*

Money AND Prizes *Spell* F-U-N!

OH BOY! A chance to earn all the spending money you need and a bunch of the niftiest prizes you ever saw!

We need a live-wire boy like you to deliver *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to your friends and neighbors. You make a good cash profit—and win prizes!

Each month, you'll receive a live magazine, OUR BOYS-PRIZE BOOK, picturing a lot of snappy prizes. It gives you the best plans of our "crack" salesmen, too. Talk over with Dad this opportunity of getting a business training—then mail the coupon—quickly!

The Prize Man

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Dear Prize Man: Sure I want money and prizes. Send my first copies and full instructions quickly.

Your Name..... *Age*.....

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(*Have one of your parents sign the following statement*)
I am glad to have my boy take advantage of your business training.

(*Signed*).....

LEAKY ROOFS

you can add years to their lives at little cost

YOU don't need to spend a lot of money on that leaky roof. You can save the cost of a new roof, the cost and bother of frequent small repairs and save loss by leak damage. Simply give roof an all-over coating of Rutland Roof Coating. It's as easy as painting.

RUTLAND Roof Coating is made only of asphalt, asbestos and slow-drying mineral oil. There's no tar in it. After you put it on, the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough, mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

Use on any roof except wood shingles. Red and black. One and 5 gal. cans. For factories, etc., 25 and 50 gal. drums. Also Rutland No. 4 Paste Roof Cement where paste is needed. At dependable hardware or paint stores. If you can't find it locally, write us. Free booklet, "How To Renew Old Roofs". Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt. Makers of Rutland Patching Plaster and Repair Products for 47 years.

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Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more next month

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:

(1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, (2) securing new subscriptions and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

Mail This Coupon

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 911 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.
Please send to me by first-class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name..... *Age*.....
Please print name and address
Street.....
City..... *State*.....

John Hay, then Secretary of State, asked him what he would send. Hood was ready with this suggestion:

"Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

That message was sent. It thrilled the nation and made Americans proud of their nationality. A little later Perdicaris was freed.

Editorial expressions in American newspapers applauded President Roosevelt for the terseness of his message. With the modesty that becomes a good reporter, Hood never revealed that he himself was author of the quoted sentence. Secretary Hay, however, did disclose that it was Hood's suggestion.

It would astonish the uninitiated to know the depth and the reliance public men place upon news men not to betray their confidences. Individuals in high stations, naturally, learn first of portentous developments relating to important world affairs. Being human, they feel they must tell someone. But it would not be expected that they would rush to tell reporters, who are in search of news of those very developments. Yet they do.

Sometimes this is done apparently just for relief. At other times it is done to forestall the possibility of the news becoming public! They know that if a news man can be tied up in a confidence thus imposed, there is less likelihood of disclosure.

A Treasure Hunt for a Story

Thus it was when William Jennings Bryan resigned as Secretary of State after a difference with President Wilson over the course of the Lusitania correspondence, after the ship had been sunk by a German submarine. Bryan returned to his office from the White House and immediately sent for Edwin Hood, dean of the Associated Press staff at the State Department. They were old friends. Bryan had to tell somebody. So he bound Hood to secrecy and told him. Hood had the big story of the moment and he couldn't print it. He met other members of the Associated Press staff at the State Department.

"Boys," said Hood, his eyes blazing with excitement, "there is a big story here and you have got to get it. I cannot tell you another word, but you just jump in and dig for it."

The staff jumped, but Hood held one of them—Kirke Simpson.

"It's not your story, Simpson," Hood said, and then he disclosed confidentially to Simpson, Bryan's resignation. "Come, walk in the corridors with me and we will watch these boys dig it out."

They walked for an hour, perhaps. Other newspapermen in the building had caught the excitement. They had been boring into every office, doing their best to get that news. There was a tense air about the whole vast building. Even officials kept asking Hood and Simpson what it was all about.

Finally there came word that the Associated Press had flashed the resignation of Bryan. The story had been turned in, but it did not come from the State Department.

A Citation From Elihu Root

And so the anecdotes of news reporting go. Each man engaged in it contributes to human happiness and education much more than is realized.

How important is the work was portrayed in an expression once made by Elihu Root, eminent statesman, to a few friends at dinner in New York. Later I asked him to put in writing what he had expressed, and here it is:

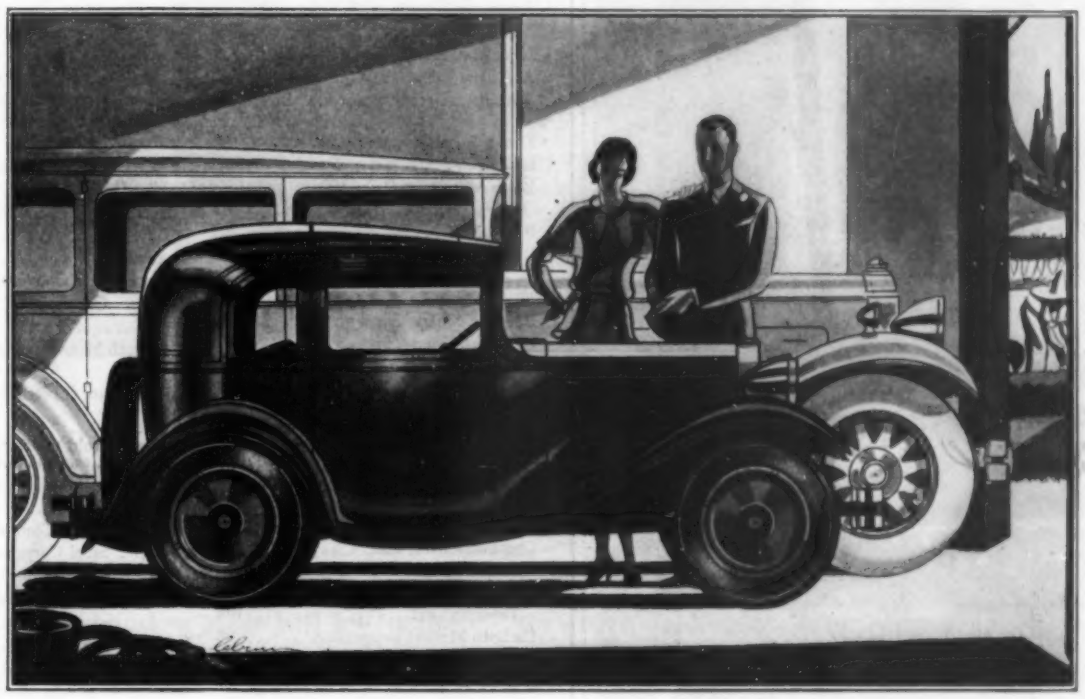
"The substance of the idea which I tried to express at the recent dinner to Melville Stone and yourself was that with the extraordinary growth of news service in recent years, the public in all civilized countries has been acquiring the habit of being informed from day to day about what is going on in the world, and this habit has greatly changed the basis of political action by the great self-governing democracies.

"For a long time I have been observing evidences of this effect in American political life. The American voters were formerly moved very largely by stump speeches and strongly partisan editorials, and by what they were told concerning public events in the course of whirlwind campaigns immediately before election. As a rule, now, elections are decided before the political campaign begins, and they are decided on the basis of the news which the voters have been reading from day to day ever since the last election. This means that the news gatherer and disseminator has passed into a position of greater consequence and power. His importance has increased and the importance of the editorial writer and the orator has decreased relatively, and it means, also, that the news gatherer and disseminator has greater responsibility for sincerity in the pursuit of truth, and accuracy and fidelity in its presentation."

DRAWN BY ROLAND BALM

"She Killed Him Because She Loved Him, See?"

Two *cars can* NOW *live more cheaply than one!*



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HERE'S A THRIFTY MATE for cars that squander gasoline. The bantam Austin is the car to run around in. Leave the large car at home for family use . . . the saving of wear and tear on it will soon pay for the Austin. And you run two cars . . . for less than the cost of one. Here are the amazing facts . . . 40 miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . 20,000 to 40,000 miles on a set of tires . . . cost per mile for gas, oil and tires is less than ¾c.

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Swiss Automobile Club Touring Race, April, 1927. Won first place.

Montlhery, France, June, 1928. 24-hour race at 64.75 miles per hour.

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ADDRESS_____
P.8

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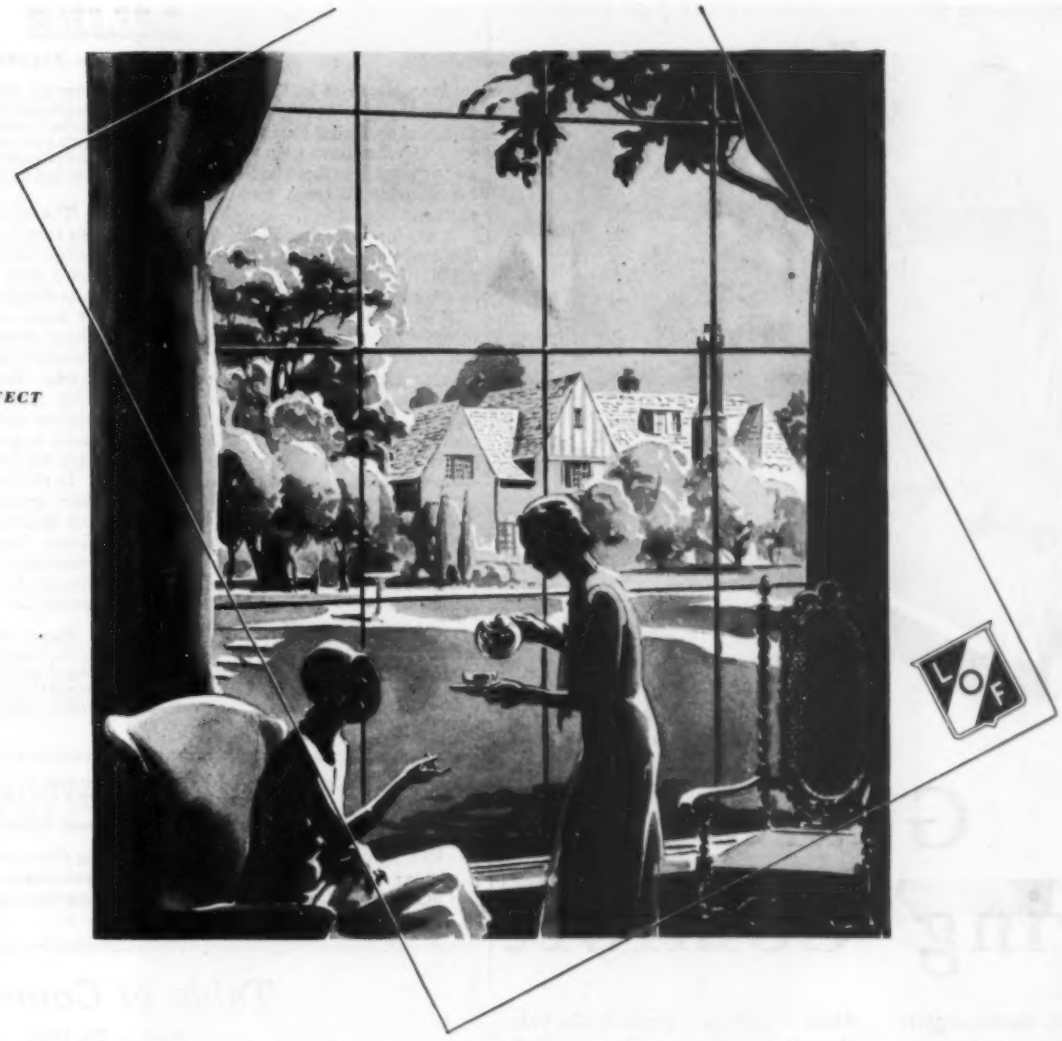

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200 Men Guard Your Shaving Comfort

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Held at a friendly angle in the Valet AutoStrop Razor—this amazingly keen blade glides soothingly across your face—leaving the skin clean, cool and refreshed. Automatic manufacture and magnifying-mirror inspection assure unvarying high quality—make every Valet shave equally kind to the face.

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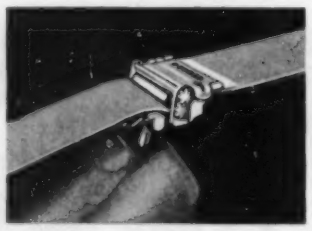
Alike for skins tough or tender, beards soft or wiry, AutoStrop provides an adjustment for every need.



Learn why this incomparable team is preferred by men who know. Try the new Valet tomorrow morning and end your shaving troubles forever.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York

Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

LILIES

(Continued from Page 51)

twelve years or so on these experiments, I sold all my hybrids to a Western New York firm, and since that time most of them that were of value have been propagated over and over again and can be found now under many different trade and nurserymen's names in the market.

It was after this that I took up work with the common calla lily, very common and popular in California, and increasingly so in warmer climates throughout the South. This is, to be sure, not a lily at all, but a member of the *arum* family, but it looks like a lily and grows like a lily and is almost universally believed to be a lily, so for our purposes it might as well be a lily. The principal objection to the calla was its odor, which was unpleasant, and sometimes noticeably so. Also, it grows somewhat coarsely and its enormous leaves and blossoms lack something of grace.

When I had time, then, I set to work on the calla lily, and after years succeeded in producing one that has much more slender and graceful stems than its kind, less ponderous leaves, and a fragrance of a delightful and distinctive sort. Some day I hope to be able to propagate this new fragrant calla lily so that it can be introduced.

[NOTE—At the time of Mr. Burbank's death, some years after the above was written, the fragrant calla lily was lost. Three years of search failed to discover it, but in the present spring a large clump of calla came up near a spring on the Sebastopol farm and in this clump were found two plants of the missing lily. They will not be lost again! W. H.]

The calla lily that is not a lily reminds me that in a great many cases plants are called lilies which are not. In fact, there are a good many individuals on our globe who designate flowers either as pinks, lilies or roses, and put everything into one of those classes. A few go further and add Johnny-jump-ups, which is good as far as it goes. But if they enjoy their gardens and love flowers, that is all that matters. Names are only labels, and too often assume a good deal more importance than they are entitled to.

In the list of splendid lilies that might be more grown than they are, I may mention the Belladonna, the hairy Humboldt, the Great Caucasian, the Chaparral, or *L. rubescens*, the Double Tiger and the Royal—*L. regale*—with which I have worked for many years.

[NOTE—Mr. Burbank here evidently refers to the Regale, experiments with which he completed just the year before his death, and which he said would become one of the favorite lilies of the whole world. W. H.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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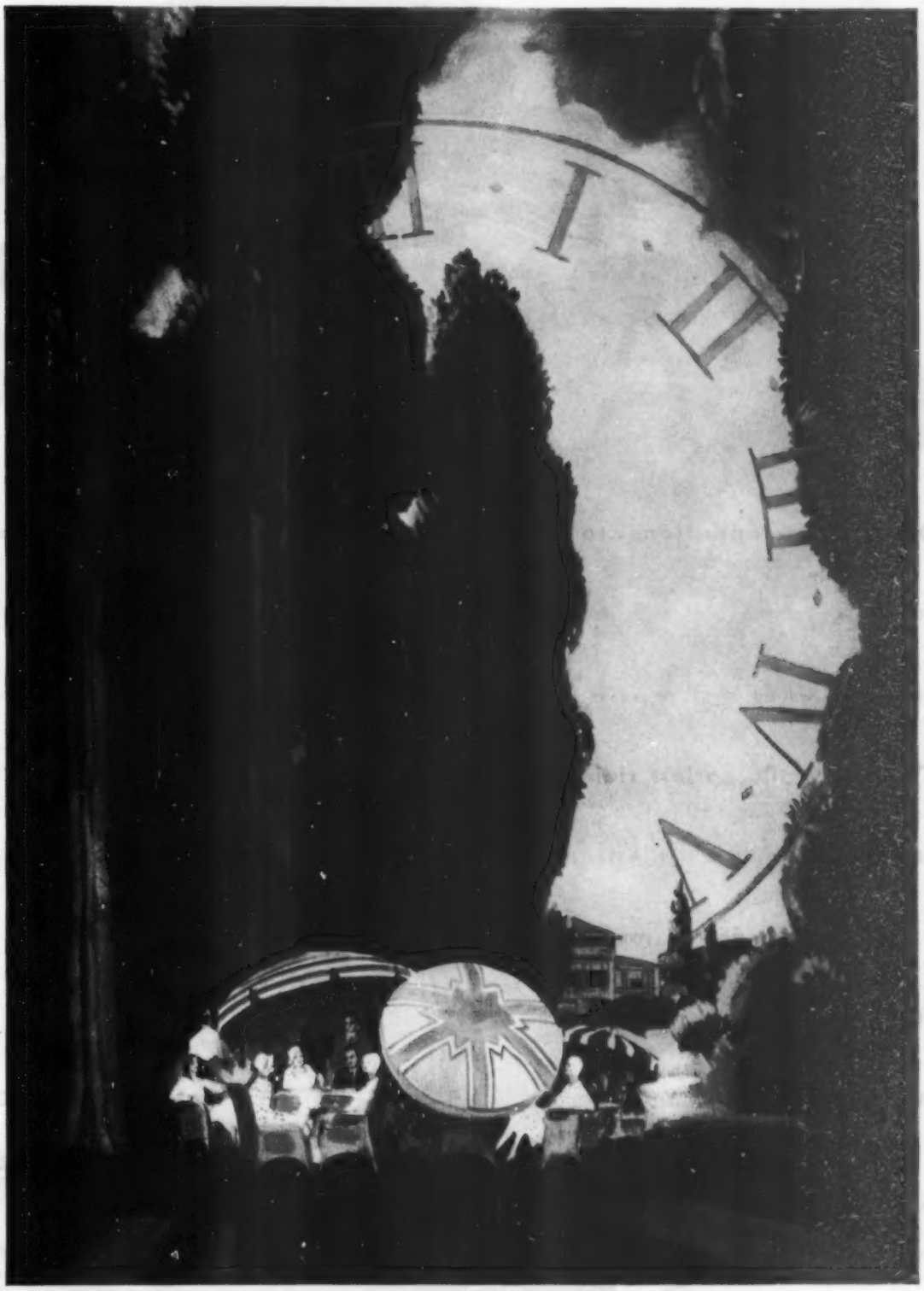

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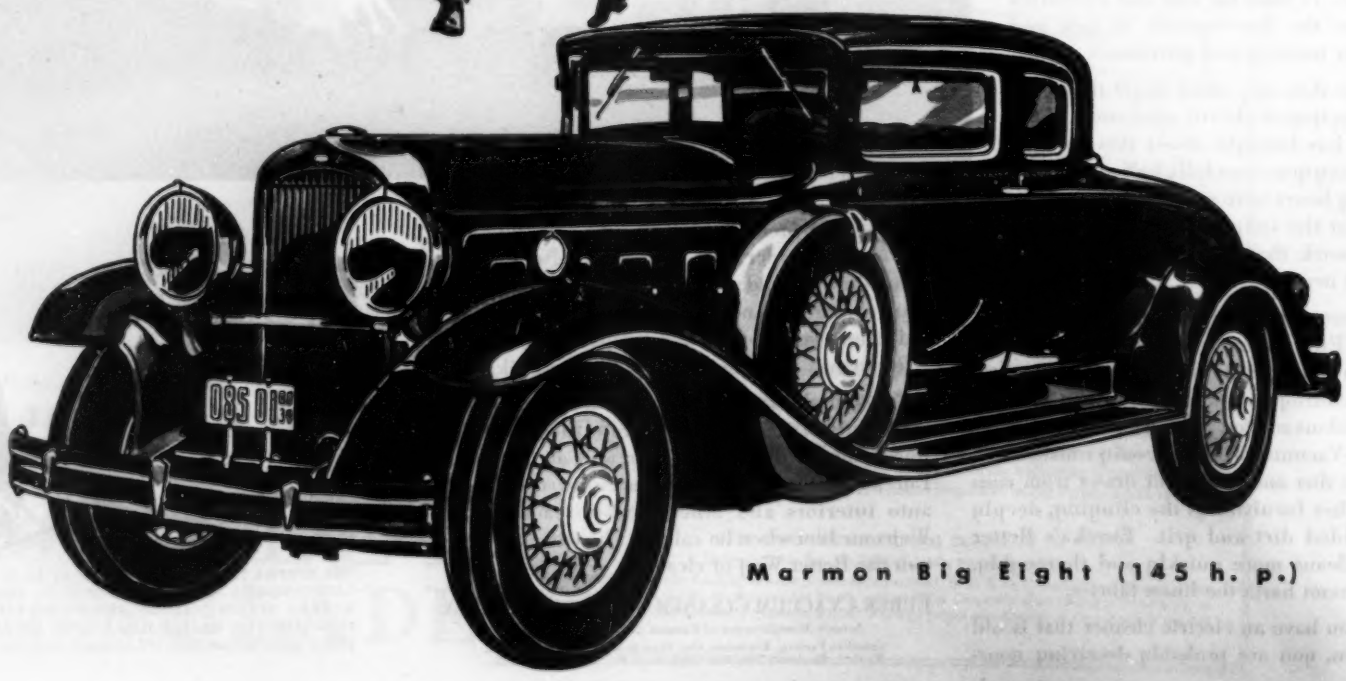

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